

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1834.

No. 107.

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LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES COCHRANE AND CO.
11, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

THE following letter has been sent by our much-injured friend, Boz ; a learned gentleman with whom most of our readers have been tolerably intimate these last twelve months. We know that he has already prepared a farce on the subject, which Mr. Buckstone has so unceremoniously appropriated ; and, as we have said elsewhere, we think such literary larceny most unwarrantable. Mr. Buckstone has certainly been studying Macfarlane's *Lives of the Pirates* to some purpose ; no doubt he has picked up many valuable hints ; but let our correspondent speak.

"MY DEAR EDITOR,—I celebrated a christening a few months ago in the *Monthly*, and I find that Mr. Buckstone has officiated as self-elected godfather, and carried off my child to the Adelphi, for the purpose, probably, of fulfilling one of his sponsorial duties, viz., of teaching it the vulgar tongue.

"Now, as I claim an entire right to do 'what I like with my own,' and as I contemplated a dramatic destination for my offspring, I must enter my protest against the kidnapping process.

"It is very little consolation to me to know, when my handkerchief is gone, that I may see it flaunting with renovated beauty in Field-lane ; and if Mr. Buckstone has too many irons in the fire to permit him to get up his own 'things,' I don't think he ought to be permitted to apply to my chest of drawers.

"Just give him a good 'blow up' in your 'magazine,'—will you ?

"To the Editor of the *Monthly*."

"I remain, your's,

"BOZ."

DEAR EDITOR,—I shall be happy to become a contributor to your "Letter box." I send you a specimen:—I am not of the sentimental school of offenders.

I am, dear Editor,

Your's to pay,

To the Editor of the *Monthly*.

WAG.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

"Where is the poem, Dick, you wrote ?"

Cried Ned in sympathetic note ;

"Oh ! since the taste for verse has sunk,

I've laid it safely in my trunk."

By friendship's blessed licence led,

"Why don't you publish ?" answered Ned ;

"One pleasure will, at least, accrue,

Our trunks may hold your poem too."

ON A BAD SINGER.

From two-fold sources of delight,

Why should we so profusely borrow ?

Oh ! let me have the words to-night,

And leave the music till to-morrow.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE destruction of both houses of parliament by fire has been the engrossing topic of attention during the latter half of the past month ; and the greater part of the public seem to look upon it as a calamity that is greatly to be lamented, and to feel much anger at those by whose carelessness (to impute the least culpable supposition) it has been occasioned. Now we will neither dispute their blame, nor much less the guilt of the incendiary, if such there were ; but we can by no means join in the lamentations for the event. There are assuredly but *two* views in which it can be regarded as a loss—the expense entailed on the public for the reconstruction of those edifices, and the loss of the records there contained :—there are many reasons for which it may be regarded as a good.

It will perhaps be said that if there is not much to regret, there is at least nothing to rejoice at in the event.—We are by no means sure of this. It may also be said that a new House of Commons might have been built with the materials of the old, at a much smaller expense ; but the question is not what *might*, but what *would* have been done. Now, though this question had been proposed already, there was no general disposition shewn to meet it—some opposing it from respect to its antiquity, and others from economy. It is, therefore, probable we should have gone on for many years with the late building. Besides, there is a strange—perhaps, not strange—disposition in men to be unwilling to *do* that which, nevertheless, they are glad to have *done for them* ; and this not merely in cases of conscience, where the reason is obvious, but in many of pure calculation—like the present. The same may be observed of the burning of the papers. Though some among them may have been worth preserving, yet the great mass of them were such mere lumber, that serious thoughts were entertained of destroying them. This event has saved the perplexity of indecision ; and probably no one individual in the kingdom will be the worse for it. As to the pictures and other ornaments, they seem to have been of no great value, and their very existence was probably known to few. But there is one far more important and interesting view of the subject than any hitherto mentioned.

It is in a **POLITICAL** light, and with a view to the **FUTURE**, and not the present or the past, that this can be looked upon as an event of national, and we may add, of lasting importance, for either good or evil to the kingdom. It might be for evil—it is, we are persuaded, for good. Had this happened ten years ago, it would have been looked upon with comparative indifference, and have attracted far less attention than the burning of the Custom House, or any large warehouse. But happening just at the present time, after the greatest political changes that have ever taken place in this country (with the exception of the short period of the Commonwealth, which left no trace behind it), it is impossible not to connect it with far greater and

more interesting reflections. Let us, therefore, view this event in its intrinsic probable results.

The parallel of a material and moral demolition of the old houses of parliament, viewing the former as an allegory of the latter, was too obvious not to attract attention at once; and accordingly the circumstance has already been taken advantage of by a part of the public press, and the insinuation thrown out pretty plainly that this was a good opportunity of getting rid of the House of Lords altogether, while the House of Commons should be reconstructed politically as well as physically. But these are not the changes that are wanted, and if they were, it would be long before they could be attained. They may appear desirable to those whose whole delight is to pull down, without ever troubling themselves about building up, and yet who have not the power of realizing even those destructive theories which they are so fertile in devising. But this surely is not the taste of the great body of the English people, who on the contrary more probably think with Mr. Burke that "the English constitution is like a good old watch, that wants not to be reconstructed, but only cleaned and repaired and set a-going"—a metaphor strictly appropriate, and (we are persuaded) no less true. We can even go further, and declare our firm and sincere conviction that it is the most perfect constitution in all respects, both for church and state, that has ever existed or can be imagined, combining every possible excellence that could be expected or even desired. We not merely are content to retain the present form, and only ask for improvement in its administration, but, had we even the option of changing it to any thing else whatever, we would prefer retaining the present, as uniting, in the most perfect manner possible, all the advantages of every other simpler form of government; while yet the different parts of it, though complex, are so well arranged and defined, as to be perfectly within the comprehension of every tolerable intellect. These being our sentiments as truly—perhaps more truly—than of the staunchest self-styled "Conservative," and wishing, as all friends of their country must wish, to see the energies of all parties united for its common good, instead of being wasted in rancour and hostility against each other—a very different thing from that fair and honourable *opposition* which always will and ought to exist between parties in a free country, and which, in the opinion of the great statesman above quoted, are rather beneficial than injurious to the community; wishing to see this, and believing it possible to attain, we would call upon all who have the interests of their country or any part of it at heart, to profit by this one great unique opportunity—or let us rather say *invitation*—that has been offered to them to begin a new æra for the country, not new in its constitution, or institutions, or laws, but in the SPIRIT in which its public men shall act, to PREVENT THE NEED OF A POLITICAL BY A MORAL REFORM, and to give a practical, and therefore unanswerable proof, that the British constitution, beyond every other in the world, attains that which is the highest object in every government, to give to every individual, of every rank and condition, the power of *filling his proper place in society*, with comfort to himself and advantage to the com-

munity, including along with this as full protection of person and property as any other form of government could give.

If it is true that "words are things," it seems equally reasonable to believe that allegories are realities—that events which are not causes in their nature become causes of important changes from the *impressions* they produce on the mind, disposing it to a different course of action. Equally great events with that here anticipated have arisen from much lighter causes. The emperor Charles V. was led, by observing the impossibility of making two watches exactly agree, to reflect on the hopelessness of the great object in which his life had been spent, that of endeavouring to make all men of one creed; and would that the same application of the fact, whether as to religion or politics, were made on the present occasion! not extending their liberality to indifference, but learning that degree of moderation which, with a very decided preference of its own opinions, can yet endure the existence of very different ones in others, and not think, with many of our time, that they must never be at peace till they have *put down* all who differ from them. This applies more peculiarly to Ireland, where this difference is the most marked, and a perfect union the most impossible; but it is applicable, more or less, to the whole kingdom; the main difference being that the subject of it in the one case is religion, and in the other politics. It is most fervently to be hoped that the new parliament will avoid the gross errors of the late one, wasting their time (which belongs to their country) in frivolous questions and personalities, which have nothing whatever to do with that which is the only proper business of parliament, the interests of their country, and (as far as is within their influence) of the world at large. The fault of this does not merely fall on those who bring forward such questions, but those who condescend to answer them; and if they would only make this rule, never to give a place to a trifling question when there is a weighty one to be considered, they would do a great deal towards raising the character of the future parliament over the late one, the reformed parliament having been equally superior to all preceding ones in integrity, and inferior to all or most of them in talent and dignity. Here, therefore, there is an opportunity for them to unite both, or at least to avoid the evils of each, which would itself be doing a great deal towards raising the character of the House in the public estimation. The same applies in some degree to the House of Lords; and in both cases it is more particularly to the Whig party that we address ourselves, on many accounts: both because it is the most well-meaning of any, the most true to the real spirit of the constitution, and, happily for the country, has at present the upper hand, and may always retain it, if it would but unite to its own integrity and patriotism something of the talent and tact shown by its opponents, both in speaking and acting. Whether they would restore the name of their party to the dignity it once possessed—for instance, in the time of Burke—or even rescue it from the contempt it had fallen into for the last half century, is no great matter: if they could raise the dignity of the party and its representatives, or in plainer language, of the good and patriotic part of the community over the selfish and unprincipled, they would do

quite enough. And one of the most certain ways of doing this would be to drown all mere party considerations, and to favour and promote and trust the former in preference to the latter; making their particular opinions quite a matter of secondary consideration. Aristotle, in speaking of the *characters* necessary to a dramatic poem, instead of classing them by their age, nation, &c., in the minute detail that Horace and most critics do, says, with that large and discriminating comprehension of his subject which distinguishes him above all other critics in either poetry or philosophy, that they can be only of three main classes—*good, bad, or indifferent*; showing in this his superior knowledge of poetry as well as philosophy. But if this is true in poetry, how infinitely more so is it in politics, which is really only philosophy brought into action, and has been admirably defined by the great philosopher himself, as “the art of rendering men *happy*” (just as moral philosophy is the art of rendering them virtuous, and theology of rendering them religious), a definition equally felicitous, both for its comprehensiveness, simplicity, and truth, with that mentioned just above.

One last piece of advice which we would strongly urge on all friends of their country is, that each would fairly weigh his own talents and importance; and not only choose that province for which he is most fit, but know when he can best serve his country by keeping in the background altogether; and imitate the wise conduct of one of their party (Mr. Blackburne), who deserves to be recorded for having, as he said to his constituents, always given his vote, but never his speech, when he had found his sentiments better expressed by another; a rule which it would be even for their own interests to observe, since thus, whenever they did speak, they would be listened to with attention.

To conclude, with recurring to the subject we set out from:—it has been remarked that after the great fire of London, not only was the town rebuilt better than before, but was never again visited by the plague. Let us hope that both parallels will be renewed in this case: that the new building when it is erected will be one worthy of its object, both in its exterior and interior; and that in the very next meeting of parliament, we shall no longer see it disgraced by fooleries, and animosities, and party-hatreds; and that, that worst of plagues, corruption, which has till lately been the ruling principle of both Houses, will be still more completely banished from those august, important, and interesting assemblies; that all the three powers of King, Lords, and Commons, will know and be content with the bounds of their own prerogatives, which are quite ample enough without trenching on each other; and raise this country to that state of unrivalled prosperity and happiness, *not nominal and apparent, but real*, both at home and abroad, which it is so pre-eminently qualified above all other countries to attain.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A SPANISH LIBERAL—No. V.

DON PEDRO—PALMELLA—SILVA CARVALHO—SALDANHA—MENDIZABAL—MINA—MADAME ZUMALCAREGUY—RODIL.

“ Pedro grande deu aos Russos, - Arte: et civilizacam,
Pedro quarto deu aos Luzos a liberal constituicam.”

“ THE king of terrors has again levelled his fatal dart at the house of Braganza,” said I, addressing my Spanish friend; “ Don Pedro D’Alcantara has closed his eventful career, and sleeps with his fathers.”

“ The life of the ex-emperor and liberator,” he replied, “ was indeed as eventful and romantic as any that the page of modern history can present. Driven in early youth by the insatiable ambition and the victorious arms of Napoleon across the Atlantic, his subsequent career offers a splendid and instructing example of the vicissitudes of fortune. He founded one empire—dismembered another—*octroya* three constitutions—abdicated two crowns—plucked another from the brow of his usurping brother; and, after liberating the land of his birth from tyranny and oppression, after nobly propelling her in the great route of freedom and civilization, he terminated his eventful and glorious life amid the scenes of his infancy and youth—sinking into the arms of death in the very same room in which he was born.”

“ Yes,” I remarked, “ with all his faults—and his warmest admirers cannot be blind to them—the pen of the future historian will award a proud place to this prince in the page of history.”

“ The life of Don Pedro,” continued my companion, “ must be divided into two parts; like a pendulum it vibrated between good and evil; but the last two years of his life have shed so bright a halo around his memory that it casts into the shade the faults of his youth. His career in Brazil exhibits all those dark phases, which the examples of his family, and his own neglected and vicious education, were so lamentably calculated to produce, and neutralized the many fine qualities, and allowed to remain undeveloped the talents, with which he was so liberally gifted by nature.*

* His tutors, the Padre Antonio d’Arrabida and Mr. Rademacker, used to speak in the highest terms of the natural abilities of this prince. By the former he was impressed with that sentiment of piety which so distinguished him through life. He evinced a very early taste for mechanics, and several specimens of his skill are shewn at the Rio; but his most decided talent was for music. Among other pieces, he composed a mass and an opera. Don Pedro possessed great muscular strength, and an iron constitution. After the proclamation of Brazilian independence at the Villa de Piranga to the province of Merino, he rode to Rio de Janeiro in an almost incredible space of time. When it is considered that the road lay across mountains, over boundless plains, and through dense forests, beneath the scorching rays of a tropical sun, an Osbal-

"Nursed in the cradle of absolutism, haughty, impetuous, and self-willed, a slave to all the fiery passions of youth, that had never felt the reins of discipline or control—we saw him, at one time, leading a revolutionary movement; at another, yielding with an ill grace to his own concessions, when the spirit of the times rendered it imperative to bow to the revolutionary exigencies of his people; and, finally, he abdicated in a pet his imperial crown, like a second Sylla, disgusted with the love of sway, and abandoned, really without any adequate reason, his Brazilian empire. Up to that moment, Europe—and with just reason—had conceived no very favourable opinion of the imperial Maestro, who used to distribute with one hand his own productions to an orchestra of negro and mulatto slaves, and with a whip in the other, to stand over them and punish any blunder in their execution. Again, his conduct to his amiable consort, the empress Leopoldina—

"Proud Austria's mournful flower;"

the open disregard of all delicacy and propriety he exhibited in his *liaison* with the celebrated Condessa dos Santos, whom he created the first lady of honour to her whose feelings it was his duty to respect, rouses the indignation of every generous mind; but, since his return to Europe, from the very moment that he repaired to the ocean rock of Terceira, that last asylum of Portuguese liberty—from the moment that, to use the expression of the gallant Villa Flor, 'he threw aside the imperial mantle for the uniform of the grenadier,' the conduct of Don Pedro was the antithesis of his former life, as magnanimous, moral, and brilliant as it was before dark, selfish, and depraved. To his firmness and activity, the successful issue of the Portuguese struggle may in a great measure be attributed; harassed by financial difficulties which exercised so marked an influence over the fortune of the campaign; assailed by cabal and intrigue; exposed to ingratitude, and accused of ulterior designs, which he never for a moment entertained, he alone was firm, and never despaired of success. When all appeared lost, when the further protraction of the struggle was considered madness, he obstinately refused to evacuate Oporto; and to the urgent remonstrances of his ministers and his staff, he nobly replied that he would conquer or die;—and nobly did he consummate his holy enterprise; while his end was as heroic as his life had been unfortunate. How touching, how affecting, were the last moments of the dying emperor! His adieus to the army breathed the spirit of a gallant soldier. His advice to his daughter to celebrate her assumption of the reins of government by a general amnesty, betrayed Christian charity, and deep political wisdom. As the tide of life was fast ebbing, the scenes of his past existence appeared to flit before the imagination of the dying prince. He confessed to his physician the efforts he had made to overcome the evil effects of his vicious education, and pointed to himself as an example of the danger of neglecting the moral and intellectual

distone or a Count Sandon might be proud of this imperial feat. For the information of our sporting readers, we shall just say, that during his gallop the emperor repeatedly took baths of *strong rum and water*. Only one of his suite could stand the pace and the fatigue, and he died a few days after reaching Rio.

culture of youth. It was his own funeral oration which the gallant Pedro pronounced; and posterity, while it laments his faults, will do ample justice to his numerous virtues."

"Peace to his ashes!" I here ejaculated. "The death of this prince will, I fear, produce great changes in the affairs of Portugal, and *par contre coup*, in that of the whole Peninsula; for in spite of the national antipathies and rivalry of the two people, their destinies are very closely connected. I am far from thinking that all is yet over in Portugal, although some people there are who now look upon that kingdom as a political *El Dorado*, in which all the miracles of a constitutional monarchy are to be realized. Up to this moment the constitutions given to that kingdom, good or bad, complete or incomplete, have produced nothing beyond a large display of national vanity and inflated and turgid parliamentary eloquence. Hitherto, the Chambers have played no very distinguished part. Again, the system of finance imposed upon the administration of a country so long a prey to civil war, is one which, in states whose fortunes and credits are well established, would produce serious consequences. The queen's party, too, is torn by faction—the Miguelites, active, numerous, and burning for revenge. While in the midst of this state of things, the only spirit who could exercise a decided influence in the march of events, and repress the aspirations of rival factions, has been snatched away—I say the only, for I do not consider Palmella *à la hauteur des circonstances*."

"Nor are you mistaken," replied my Spanish friend. "Palmella is, I admit, one of the most astute diplomatists in Europe, but one more calculated to shine at a congress of sovereigns, to be the ornament of an ultra-diplomatic clique, presided over by that Tallyrand in petticoats, Princess Lieven, than to control the fury of contending factions, or to lead a grand political movement. His genius is more familiar with the tortuous wiles, the Machiavelism of diplomacy, than with the bold, liberal, and comprehensive views of an enlightened statesman; for Palmella is a disciple of the Metternich school, was one of the framers of the Holy Alliance, and long one of the most devoted champions of absolutism, at whose very name freedom trembled. His total deficiency of what the French call *force de caractère*, was strikingly evinced by his abject cowardice at Oporto in 1828. His superb No! to Napoleon at Bayonne, in the year 1808, proved the grave of his energy."

"His superb No! I am ignorant to what you allude."

"During the conferences in that city, at the period when Napoleon meditated the conquest of the Peninsula, and uniting it under one crown, he one day asked Palmella if he were one of those Portuguese prepared to become a Spaniard? 'No!' replied the Count, sternly. Napoleon was not displeased with this blunt firmness, and he said the next day to Cambaceres,—'Certes, the Count de Palmella gave me yesterday a superb No!'"

"Then," I remarked, "with the Duke de Palmella at the head of affairs, we must expect to see the *juste-milieu* the order of the day in Portugal, which, after all, considering the defective political education

of the Portuguese people is, perhaps, the best that could for the present be adopted."

"I am sorry to see," said the Don, "that you share in that popular fallacy—that political sophism, which maintains that the rational enjoyment of freedom requires the exercise of such consummate sagacity and ripened intelligence. What is there, let me ask of you, either in the theory or in the practice of a constitutional form of government which the sound common sense of mankind cannot easily master? The obstacle in Spain and Portugal, and almost every where, lies not in the ignorance of the people, but in the venality and corruption of the higher classes. Of the aristocracy of rank, of the aristocracy of wealth, to whom may be so justly applied these remarkable words of General Foy,—'*L'aristocratie au 19^{me} siècle, c'est la ligue, c'est la coalition de ceux qui veulent consumer sans produire—vivre sans travailler—tout savoir sans rien avoir appris ; envahir tous les honneurs sans les avoir mérités—occuper toutes les places sans être en état de les remplir.*'—If there are any elements of political regeneration left in the Spanish Peninsula, they will be found among the peasantry—I fear among that class alone. With Palmella at the head of affairs, the march of regeneration will be slow ; it will encounter at every step, from this temporising master of expedients, a treacherous support, more dangerous far than open opposition. Palmella, however he may assume the tone of a liberal, is an absolutist at heart."

"The hope of the country then," I said, "are in Jose da Silva Carvalho?"

"Most unquestionably," said the Spaniard ; "Jose da Silva Carvalho, the modern Pombal of Portugal, is a man of vast and comprehensive genius, and perhaps the only one in that kingdom capable of regenerating her. He is a lawyer by profession, was a distinguished member of the Cortes in 1821, and the author of several political works written in a style of great elegance, and remarkable for their bold and enlightened views. He was long in exile, and latterly, I have been told, reduced to great distress."

"In which," I replied, "he was not singular ; one and all of your Spanish and Portuguese leading liberals have drank deeply of the cup of adversity. Torreno, reduced to beggary in Paris, was relieved by the romantic generosity of a courtesan, formerly a favourite of Napoleon's. Palmella, so long accustomed to the luxurious profusion of our Tory patricians, was latterly, to use a sporting phrase, 'without a dump,' and as no credit is ever given at the 'Travellers,' was reduced to do penance—dining it cannot be called—at a little restaurant kept by a Frenchman, who was formerly his cook ; while Silva Carvalho, it is said, was actually obliged to dispose of part of his wardrobe, *pour se mettre en route* for Oporto."

"Well," said the Spaniard with a smile, "*tempora mutantur* ; Torreno has become a millionaire by his recent operations in the funds. Palmella also, it is said, has pocketed from thirty to forty thousand pounds by his *speculations bursales*, and has moreover received confiscated conventual property, to the amount of two hundred contos, to indemnify him for his losses in the sacred cause of liberty and his country. And I hope Silva Carvalho, too, has also taken care of himself."

I made for answer—"Giaffer, the most incorruptible of viziers while in office, never failed to send one thousand pieces of gold every day from the treasury to his own home; and '*Virtus post nummos*' has so long been the creed of your Portuguese employés, that they looked upon peculation as the French do upon the violation of chastity. *Etant connu c'est peu de chose, n'étant pas connu ce n'est rien.*"

"But a truce to this *mauvaise plaisanterie*—What is your opinion of General Saldanha, who, with the Conde de Taipa, now heads the Portuguese opposition?"

"He is a brave and a good soldier," replied my companion, "but a *mauvais politique*, rash and impetuous; he would carry every political question as he would a redoubt *la baïonnette en avant*. He is no match for the wily Palmella, who has fairly outmanœuvred and driven him into the ranks of the opposition."

"There is one man whom in your *catalogue raisonné* of Portuguese *distingués* you have most unaccountably passed over in silence; one, too, who after all is the *real hero* of the Portuguese revolution."

"And pray who is he to whom you award that distinguished and honourable title?"

"Mendizabel the financier, whom I believe is a countryman of your own."

"—*Tienes razon amigo!* Mendizabel is a Spaniard and an honour to his country, and it must be confessed that his zeal and his skilful financial combinations were mainly instrumental in bringing the contest to a favourable issue. You perhaps recollect that no sooner had Don Pedro put himself at the head of the Portuguese emigration at Terceira, than negotiations were opened with the bourses of London and Paris, in order to raise the sinews of war. Louis Philippe, who saw in the cause of Donna Maria the eventuality of a crown for one of his sons, promised assistance, and even—*Mirabile dictu!*—to open his own strong box on the occasion. But when he found that the young Duke of Leuchtenburg was preferred to the Duke of Nemours, the ardour of the citizen-king suffered a *refroidissement*, which soon degenerated into neglect and insult.

England, on the other hand, in deference to Ferdinand, played the neutral.—Thus abandoned by these two powers, it was the London and Paris stock exchanges which decided the fate of Portugal; and here it was that Mendizabal, by his consummate skill in finance, and by his straight forward and honourable bearing, proved a host in himself; but it is not in that point alone that Portugal owes to this generous Spaniard a deep debt of gratitude. It was by his advice that she has entered on that financial career which forms so splendid a contrast with that of Spain. Mendizabal has shewn himself as profound a politician as a skilful financier—again he has constantly stood forward as the advocate of the claims of the numerous foreign adventurers in the Queen's army whose services have been so soon forgotten, and by the assistance he rendered her government was the means of preventing a serious *émeute* that might have led to the most disastrous circumstances."

"It would be fortunate for Spain," I remarked, "had she the benefit of his advice. What a melancholy feature does the aspect of that country present!—the follies, the baseness, nay the downright

dishonesty of her legislature, has disgusted Europe. And it is at this untoward moment that after an obscurity of eleven years, Mina is then going once more to appear on the theatre of events! Will you refresh my memory by a rapid sketch of the life of this far-famed *guerillero*?"

"Francisco Espoz y Mina," said the Spaniard, "was born in 1784, in a small village near Pamplona, and in spite of all that has been urged to the contrary, is the son of a poor labourer or little farmer. Of the infancy and education of this extraordinary man nothing certain is known. He was cultivating in peace the little field left him by his father, when the ambition of Napoleon drew him from his obscurity. His nephew who first took up arms for national independence acquired some celebrity, and afterwards fell into the hands of the French. His uncle rallied and put himself at the head of his band, and by his daring bravery, the rapidity of his marches, his intimate knowledge of the country, and above all, his rigour towards his prisoners, he became the terror of the French. At one time he commanded a force of 5,000 men. He was appointed colonel in 1811, and raised to the rank of brigadier in 1813 by the regency, in which rank he was confirmed by Ferdinand on his restoration, and decorated with several military honours; but a few months after disgusted with his tyrannical master, he raised the standard of revolt in Navarre and making an unsuccessful attempt to seize Pamplona, then took refuge in France, and on his arrival in Paris was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish minister. Louis XVIII. immediately ordered him to be liberated, and dismissed the commissary of police, who had arrested him. Mina was not ungrateful for this conduct; on the return of Napoleon in 1815, he refused a command and fled to Ghent—and with General Alava was, if I am not mistaken, present at the battle of Waterloo. Until he quitted France in 1820 to rally round the banner of the Constitution, he received the half-pay of a French *general de brigade*—during the constitutional regime he was appointed captain-general of Navarre, and afterwards of Catalonia—while in the latter government his operations were distinguished by great cruelty—he stormed and carried the town of Castel-Follet—put the garrison to the sword, and rased the town, marking the place where it stood by a stone with this inscription: 'Here once stood Castel Follet!' Some time afterwards he surrendered to Marshal Moncey, and embarked for England, where he resided until 1830. The glorious three days once more drew him from his retreat; for you must know that the recognition of the King of the Barricades being somewhat tardy on the part of Ferdinand, he was threatened by his nephew with a second edition of that glorious event; a confidential agent was dispatched to London, to induce Mina to effect a rising in Navarre; promises of money and covert support were made to the general, who lost no time in repairing to France; but before he reached the Spanish frontier the recognition of the Spanish government had arrived. This quite altered the state of affairs; the assembling of the Spanish liberals on the frontier was now prevented by the French authorities; and to Mina it was intimated, that if he persisted in his enterprise, the French police would proceed *aux voies*

de fait, and transport him across France to the northern frontier *in irons*. Burning with indignation, disgusted and betrayed, the general returned to England; so great is his hatred of the present King of the French, that the mere report of an intervention of his in our affairs would throw him into the arms of Carlism. In the meantime, Mina is now on his way to assume the command of the queen's forces. Whether he will effect more than his predecessors, time will shew; but I think not. Rodil, though he failed, displayed considerable military talent; he constantly baffled his active adversary, and never experienced either a surprise or a check. It was the two surprises of the Baron Carandolet's cavalry division, of which he was entirely blameless, that paralyzed all his operations. Mina is an admirable partisan, and possesses moreover an intimate knowledge of the theatre of war; but he has never effected any thing worthy of the operations of *la grande guerre*. Zumalacarreguy, on the other hand, is not only an active guerilla, but a skilful tactician. Mina in the ranks of the Christinos, making war on the *fueros* which Navarre have taken up arms to defend, will derive no benefit from the *prestige* of his name. Mina, I repeat, I much fear will not be able to put down the revolt in the Basque provinces, for the result of the struggle depends upon something more than the mere skill of the general, either on one side or the other; still I do not despair of the destinies of Spain—there is good stuff in the nation. During the late attack made on Vergara, some ladies of the town, not satisfied with animating the combatants from their balconies, actually conveyed ammunition to them under a very heavy fire. The queen has distributed a medal to these amazons, bearing on one side her effigy, and on the other an inscription commemorating their heroic conduct."

A few days after this conversation I met my Spanish friend again, who was then coming to seek me, with a budget full of news, fresh from the seat of war. He informed me that he had, the day before, accidentally encountered an old acquaintance, a Carlist, who had just arrived from Spain, and who was the bearer of some important mission to the friends of Don Carlos in this country. I expressed some surprise that the Pretender had friends in England, at least of sufficient consequence to render it necessary to communicate with them.

"You are mistaken," replied the Spaniard, "he has friends more powerful than you suppose; he has, likewise, English agents in France and Spain; ay, and who are paid well for their services; for it appears there is no want of money."

"And what did you gather from your friend the Carlist? What have they done with Madame Zumalacarreguy?"

"The French government have ordered her off to Blois; and very properly, for her presence at Bayonne afforded a pretext for the meeting of the disaffected; in fact, the Carlists have established a junta, or council, at Bayonne, with Madame at their head, where they discuss all measures for *the cause*, and are in continual communication with the head-quarters of Don Carlos in Spain."

"What sort of woman is she?"

"He describes her as a middle-aged woman, dark complexion, not handsome,—but possessing a tolerable figure. She conceives it ne-

cessary to enact the part of a heroine, without having much capacity for it; and expresses her sentiments in warm, almost vehement language. One day, when it was intimated to her the possibility of an amicable adjustment of the difference, she replied with energy, 'Rather than see my husband make terms with the hated Christinos, I would gladly see him a corpse at my feet! Let him die; but not dishonour his king!' She does not appear to have any fear for the General. Two infant daughters are with her in France; her son is in the hands of the Spanish Government. Some one expressed a fear of harm happening to the boy from such treacherous guardianship. 'Let them dare to kill him,' she exclaimed, 'Zumalacarreguy will know how to avenge him!'

"The Carlist," continued the Spaniard, "was, of course, upon terms of intimacy with the council at Bayonne, and describes them as not being very particular about disposing of those who they may happen to suspect. They frequent the *restaurateurs* and coffee-houses, and obtain intelligence when any traveller is about to enter Spain; his motives are then immediately discussed, and intelligence sent across the frontiers. It will depend on the resolution which the council arrive at, what sort of reception the unlucky wight may happen to meet. As a specimen," continued my friend, "of this sort of summary judgment, the Carlist related the following to me:— 'There was a Spaniard of rank,' said the Carlist, 'the Viconte Ponce de Ledas, who was in the habit of dining at the table d'hôte at Bayonne, which I likewise frequented. One of the Carlist junta pointed him out to me as a suspicious character; he said that he was going to see Don Carlos, with an introduction from the Bishop of Leon; circumstances, however, brought him under the ban of the junta, and they forthwith dispatched an order to the head-quarters (then at Elisonda), to arrest him immediately on his arrival. No sooner did the unfortunate Viconte arrive, than he was arrested and searched; in one of his boots was discovered a letter of introduction to Rodil; and upon him was likewise found a physician's prescription, which was immediately proved to be—by the summary process of Elisonda justice—a recipe for a most diabolical mixture, intended to poison Don Carlos! The poor Viconte had ten minutes allowed him for a priest, and was shot without further ceremony!'

"There was another individual, the Carlist told me," continued my friend, "who was unfortunate enough to be taken notice of by this self-elected junta. He was a young man of very reserved habits, who was going to the head-quarters of Don Carlos. He excited the suspicion of the junta—'What do you intend doing with him?' asked the Carlist of one of the council. 'He must be *bagged*!' replied the other. In a few days intelligence was brought that he was shot immediately he had passed the frontiers!"

"All this is very shocking," I observed; "it is worthy of the most savage and uncivilized times of Europe; the barbarous Muscovite could hardly exceed this."

"It must be confessed," said the Spaniard, "that Rodil has set a fearful example. Every man he takes he puts to death without

ceremony, and this conduct has created a most bitter retaliation. This species of atrocity on either side nothing can defend; to what extent this spirit is carried the following instance will shew:—At the battle of Los Campos de Larion, Zumalacarreguy defeated a division of Rodil's army under the command of General Carandolet. Among the prisoners taken by the Carlists were the Conde de Villa Manuel, a grandee of Spain, and several officers of rank. Zumalacarreguy, who has not the reputation of being a blood-thirsty ruffian, immediately despatched a courier to Rodil, informing him of these noblemen and officers being in his custody, and offering to exchange them for several officers of his own who had been taken previously in Biscay and Guipuscoa. In the meantime the prisoners shared the table of their captor, and were treated with all the respect due to their rank. In two days the courier returned, and found the general seated with his prisoners at his mess—over a *puchero*. Rodil's letter was instantly opened, and contained the following laconic reply—*'The officers you require I have already shot!'* The fate of the unfortunate nobleman and his officers is soon told. *'Gentlemen,'* said Zumalacarreguy, throwing the letter to them, *'I am sorry it is so, but there is no alternative. Blood for blood! Send for the confessor; for you have but a few minutes to live!'* And, in effect, they were dragged from the very table at which they had been seated together, and shot in the court-yard!

“Another act of butchery was perpetrated at Bilboa. The people of the town expected the United Kingdom to arrive laden with arms and ammunition for the troops of Don Carlos, when the Spanish frigate, the Pearl, standing towards the harbour, being mistaken for the vessel in question, five boats, containing ninety-five individuals, immediately put off to welcome her. They were trepanned on board, and every soul put to death in cold blood! Among the sufferers were General Arana, a very brave officer, and the companion in arms of General Rodil in Peru, and one of its latest defenders, many gentlemen of distinction, a priest, and the major-domo of the Marquis of Valdepenas.

“This ferocious system of warfare has now been carried on upwards of twelve months, and there is scarcely a Basque family in the four provinces that has not to mourn the loss of a child or a parent thus savagely slaughtered. The consequence is that the people of these provinces, the most generous and gentle in all Spain, seem to have changed their nature; they have become ferocious, and seek revenge against the Castilians and Andalusians with the blood-thirsty spirit of banditti. Many years must elapse ere the vindictive feelings aroused by this civil war will subside; and the consciousness of crime, the stain of innocent blood, must cling to those who have provoked and abetted this hopeless and wicked contest.”

THE THREE RAVENS.

"The ravens he croaked as she sat at her meal,—"—SOUTHEY.

"Croak, croak, croak!"—ARISTOPHANES.

IN the midst of one of the most beautiful vales in the west of England stands a small country town, called by popular consent or traditional custom, Greystone; a corruption (so it has been surmised by some of the more learned antiquarians of the place) of its original, if not appropriate name of Gravestone. And here I may as well inform the topographical inquirer that no search, however diligent, will enable him to discern the town in question defined upon any map of England and Wales with which I am acquainted. He must, accordingly, take my word for it that such a town does exist; and must be constrained also to believe that the characters which I am now about to introduce to his notice, enjoy an actual individuality and existence apart from that "many-coloured life," which the *vrai semblance* of fiction is sometimes supposed to confer.

Not far from the town-hall, contiguous likewise to the market-place, and the corner house of — street (this last particular *must* remain a secret), lived, or rather was not yet dead, Mr. Simon Raven, the undertaker. Mr. Raven had at one time superadded to the post-mortem branch the more lively avocations of auctioneer and appraiser; but whether he had met with small encouragement in these minor branches, or to speak figuratively, twigs of profession, or whether (which is more likely) his genius led him to prefer the former to the entire exclusion of the other two, I cannot satisfactorily determine; certain, however, it is that at the time of which I now treat Mr. Raven was solely, and I may also add souly and bodily, an undertaker.

What's in a name? A great deal if it be a good one, and there was something in the name of Raven thus happily, by descent or otherwise, appertaining to the individual in question; it was in all respects appropriate. In the first place he was as *black* as a raven, clothed perpetually in sable. In the next place he was *like* a raven, constantly hovering over the dead with professional impatience; and lastly, he might be said to *be* a raven, since he was ever on the croak, doling out the most lugubrious tidings.

Raven belonged to a benefit society, more with an eye to his own benefit, by the way, than with any philanthropic glimpses towards the benefit of the society. It was at the monthly meetings of the club that his peculiar temperament or idiosyncrasy was most remarkably set forth. Here he would show how the country was ruined, contrasting it with its prosperity of ten years ago, at which period (but this he had forgotten) he had also lamented its downfall. Here he would tell of the failure of crops, of the dearness of prices, of the epidemic that had taken off so many, of the many taxes that were never taken off. He would also foretel speedy death to the sick

members, and suggest probable apoplexy to the more robust ; and by dint of this *hearse* language (as a wag in the town termed it) he had succeeded in making himself an object of mortal terror and aversion to a great portion of the inhabitants of Greystone.

But, in the science of direful prognostication and Acherontic prophecy, Mrs. Raven was assuredly Simon's better half. She might cry out in joyous and successful emulation of her husband's peculiar talent, "I too am an Arcadian ;" for me, it will be sufficient with more calmness to state that they were "*Arcades ambo*"—both Arcadians.

It was Mrs. Raven's delight, habited in a black velvet cloak (a pall in former days), every morning to descend her door-steps (two obliterated gravestones, a present from the sexton), and to go forth with the humane intention of visiting the sick. She had acquired, by dint of incessant practice, a wonderful skill in the closing of eyes, and the folding together of shutters ; and "coming events cast their shadows before" so distinctly to the vision of Mrs. Raven, that she would often bespeak the mutes, and hoist the funereal feathers, before the breath was out of her friends' bodies.

This worthy couple delighted (but their joy was of a grave and solemn character) in the existence of a daughter, Miss Niobe Raven. This young lady partook largely of the mournful merits of her respected parents. Her reading was choice, and her accustomed resort was the church-porch. Here she would pore over the exhilarating pages of Drelincourt, Sherlock, Hervey, Mrs. Rowe, and Dr. Dodd ; and sometimes, to interpose a little ease, she would solace her soul with the lighter effusions of poetry. It need scarcely be added, that Young's "Night Thoughts" and Blair's "Grave" obtained and secured her preference.

" ——— Passing well
She loved the passing bell,"

and her favourite musical performance was the Dead March in Saul.

But one thing was calculated to encourage the growth of this melancholy disposition. Miss Niobe Raven, for a much greater length of time than she could have anticipated, had been floundering in the unpleasant slough of celibacy. She had long wished to obtain a settlement in the parish, or neighbourhood, or indeed any where ; but it so happened no one came forward to win or to wear her. No one would stick this branch of cypress in his bosom. Young Mangle Wurzel the farmer, indeed, some years before, had bethought him that the church-yard was a field out of which Mr. Simon Raven had probably reaped more profitable crops than his father had been enabled to do from his own acres ; but, like a discreet shepherd, he had never ventured to go beyond sheep's-eyes in his attentions to Miss Niobe Raven. Midge, the magnanimous but minute barber, as he strutted from chin to chin, like a self-satisfied bantam with a fine comb stuck upon his head, had sometimes lingered on his way to exchange compliments with her ; nay, he had once presented her with a silver-wire tooth-brush and a many-coloured wash-ball ; but from this time forth he never would speak word. Neither by sign look, or gesture had he even hinted a wish to establish her as

Mrs. Midge. Something, therefore, must be done, and Miss Niobe Raven had concocted a cunning plan. She had too long toiled to obtain a husband by fair means—she must now endeavour to catch one in her toils. Let us relate the sequel.

Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch, the linendraper, lived exactly opposite the evil-boding abode of the Ravens. No vulgar swain was Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch. No person in the town carried his head higher than he—and yet he was but a yard and a half high by his own measure, and some were base enough to say it wanted an inch. Neat to a fault, he had no other. When he stood at his door betimes, alternately rubbing his chin and his hands, one might have surmised that he was merely scenting the morning air; not so, he was sagacious of his quarry from afar. The tyrant custom usually kept him in doors during the day; but there was one particular pane at the shop-window end of his counter, through which he occasionally stole a glimpse at the on-goings of the neighbourhood. Through this counter-pane (for so it must be called) he contrived to behold the world; being himself as securely hidden as though he were shrouded by the blanket of the dark. From all the world, I say, was he effectually shrouded—except from one individual in it. Miss Niobe Raven had long cast her lynx, or rather links, regards upon him, for her glances were so many links, creating a strong chain of interest, which irresistibly drew her towards him; but which, as yet, had not succeeded in drawing him towards her. That mournful person had long mused over his many advantageous requisites, considered as a connubial votary; she with a sad earnestness contemplated his desirable qualities; she desiderated his stock in trade, lease, and fixtures; in a word—

“Melancholy marked him for her own!”

It was a fine evening. Dowlas, the corpulent apprentice, was preparing to shut up shop, and his master had retired into the back parlour, to relax his mind after the laborious avocations of the day. At this moment he was engaged in amiable sport with a puppy of a pug-dog, which had been recently presented to him as a mark of friendship and esteem, and which strongly resembled a Bath brick, running about on four knife-handles. Thus amiably and innocently employed, Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch was not precisely in a situation to heed the first interruption of his assistant, who tendered him a letter, which had been just delivered into the shop; but the whitey-brown parcel of caninity commencing a headlong assault upon the protruded leg of the apprentice, recalled his owner to the consciousness that there was another presence in the room.

“Any answer required, Dowlas?”

“None, Sir. Mr. Stoa’s clerk left it on the counter, and I saw him afterwards call over the way—at Raven’s.”

“Oh! very well.”

Left to himself, Nonsuch broke open the letter, with the air of one who is about to peruse the various items of a profitable order: instead of which he read as follows:—

"Sir: I am instructed by my client, Mr. Simon Raven, to acquaint you, that unless you instantly fulfil your engagements with Miss Niobe Raven, proceedings will be commenced against you.

"I remain your obedient servant,

"CAYMAN STOAT."

It may be unnecessary to state, that this epistle acted as an aperient upon the linendraper's mouth and eyes; indeed, so marvellously were they extended by wonder, that his face for the time lost that significant sagacity of expression which some have been pleased to ascribe to it. His first impulse, however, when reason was partially restored to him, was to re-peruse the document which, in the first instance, had so strangely discomposed his equanimity; and now he became tossed about in a sea of doubts and fears, out of which he emerged with a wet skin (for he was now perspiring copiously), to wander in a mazy labyrinth of conjecture. What could this letter mean?—what engagements had he ever contracted with Miss Niobe Raven? What proceedings were to be had against him in consequence of his non-fulfilment of this mysterious contract? Oh! it was a joke—a pleasant deceit practised upon him—a funny thing, contrived by that arch wag Raven, and that rum fellow Stoat. But soft!—Raven was any thing but an arch wag, and not the least like a rum fellow was Stoat. Conscience came to his aid at this juncture, a powerful auxiliary at all times, but particularly efficient as an agent to smooth down the ruffled soul of Nonsuch at the present moment. "Never!" and he arose with dignity; "*never* in thought, word, or deed, have I trifled with the peace of Miss Raven; never have I gone about to blight the happiness of that young lady."

Nonsuch was soothed and somewhat affected by the speech he had just concluded; and, taking his hat, he proceeded through the passage to the private door. "I will see Stoat, instantly, at all events," said he, "and learn what this letter means."

The fresh air slightly cooled his feverish gills, as, standing for a moment at the door, he sucked in a draught of the salubrious element; and now he went his way towards the residence of the attorney, with a studied and difficult steadiness, as of a conscious drunkard, purposely avoiding a glance at the opposite window, where he felt assured two evil eyes were employed in taking his likeness in one minute upon their several retinas. It was, as I have said, a fine evening; and doubtless the genial influence of the air and sky contributed to calm his inward perturbation; and by the time he had reached the field, which it was necessary to cross ere he might arrive at Stoat's door, a sentiment of tranquil peace was glowing in the bosom of Nonsuch.

It was a pretty paddock, over the sward of which he was now hastening; and yet at times he lingered—for the scene invited admiration. A few cows were picturesquely grouped in reclining attitudes, making, as it were, side faces as they ruminated;—standing silently at right angles, the head of one resting over the neck of the other, were two horses, looking like one clothes-horse; and by the side of the

hedge, on which clean linen had been laid to bleach, a skittish foal played his pranks—like an emancipated washing-stool overjoyed at the conclusion of its laborious duties.

"Innocent beasts!" exclaimed Nonsuch, with emotion, "how happy ye appear!—and is there then no happiness for me? Oh! yes, yes——"—and as he strode over the stile and sprang into the road, another "yes" was jerked from his bosom—"I will soon put this little matter to rights."

"Good evening, Mr. Stoa," said the linendraper, entering the private office of the attorney, who appeared deeply engaged in letter-writing. "What do you mean by this?" and he handed him the note;—" 'twas an absurd joke—indeed it was. Ha! ha! you'll get no six-and-eightpence for this, Stoa—no go, my old boy."

"You may call it an absurd joke, Mr. Nonsuch, if you please; but I am afraid you won't find it one," said the lawyer, solemnly; "but I would much rather be referred to your legal adviser: *we* can settle the business much better between ourselves."

"What do you mean?" faltered Nonsuch.

"We have the most incontestible evidence," resumed Stoa, "the most conclusive evidence, that you have gone so far in your attentions to Miss Raven, as to be unable to recede without rendering ample compensation."

"What do you mean?" reiterated Narcissus. "What *do* you mean?" and he sunk into a chair; "oh! tell me—how is this? what is it? how can it be?"

"The damages are laid at five thousand pounds," said the relentless lawyer; "young men should be discreet, Mr. Nonsuch—but now I fear it is too late."

There was an awful sincerity in the tones of Stoa, that fell like conviction authenticated upon the ears of the linendraper.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with the vague vacancy of a lunatic; "very good! Five thousand pounds! ha! ha! but tell me——"

"You are not in a situation," interrupted Stoa, "to listen to reason at the present moment. Who is your solicitor?"

"Ferret—Ferret—" said Nonsuch, waving his hand. "Ferret of Street End."

"We will consult together," cried Stoa, opening the door. "Good evening, Mr. Nonsuch."

"Good evening," said the other, and he departed with a mechanical motion worthy of an automaton.

A very different aspect did nature present to the linendraper, as he sneaked over the paddock, which, but a few minutes ago, had called forth the finer feelings of his nature. The cows were evidently making grimaces in ridicule of his forlorn plight; the two horses stared at him intently, as though about to burst into horse-laugh; and the foal, as he approached, kicked up its long, straight hind-legs with an air of unfeeling contempt.

"That foal is a fool," muttered Nonsuch, with bitter emphasis. "But, oh! what a conspiracy is now brought to maturity—let me, however, meet it like a man."

Thus saying, he deviated into a kind of canter, and, by these means soon brought himself to the door of Raven's house.

"Are Mr. Raven, Mrs. Raven, and Miss Raven within?" demanded Nonsuch, with astonishing firmness of utterance.

"They are, Mr. Nonsuch," said the servant; "will you walk in?"

"I will," cried Narcissus, and he sprang upon the mat; "conduct me to them instantly."

The servant tapped at the parlour-door; and, presently, a confused sound of voices broke upon the linendraper's ear.

"Bid Mr. Nonsuch to come in."

With a palpitating heart and a low bow did Nonsuch attend their summons.

"Oh! Sir," said Mrs. Raven, with a distant air, "we have been expecting you for some time.—But, Niobe, my child," and she turned towards her daughter, "what is the matter? I have to beg you will compose yourself."

Miss Niobe projected her hand deprecatingly towards her mother.

"No—no—I can never more be happy," she sobbed, as she buried her face in her pocket-handkerchief. "Oh! it is too much—too much, indeed!"

"Retire, my love, retire," urged the mother, with the face of an affectionate shark.—"You see, Mr. Nonsuch—" and she turned towards our hero, "how tremblingly sensitive the poor girl is!—Take your shroud with you into the drawing-room;—you can finish it there."

Nonsuch turned an oblique eye upon her as she retired. "Horrible goule!" he muttered; "'take your shroud into the drawing-room, and finish it there!' Would she could betake herself in her shroud to the drawing-room of death, there to be finished—unholy cannibal!"

"We are making shrouds, Mr. Nonsuch," said Mrs. Raven, with a simper; we have several funerals on hand, and business must be attended to, you know; will you excuse me for a few minutes? Mr. Raven will attend you directly."

"Certainly—certainly," exclaimed Nonsuch; and as he watched the diligent needle of Mrs. Raven, plying at the ghastly head-gear of the deceased unknown, and heard the monotonous ticking of coffin-nails from the back shop, a superstitious horror pervaded his frame. But the entrance of Raven dissipated in some measure this unmanly weakness.

"Well, Mr. Nonsuch, you are come at last," said Raven, with a cavernous croak; "but you look ill."

"I *am* ill—very ill," cried Nonsuch; "my mind has been harassed by a letter I have received."

"Oh!" exclaimed Raven, "you are very ill, are you?" and he gazed upon the other with a silent intensity of speculative expression, as though he were calculating how many square feet of oak, and how many gross of nails would be sufficient to furnish forth a genteel eternity packing-case for his victim;—"you may well be ill, considering how you have treated our poor Niobe."

"Indeed he may," sighed Mrs. Raven, crimping the border of the deadly night-cap she had then in hand.

"How I have treated your poor Niobe!" cried Narcissus, starting up. "What the devil—I beg pardon—what the deuce do you mean?—I have paid her no attentions—don't wish to do so—don't like her—won't have her."

"Oh! you won't—won't you?" said Raven, approaching with a malignant grin,—“but you shall have her—we will make you have her—you must have her.”

"I'll be d——d if I do!" said Nonsuch, between his teeth, buttoning his breeches-pockets with the air of one who *will* not be overreached.

"And I'll be d——d if you don't!" retorted Raven, bearing away the now completed shroud towards the door.

"Fie! fie! gentlemen," interposed Mrs. Raven; "Mr. Nonsuch, compose yourself.—Mr. Raven—Simon, my dear, be calm—for mercy's sake be calm."

"What does it all mean?" cried Nonsuch. "Raven, come back—explain, explain!"

"The short and the long of it is," said Raven, "that you must marry my daughter, or let the law take its course—we have your own letters against you—several."

"Affectionate and tender letters," interrupted Mrs. Raven.

"Affectionate—tender letters!" and Nonsuch staggered towards the door; "letters!"—he repeated, while his eyes rolled about in their sockets with melodramatic rapidity,—“vile counterfeits—base forgeries!—But Ferret shall see to this, depend upon it.”

"I thought he'd say as much," said Raven, addressing his wife,—“but let him prove it if he can.”

"It is a vile world, Mr. Raven; and Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch is as bad as the rest," remarked the wife.

"Well, Sir, we have nothing more to say to you," resumed Raven, pointing to the door—“we have these letters against you—we have you in black and white—good evening.”

"Oh! very well, very well," said Nonsuch with affected stoicism, and muttering some unintelligible announcement respecting Ferret, he retired from the house, carrying over the way a burden of anguish, such as the most brawny martyr must necessarily have tottered under.

Once more within the silent secrecy of his little back parlour, did Nonsuch con over the eventful proceedings of this unfortunate evening.

"To what have I been destined by a cruel and merciless fate!" he apostrophised,—“they say, the Ravens say, that they have got letters against me; they have taken out letters patent, as it were, for the purpose of making me their peculiar property—they have me in black and white—the Ravens say they have me in black and white—Ha! ha! a magpie between three ravens—a precious chance of coming off with good colours.—But, hilloah! who's there?”

The door opened, and a head made its appearance. "Are you alone?" inquired its possessor, as the rest of his person made itself visible in the parlour. He was a short stout man, in a huge neckcloth and whiskers, with large calves upon very short legs, and small

feet like flat-irons, stuck at the end of them. It was Captain Trigger.

"Come to have a rubber at cribbage with you," said he. "But what's the matter?—you look ill."

Nonsuch gazed earnestly at his visitor. "No, no; I'm not ill," he replied; "but there's something *here*." And he placed his finger upon the centre button of his Valencia waistcoat.

"Take Gargles's stomach pills," cried the other, handing down the cribbage-board from the mantel-piece; "they'll set you to rights, I warrant you."

"Throw physic to the dogs!" said Nonsuch, waving his hand, and tossing fretfully in his chair.

"To the dogs, eh?" rejoined Trigger.—"Bark is the thing for dogs—ha! ha!" and he laughed vociferously.

Nonsuch heaved forth a heavy sigh; and, with much apparent deliberation, replaced the cards and cribbage-pegs into the small box, which, when open, also officiated as a board.

"Can you be secret?" said he, advancing solemnly towards the captain; "for, oh! Trigger—can you be secret?"

"As dead men are; or the watchman who helps to put them into the sack," cried his friend.—"But go on—don't gasp in that unusual manner; you look hideous—upon my soul you do.—Let's have some grog."

"Mix for yourself; I know you like it cold," said Nonsuch, with woeful emphasis; and, as the captain proceeded with his agreeable employment, and sucked in the congenial cordial, the linendraper imparted the full nature and extent of his present woes.

The captain took a pinch of snuff at the conclusion of this narrative, and pounced upon the spirit-bottle; and as he gazed long and earnestly at his friend, in like manner as long and as earnestly did his friend gaze upon him.

"It is very strange!" at length remarked Trigger.—"Did you never love this young Raven, Nonsuch?"

"Never!"

"Nor paid your addresses to her?"

"Never!"

"Nor addressed letters to her?"

"Never!"

"Nor to any body else?"

"Nev—— ha! ha! ha!" and now suddenly starting up,

"Like moody Madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe,"

Nonsuch discharged an unintelligible ecstasy of mirth fearfully prolonged.

"Oh! Trigger—you good fellow," cried he, at length, capering towards his companion; "you have hit it, my boy;—I have addressed letters to Penelope Pincroft, which——"

"They have got into their possession," interrupted Trigger.—"Sit down—where does Pincroft live?—I'm off to her house at once—d'ye think she's at home?"

"She's at her long home!" said Nonsuch, mournfully.—"She died six months ago."

"Poor Pincroft!" ejaculated the captain. "That's unlucky; but stay—the letters were addressed to her, of course?"

"No, they were not," replied Nonsuch, alarmed; "they were conveyed through a servant, without any address, lest they should fall into the old lady's hands."

"Oh Lord! oh Lord! that's worse still," said the captain, scratching his head; and a pause of some minutes ensued.

Intense thoughts appeared to be travelling hastily athwart the brow of the captain, as leaning forward towards Nonsuch, he demanded:—

"Has old Raven feathered his nest?"

"I believe so.—He has plenty of money."

"Any settled on the daughter?"

"Oh yes!—lots.—Two thousand pounds."

"Ha!" cried Trigger, significantly, "then why don't you marry her?"

"I marry her!" cried Nonsuch with emotion; "live in a family vault! No, no; I should soon be a job for my father-in-law, depend upon it. Why, they live upon the dead; they're jackals—hyenas—"

"Not laughing hyenas, at all events," cried the captain; "but Nonsuch, my boy, upon second thoughts, it will be the best thing you can do. You'll never be able to prove that these letters were not addressed to her; they'll get swinging damages, and I don't think that will be money well laid out."

"I'll be laid out myself first," exclaimed Nonsuch, in a rage; "I would shroud it with pleasure rather than put up with that spotted spinster—that gawky giraffe—"

"I say, Nonsuch, do you know," said Trigger, after a pause, playing with eighteen pence which he had got, all in sixpences, in his pocket, "do you know that I am steeped in poverty to the very lips, into which a very unsatisfactory portion of provender finds its way; do you know that life is dear, and living not cheap; and do you know that money is important to me, and that I must have money?"

"Captain!" expostulated Nonsuch, somewhat affrighted,—

"Listen to me," interrupted the other; and now in a voice of secrecy did the captain pour into the ear of his host a well digested plan, which it is not expedient at present to disclose.

Various were the emotions that seemed to agitate the linendraper during Trigger's recital. Hope, fear, doubt, expectation, uncertainty, rapture, coursed over his expressive countenance with inconceivable rapidity.

"It'll do, won't it?" inquired the Captain with a knowing wink, as he concluded.

"I think it will," returned Nonsuch.

"You'll go through with it without fail, 'pon honour?" asked the other.

"I will."

The two friends here indulged themselves in a burst of exhilarating laughter, and shaking hands with enviable cordiality, separated for the night.

With a very peculiar flourish did Nonsuch jerk the razor over his beard on the following morning ; and with a more than usual attention was every appointment of the outward man arranged and disposed. Leaving his shop to the management, *pro tempore*, of the corpulent apprentice, Nonsuch sallied forth with almost fairy lightness of footfall, bending his way towards the churchyard. He was not mistaken. Miss Niobe Raven was already there ; she started, and turned blue with a slight admixture of green, and prepared to flee, but Nonsuch detained her with his persuasive tongue.

"Am I then so odious, dear Miss Raven?" he murmured, and seizing her hand, he led her to a convenient flat grave-stone, under which reposed (perhaps) the remains of Wiggles the surveyor—"sit down one moment, I entreat, and let me confess all."

"Your meaning is mysterious, Sir," said Miss Raven, inclining her ear towards him—"explain yourself."

"Let me elucidate," cried Narcissus ;—"you love me—nay, deny it not—else why that excusable fiction concerning the letters—you blush ; but perhaps there was no other method of loosening my tongue-tied diffidence. Why, however, did your respected parents—why did that worthy couple refer the matter to Stoa?—there I am destroyed."

"How so, Mr. Narcissus?" demanded the lady.

"Let not that cold word 'Mister' be permitted in your discourse ; call me Nonsuch—dear Nonsuch—I have loved you long—let us elope."

"Elope !" screamed Miss Niobe, opening and anon closing with sweet confusion her eyes, which, in the latter predicament, looked like two black gaiter button-holes—"Oh ! Mr. Nonsuch, fie ! fie !"

"What would the world say," cried Nonsuch, with animation, "should I be tamely led to the altar like a sheep to the slaughter ? The neighbourhood is, no doubt, already aware of the contemplated proceedings against me ; let us mystify them—let us consult our own inclinations—let us tie the knot at once—let us proceed with the ceremony without any ceremony."

Miss Raven was balancing the matter upon the point of her mind, when Nonsuch destroyed the prudential equilibrium by a *coup de main*.

"I have no time to wait," he cried, "the shop requires my presence. She smiled with grim satisfaction—"your shop," he added, tenderly taking her hand, which he pressed devoutly. A reciprocal pressure assured him.

"Say that you consent," he whispered.

"I do," was the soft and complying response.

"Meet me then," cried Nonsuch, eagerly, "at the end of Gaffer-lane to-morrow morning, six o'clock ; a license, and a licensed post-chaise shall be ready for you. Here comes Gargle, the apothecary—Farewell !"

Darting down the yew-tree walk, Nonsuch was out of sight in a moment.

On the evening of that eventful diurnal period, the sun took a cold bath as usual (for he is very regular in his habits), and arose "with shining morning face," punctually at four o'clock on the following day.

It was about half-past five when Mr. Narcissus Nonsuch was seen to emerge from a post-chaise that drew up at the end of Gaffer-lane. With an anxious uncertainty, as he sniffed the morning breeze, did he look into vacancy for the object of his expectation ; and, at length his best wishes were realized. Miss Niobe Raven was approaching with hasty steps the scene of projected flight.

"Are you ready?" inquired the linen-draper.

"Perfectly," was the tremulous rejoinder.

"Then let me hand you to the vehicle in waiting," cried he, as, in a style of his own, he handed her over the stile of Mullins the grazier, and escorted her to the carriage.

"Will you allow me?" cried a voice from within that convenience, —a voice which it was plain did not belong to Nonsuch ; and a hand was put forth at the same moment, which, it was equally evident, was not his property.

The repetition of that polite question, put, as it was, in politest accents, appeared in no slight degree to unsettle the serenity of Miss Niobe Raven ; but a somewhat unmetropolitan thrust from behind, and the sudden sliding of the steps under the vehicle, precluded further parley, and the carriage drove off without such satisfactory explanation, as, in common cases, might have been deemed respectably indispensable.

Nonsuch lingered for some moments in the high-road in a pleasing reverie, and a face disclosed itself at the miniature window in the rear of the post-chaise, which appeared to be pleasing unto him ; waiting, therefore, till the bobbing up and down of the postilion ceased to be discernible by the naked eye, he retraced his steps, and soon found himself at the door of Mr. Simon Raven, the undertaker.

That dolorous individual and his exemplary sleeping partner were at this moment in the pleasing pursuance of their respective dreams—narcotic avocations which they usually enjoyed without molestation till eight o'clock ; but Nonsuch, bursting without ceremony into the chamber, caused them suddenly to erect themselves in their bed ; where they sat arranging their nightcaps, with visages of extreme perplexity.

"Are you not a precious pair?" cried Nonsuch, drawing aside the curtains at the foot of the couch, and revealing himself to their gradually extended gaze ; "are you not a pretty pair?" and he projected his hand like an Athenian orator, "to connive at these doings on the part of your daughter."

"What do you mean, Mr. Nonsuch?" cried the parents conjunctively.

"What do I mean?" ejaculated the other, poking his fore-finger towards each, "why, that Niobe has eloped with Captain Trigger."

"Gracious goodness! God bless my soul!" and other outcries followed, as the two tumbled out of bed, and Nonsuch closed the bed-curtains, and retreated to the door.

"Shall I order a hearse and four directly?" cried he, through the keyhole, "we shall be able to overtake them at Gravelstone, doubtless. I know we shall catch them at the Spilsbury Arms."

"Will you step down," said Raven, hurriedly, through the same medium, "and see my horse put into the chaise-cart directly?"

"I will;" and Nonsuch trotted down stairs with serene composure.

It was a sorry animal whose energies were now about to be called into requisition. Guiltless of oats, it seemed very little better acquainted with hay; and the state of the rack evinced the lamentable fact, that the forlorn steed had been fain, occasionally, to solace its digestive organs with timber.

After a brace of shakes, however, on the part of the paralyzed palfrey, he suffered himself to be attached to the vehicle; and the two Ravens, having by this time adjusted their plumage, and followed by Nonsuch, took their seats in the chaise-cart, and were soon seen goading the debilitated brute towards the Spilsbury Arms.

A clean-napkined waiter met them as they hurried into the passage.

"A lady and gentleman!" demanded Raven.

"A lady and gentleman!" urged his wife.

"A lady and gentleman!" echoed the linendraper.

"You'll find them in No. 4.," said the waiter, pointing with his finger; and as they rushed past, the wind of their garments lifted with undulating motion the clean napkin of the much marvelling retainer.

A scene presented itself as the three made their way into the room which may easily be conceived, and with no less facility described. Captain Trigger had been fighting with hunger, and having called toast to his aid, had now commenced the second round; while Miss Niobe Raven was enacting imitation woe on the sofa. At the sight of her family, however, the young lady shrieked hysterically, and rising suddenly, tossed herself into the arms of the maternal branch.

The old lady heaved a groan, but whether caused by corporal or mental trouble, did not at the moment appear altogether evident.

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Raven, advancing towards the table; "restore my daughter instantly: she is contracted to Mr. Nonsuch."

"No such thing!" returned the Captain, coolly, decapitating an egg; "she is mine—she must be mine. Call your good lady hither, and let me explain. Come hither, Mrs. Raven."

The old lady approached, and being politely handed to a seat by the Captain, prepared herself for the statement, which it was evident, by sundry clearings of the throat, he was now about to make.

"Do you see my injured friend yonder?" said he, pointing towards Nonsuch, who during the preceding arrangement had opened a conversation with Miss Niobe; "and do you remember poor Penelope Pincroft?"

A ghastly derangement of the facial organs made itself manifest in Mr. and Mrs. Raven.

"We have the most conclusive evidence to prove," continued Trigger, "that the letters you proposed bringing in evidence against my friend, were addressed to that deceased person. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. We will have—that is, I will have Miss Niobe

—or we'll take five hundred pounds—or we'll indict you for a conspiracy."

"What do you mean?" stammered Mr. Simon Raven.

"Oh dear me! only think of that!" faltered Mrs. Raven—and a pause ensued.

"He has loved you long and deeply," urged Nonsuch, at the other end of the room; "why, Lord bless you! he's a military man, and only wants a little money to obtain a colonelcy. Brave as a badger, hang me if he isn't!"

"Well, what do you both say?" resumed Trigger; "I have loved your daughter long and deeply, as my friend observes, but my confounded modesty has prevented an earlier disclosure of my sentiments."

"Do you hear that?" insinuated Nonsuch.

Miss Raven smiled through her tears.

"We will consider about it," cried Raven, more calmly; "there's plenty of time, Captain."

"You military men are so pressing," observed Mrs. Raven. "Niobe, my love, walk this way. Do you object to Captain Trigger for a husband, my child?"

"Dear me, mamma, what *can* I say?" said Miss Raven, and a glance towards the Captain conveyed the rapturous remainder of the assent.

"I see how it is," said Trigger, in an under-tone to his friend.

"Come, then, let us all have breakfast together," exclaimed Nonsuch, in an ecstasy; "and if Miss Raven will permit me, I shall be most happy to present her with a wedding-dress—white gauze, of the finest manufacture, over white satin of equal richness: a very stout article, I assure you."

"I would much rather it should be black satin," observed Mrs. Raven.

"Black, of course," said Raven, decisively.

"Let it be black, if you please," simpered Miss Niobe; "I would much rather, as mamma says, have it black."

"Black be it then," cried Nonsuch; "and now let us sit down to breakfast."

OMICRON.

COQUET SIDE,

AND THE LEGEND OF ROUGH-RIDING WILL.

"There's mony a salmon lies in Tweed,
 And mony a trout in Till;
 But Coquet, Coquet still for me,
 If I may have my will.
 Full freshly from his mountain-holds
 Comes down the rapid Tyne;
 But Coquet's still the stream o' streams,
 So let her still be mine." T. D.

If there be a stream in the United Kingdom on which an angler would bestow his best affections, that stream is assuredly the Coquet. If one of our border valleys is richer than another in the remains of antiquity—if one is hallowed more than another by the "hills where dwelled holy saints"—if one is rendered more romantic than another by the visible presence of those old stone-keeps and impregnable fastnesses, whence the moss-troopers issued to harry the herds of their foes, that valley is Coquet-dale; and from Cushit-Law and Cheviot, which look down on the infant fountains of the pastoral stream, to Warkworth, where, sweeping round the base of one of the noblest strongholds of the old border barons, it calmly seeks the sea, in wildness, in savage and stern beauty, in soft and pastoral sweetness, or in warmly wooded and cultivated richness, there flows not the stream whose banks we have trod which can surpass those of the salmon-haunted Coquet. At the head are the first breed of the pepper-and-mustard terriers, immortalized by Sir Walter, kept and bred by a few of the finest specimens of border-troopers that ever trod the heather; at the foot exists one of the finest salmon and trout fisheries in the world,—down all the vale, remains of the Romans and Celts, old abbeys, keeps, castles and caves, crags, scaurs, cataracts, wild mountains and broad moors, with the wind "howling in the wilderness," combine to render it a favourite haunt of the poet and the antiquary;—black pools, which the breeze, winnowed through the cool alder-leaves, curls into forms which the angler loves, stream-throats and circling eddies, where the monarchs of the stream lie sullenly,—eagles and ravens among the cliffs—plovers, moor-game, red and black, down the heathy hill sides—and the speckled trout springing in the smaller burns, that roll down into the maternal bosom of the Coquet,—all, all are here;—and here, too, is the old famous hospitality which makes the Rambler forget his fire-side, and soothe the hours of weariness and depression, which violent sports and mental excitement leave behind. The border sports and spirit are here; and here, many and many a time, you will fall in with some old crone, who, in the pauses of her pipe, will recite you in a dreamy voice, that sounds like the echo of the olden time, snatches of ballads which Dr. Percy, the Ettrick Shepherd, and Sir Walter himself seem never to have

heard. There she sits, and seems Tradition ; the ample chimney recess half hiding her form ; her palsied hand, with the short pipe, resting on her knee, and the thin blue wreaths of smoke scattered into fantastic forms by the tremulous motion of the shrunken limb ; her feet beating time to the ancient chant, her dim blue eyes lighted up by the memory of other days, and her thin gray hairs escaping from her coif ; there she sits, till you feel the awe of old age stealing over your spirit ; and the weak withered creature, in her wild animation, seems to you something unearthly, from whose fascination you fear, yet are wishful, to escape. She tells you of a hundred deeds of blood which have been committed on these hills—of troopers borne down to the ground, fighting desperately even when transfixed with the spear—of stubborn strokes and subtle skill combating against each other ;—in dolorous strains she chants the ballad of “The Woeful Wednesday of the Wreckhill,” when the Scots slaughtered every soul of that doomed place ; or, changing her measure to one more sprightly, she tells you that,

“The Umfranvilles of Coquet-side,
And down the dale of Reed,
Are lords of mickle power and pride ;
A stern and stalwarth breed.
From Elsdon down to Warkworth-keep
Their wide domains extend ;
A thousand troopers stanch and true,
At their bugle blast attend.”

Listening to the old beldame’s chant, you almost see before you Robert with the beard, the first Umfranville who received all Redesdale, with the castle of Harbottle, which stands on the Coquet, upon the condition of “defending that part of the country from enemies and wolves,” which grant he received from William the Conqueror, in the tenth year of his reign ; you hear the gathering of his troopers in his castle court, the clang of the drawbridge, the rattling of spears and shields, and the ringing of bits and stirrups as the wild warriors fall into order at the approach of the stern Norman ; your blood mounts up at their gallant array, and you feel “the spirit breathed from dead men to their kind,” the spirit of wild adventure and rushing into combats, and grappling in mortal struggles with fierce foes, the battle-shout, and the cry of victory booming over the hard-fought field ;—but, lo ! the tale is done, and with it the vision has departed, your blood resumes its equable flow ; and now, with a smile half of scorn, half of regret, you remember that the family is gone, the lands and forests past into twenty different hands, their very memory forgotten, save by some frail old creature like that now again sunk into a state of almost fatuity before you. “Such is the moral of all human tales !”

But we must keep to our original purpose, which was to introduce every one who can tie on a bob-fly, or holla to a hound, to the sports, men, and banks of the Coquet. Let the reader then accompany us in an expedition down the valley.

Leaving the Chevy-chace coach at Elsdon, Carter-bar, or Reidswire, where the famous battle was fought between the Scotch and

English wardens of the marches, the rambler, with fishing-rod in hand, and creel on back, containing a pair or two of stockings, a shirt, and the volume he loves best (say *Childe Harold*, for it is fittest for the mountains and streams), in a few hours finds himself among the verdant hills of Kidland lordship, with the immense heights of Cushit-Law and Cheviot, looking down upon his solitary path. Coquet is yet but a burn, though the hill-streams, which, at every hundred yards, leap into her embrace, will presently make her a very respectable matronly river. From the top of Cheviot, or of its rival in loftiness, Cushit-Law, the view is grand beyond description. Lie down, or kneel, for that is the posture the overpowering magnificence of the scene causes you to choose, and look round, above, and beneath. What a tumbled tempest of mountains! as if the waves of some mighty ocean had been arrested in a storm, and fixed for ever, silent and motionless, in the forms which they now wear. Such the poet, if not the philosopher, may deem was the manner of their formation. Vast and powerful,—but calm and peaceful, they seem to repose, their crushing energy and massy strength quiescent, like that of sleeping lions. The small silver stream of the Coquet pursues its course far down the winding valley; and the mind, overpowered with the magnificence around, loses its image with regret as it escapes from the sight among the distant hills. A thousands rills are seen sliding into it on both sides, till the river seems like the trunk of some tree, of which the innumerable silver branches are formed by the smaller streams. What sound is that a hundred feet beneath, and what form is it that breaks away from the cliff with the rapidity of thought, and dives deep down into the dark valley? See! he has stopped in his sheer descent, and hovers for a moment ere he rises into the clouds. It is a gray eagle; he has sped away from his eyrie, as if he spurned the presence of man, and was enraged that his solitary retreat was polluted by human footstep; and now he rises in circling rounds, as if by a spiral aerial staircase, until the gazer's eye is dazzled by the sunlight which *he* can look upon, and his form seems to have melted away in the overpowering radiance. But lo! what is this? he has again come into sight, and is descending with fluttering wing and shrieks that echo through the hollows of the neighbouring cliffs. Rapid, rapid, his fall increases in speed as he nears the earth; and there, at length he has struck the hill side within twenty yards of his nest, and after a rebound from the elastic sod, which of itself must have killed him, he lies still and stone-dead. Wonderful! he has been stricken with death even when at the pinnacle of his proud flight, and hurled down to the earth from the very gates of heaven. It is not so. Look at the small dark animal, which lies beside him, its body crushed to a mummy, but its teeth still fixed in the throat of the regal bird, whence the blood is yet flowing. That insignificant reptile, whose form declares it to be one of the weazel tribe, has slain the monarch of the air. It must have fastened upon him in his own eyrie, and clung to him during his descent and his long flight upwards, until at last it reached a vital part. We remember once to have skinned a red deer with a pen-knife on the summit of Ben-a-Venochar in the forest of Athole, and to have carried the hide and

the head for four miles to the first forester's hut. The animal died at our feet, having been reduced to extreme debility by the *bots*,—a species of worm which infest them, and after quoting the speech of the melancholy Jaques, and mourning over it after our own fashion, we fairly set to and took off its "incarnate skin." We, therefore, shall perform the same office for the eagle; that we may thus have two characteristic remembrancers of Cheviot and the Highlands. Meantime, yonder are the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick; and surely that particular mountain where the sunbeams are sleeping is Borehope, for near its foot dwells the dear old Ettrick Shepherd. Meet and fit it is that his hills should glow with a proud consciousness of the immortality which he has bestowed upon them. From the topmost height of Cheviot, darling old bard! we waft a blessing on thy declining years, such a blessing as thou hast a thousand times bestowed upon thousands. Though poor in worldly goods, thou art rich, and thou knowest it, in the kind wishes of grateful hearts; and thou knowest that for thy sake the little cottage that stands by the Yarrow and the scenes around it will become the pilgrim-shrine of many an unborn generation. Blessings be upon thee and thine,—
"Bard of the wilderness, blythesome and cumberless!"

After some difficult dissection about the muscles and tendons of the eagle's thigh, and the upper vertebræ of his neck, and after skinning the stoat, for such we find the slayer of the eagle to be, let us give another look to the east, where stretches in a dim line the German Ocean—to the west, where the Atlantic gleams like a rich lace border to the shores of Ayr,—to the south, where broad Northumberland is spread out at our feet—and to the north, where, far over the plains and hills of Scotland, old Benlomond rises like a pillar, on which the blue arch of heaven is erected; and then, depositing our natural curiosities in our creel, let us descend once more into the valley of the Coquet.

The hills and the glens here are such as no other part of the island possesses; from the higher mountains they look like verdant hillocks regularly disposed in ranks,—or like so many natural pyramids covered with green sward; but enter their recesses, and the endless variety of the hollows and elevations, of brushwood, of mossy banks, cliffs grown over with lichens and ivy, or standing bare like the skeleton of the world partially uncovered, falls of water and broad peaceful pools, is such as to seduce the rambler for hours from his path, lest he should lose one beauty concealed in the windings of the well-nigh endless labyrinth. The huts of the shepherds stand in every glen, always upon the banks of a stream, and it is surprising what stately, buxom, fine-looking women these sturdy herdsmen have generally prevailed on to share their solitary lot. There is one new-married girl in particular at the foot of Kidland Lee, who wants nothing but the crown upon her lofty white brow to form the very *beau ideal* of an eastern queen. Such a throat and arms we never beheld before, either upon lowly maiden or lady of high degree. At the same time let us advise no one under six feet, and who cannot lift a hundred-weight in each hand, and strike them together three times successively above his head, to behave in any other than the most

respectful manner to Menie Temple; for setting aside that she herself might possibly be able to chastise any town-bred impertinence, she possesseth in her husband a stalwarth young shepherd, who has at least a score of belts and medals to show as tokens of his success in athletic exercises. The myriads of sheep which find, among the sweet short herbage of these verdant hills, the food which seems to be peculiarly favourable for the breed denominated "the Cheviot," are never counted but once a-year; viz. at shearing time. Yet, though this seems to give one the idea rather of the "wild flock that never needs a fold," and that depredations might with ease be committed upon them undiscovered, the fact itself is widely different. The shepherd's dog is here found more sagacious than in any other district. The shepherd sends his dog through among the flock, and in storms or sunshine he will know, by the expression of the faithful and sagacious animal, on his return, whether all is well or not with his flock. If a sheep or lamb is dead or in distress, and the dog himself cannot extricate it, he leads his master to the spot. The anecdotes of the sagacity of these animals among the Cheviots are innumerable, and surpassing the belief of those who only see him in towns and sophisticated by human society alone. But here, at the bend of this burn, is a record of the terrible calamities which sometimes befall the flocks among the mountains. Here the bones of at least half a hundred sheep are scattered about, having evidently been swept into the burn in a flood, and deposited by some former eddy of the swollen waters. The storm has burst unexpectedly upon the hills, and while doubtless many of the poor animals were overwhelmed in the snow-drifts, others have sought the shelter of the steep mountain-side at a little distance. A rapid thaw has succeeded, a thousand streams have at once torn down the descent, and the helpless flock swept down and drowned in the boiling and foaming depths of this very burn which now trickles clear and shallow over the scarcely covered pebbles.

Here is Milkhope-spout! Hark, through the din of the falling water, how the hoarse raven croaks; and lo! at that shout what innumerable "corby caws," hawks, kites, and other birds of prey have issued from their unhallowed retreats and darken the very air. In the maws of these voracious birds will be the grave of many a tender lamb before June is out. One would think the souls of all the most ferocious moss-troopers were winging about us in these obscene fowls, condemned to perform for ever, in successive shapes, the deeds of blood and butchery which formed the occupation of their human lives. A deadly hatred does the Cheviot shepherd bear to Milkhope-spout, and to the vulture inhabitants of its dark and terrific recesses.

The shadows are now striding over the valley, and beginning to creep up the sides of the mountains. The curlew is filling all the hollows with his long musical melancholy wail, and the moorcock is calling his family to evening prayer. The "bonny lucken-gowan" has faulted up her e'e," and the sheep and lambs are lying on the mountain side, grouped like the stars in the firmament. The young moon is peering pale over the edge of the hills, waiting timidly, like an eastern bride, till her lord disappears, that she may shine out in

all her glory among her attendant stars—the maidens of her harem. The fitful lullabies of distant torrents is hushing Nature into repose ; and it is time for the rambler, unless he wishes to lie on the hill-side in his plaid, to seek out some shelter for the night.

At a turn in the glen we meet with an old shepherd, carrying in his arms a lamb, whose birth has cost its mother her life. He is taking it to his cottage, where, on the green plot of grass between his door and the fresh brook, like Wordsworth's pet lamb, it will be "by a slender cord tethered to a stone," and may haply meet with some "child of beauty rare," like Barbara Lewthwaite, twice a day to bring it fresh water from the running stream ; and twice a day, when the dew is on the ground, draughts of warm and new milk. Into his cottage the shepherd will welcome receive us for the night ; ham and eggs, with a fresh trout or two taken from the brook before his door, and washed down by a draught from our own pocket-bottle, will form our repast ; and an hour or two's converse with the intelligent old man about his flocks, or the storms that occur among the mountains, will furnish a proper prelude to the prayer with which we seek our places of repose. There is in the language of such men as our host—one who has lived a long life in solitary places, and who feels his utter and immediate dependence upon the Ruler of the elements, a solemnity and natural piety, which the inhabitants of populous districts can never meet with, and scarcely imagine. The aspects of Nature in her wildest, sternest, and loveliest forms, have all and each been so vividly before him—in the magnificence of his mountains, the terrible storms to which they are subject, and the deep hush and holy repose which at other times they wear, that his very voice has caught a solemn gravity, and his features an expression of reverence that reflects the influences which sink down into the heart of the "dweller out of doors." He speaks and looks like one in the visible presence of some awful and yet beloved being. He is the very spirit of Wordsworth's poetry individualized. To the light and frivolous his manner and converse seem austere ; but beneath that grave outward show, for austerity it is not, there beats a heart warm, glowing, universal in its love to nature and man—there dwells a spirit devout and philosophical, in the best and most ample meaning of those terms. Such men there are—many such men, among the solitary glens of the Cheviots ; and such a man the rambler, if he chooses to follow the margin of the Cairnpeth burn two or three miles upwards from the Coquet, will find in old Kenneth Ross. But we have bid the old shepherd farewell, and are hastening to the Coquet. The grass is "dewy with Nature's tear-drops ;" the early sounds of mountain and valley are abroad, the streams are singing down with a merrier din than before, and, dearer than all to the angler, they wear that swollen and slightly discoloured appearance which insures him a creelful of the best and the biggest. The glorious morning and the sport it promises demand a song ; as we lash together, therefore, the pieces of our rod (for never shall brass-rings or steel-screws cramp the elasticity of water-whip of ours), let us shout aloud to the mountains an old fisher's song.—

The merry morn is waking to the throstle's roundelay,
 Upon the bosom of the stream the fresh'ning breezes play ;
 A night of showers has steep'd the flowers in the jolly angler's path,
 As cheerily he wends his way by greenwood hill and strath.

Hurra! the streams are up, and from their mountain-hold so green,
 Come rapid down in foamy falls, with blackening pools between ;
 The breeze sweeps through the alder's bough, and curls the wave beneath,
 Where the sullen trout leaps fiercely out, and plunges on his death.

The brown drake wing my foremost fly, the heckle deadly black,
 The hare's ear gray to sweep the stream, the blue wing on his back ;
 Then oh! for Coquet's waters dark in the merry month of May,
 And the deadliest hand with any man 'tween Tynedale-Head and Tay!

Let others toil for power and fame, or crouch to rank and wealth,
 Give me the angler's gentle sport, the angler's ruddy health ;
 To meet the sun upon the lake with a bosom light and free,
 And sink to rest when the glowing west drops down the distant sea!

Disciples of dear old Izaak Walton! ye who are only familiar with catching "a brace" of trout in a day, and who lug them from their mud holes like lumps of lead—ye who hang heavily over the canal-like banks of a muddy river, with nought but fat cows feeding in fat pastures around you, and a lazy current, that seems Lethé, flowing, or rather seeming to flow, past you; how shall we ever convey to you the dimmest idea of the continual, free, wild delights of a rambler and an angler among our moorland border streams? Here is little save silent mountains, and silent clouds flitting across their sides, and but for the bleating of the lambs, or the whistle of the *whaups*, you might deem the world was dead. You and the trouts seem the only living things left from out the beings created at the beginning. You seem the last of your race, waging a war of extermination against the only creatures yet undestroyed. The running stream before you is Time, and you are Death, your rod is the scythe, and you are mowing down—Ha! your reverie is cut short, you drew your tail-fly round that bend in the bank; the sullen curl you knew not to be the natural eddy of the water; you struck, and the sudden spring upwards into the air of the terrified trout, displaying his brawny back and yellow belly, shows you have hooked the demon of the deep, whom no three pounds, fair fisher's weight, will weigh down between Teviot and Tyne.—Whirr! bizz! turrrh! goes the wheel with the sound of a winnowing machine, your rod bends and quivers, the rings make sweet music as the line flies through them, your hands and arms tremble; and there you stand, your frame quaking with delight, every hair and pore alive with excitement; and for ten minutes you feel all the stormy joys and fears of an angler; till at length, every shift of your finny foe exhausted—every old haunt visited—every twist, turn, tumble, plunge, and convulsion defeated, you have him on the bank, walloping the daisies; and now, awaking from the ferocious dream, you take off your hat, wipe the big beads of sweat from your forehead, look around you, and discover that the hills and the skies are still in being, and not annihilated in the madness of your late sensations. You feel that Livy lies not in the tale of the "earthquake reeling unheededly away," when

the Carthaginians and Romans fought at Thrasimene, for since the first plunge of your captured enemy you believe it may have happened to yourself. A few hours pass away, and throwing back the small trouts you have a creelful of half-pounders, which, with your first great prize, makes your creel-strap cut your shoulder; and putting up your rod, you saunter down the margin of the river in search of some place of refreshment and repose.

Where a mountain-stream meets the Coquet, you find the ruins of a border-keep, standing on a rocky elevation, whence two vallies stretch away in lengthened vistas. A huge black cloud darkening in the southern sky, together with the portentous stillness that settles down upon all nature, tell you that a thunder-storm is approaching. Every dimple is gone from the dark pools of the river, the winds are dead, the voice of the curlew is hushed, the air itself seems sickening, and not a sound disturbs the awful silence save the plaintive bleating of the flocks on the mountain side, conscious of the coming convulsion. You seek the shelter of the old walls, and look around with wonder at their enormous thickness, their narrow loopholes to admit the light, or to serve as "coigns of vantage" against an approaching enemy; the holes in the stone jambs for the bars which secured the massive gate, the remains of the steep winding stair which once led to the upper apartments, and the projection near the fire-place above the vault door for pouring scalding water, hot sand, or melted lead upon the moss-troopers who might be assailing the entrance. All these monuments of former lawlessness and insecurity carry your mind back into the regions and times of romance.

" Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions ; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws, conquerors should have ?
But history's purchased page to call them great ;—
A wider space, an ornamental grave ;—
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave !"

Childe Harold.

But now the black thunder-cloud has closed in upon the valley, and hangs like a pall over a corpse, so still and dead seems the whole earth. At last a bright flash pierces through the darkness, and flames over hill and vale; and, almost before the livid gleam has vanished, a terrific crash of thunder bursts throughout the air, and proclaims the awful proximity of the deadly fluid. There is yet a more terrible proof of the danger being near—for see! on the opposite hill side, not two hundred yards from the spot where we are now standing, a sheep has been struck by the lightning, and lies a scorched and blackened heap upon the sward. Hear how the thunder rolls through the recesses of the mountains—dying, dying—far, far away, till another burst swallows up the sound, and startles the listener to a sense of his immediate danger. Big, black, sullen drops now strike and rebound from the elastic turf; the lengthened intermission between the flash and the report proves that the elemental convulsion is removing to a distance; and at length the heavy clouds

let slip their burthen, and the "big rain comes dancing to the earth," streams, and hisses along the ground, and gushes into every hollow, as if one vast water-spout had deluged the whole valley. By-and-by the wind rises, and down the two glens which the eye commands, you see the clouds of rain, driven by the gusts like tall columns, following each other—impetuous, yet disciplined into divisions, until at the angle where they meet they rush together, howling and combating like demons in the regions of darkness. The discoloured streams rise in a few minutes into torrents which it would be dangerous to ford, a thousand new channels are formed in the mountain side, and before the storm is past, the Coquet, from a pleasant pastoral river, has become a turbid torrent, foaming, eddying, tearing away her banks, and whirling round every rock with frightful impetuosity. Such is a faint description of a thunder-storm among the mountains.

"Whoop! Have at him! down! Mustard, damn ye, down! ech whow, Sirs! but this is an even down pour!" Such are the sounds that, with the yelping of dogs, the heavy tramp of feet, and quick bursts of laughter, salute our ears; and the next minute the whole troop, dogs, men, and boys, tumble headlong into the old keep in search of shelter; they are fox-hunters who have been out among the neighbouring hills. In half an hour the rain has abated; we are already on terms of perfect good fellowship with the sportsmen; our creel is transferred to the back of a boy, who is sent home with it, and we have accepted an invitation to join in the sport, and stay a few days among the hills with a jolly young farmer, who acts as huntsman. We mention the cravings of our inner man, and are answered by the rough borderer—"Hunger, man! ay, hunger's bad to bide, but I'll shew ye a tod (fox) the noo that'll gar ye forget there's sic a thing as hunger amang the hills. Ye maun tak a dram, and wait or we win hame for mair sensible victual. Now, callants, we maun try the Gulley Scaur, and if he's no there, he's not in Coquet." A few brief directions are given by the huntsman, and the party is presently scattered along the edges of the neighbouring hills, each body having with them a greyhound (or *grew*, as it is called here) or two to let slip at the fox should he pass near them, two or three couple of fox-hounds, and half a dozen terriers of the true pepper-and-mustard breed—long bodies, covered with wiry, dun or yellow hair, a white ring round their neck, and faces that look as if they would grin at the very devil. How would one of the "dwarfing city's pale abortions" stare to see those rough sturdy dalesmen, drenched to the skin, and having been out since daylight, still springing with unabated vigour from rock to rock, toiling up the mountain side, and shouting incessantly to their companions from height to height, as if their lungs were made of impenetrable steel, and their muscles of adamant!

Chirp goes one of the hounds, and the huntsman slaps his sturdy thigh, and cries, "Odd! that is Teviot's tongue, and he never tauld a lee that I ken o' Be canny now, be quiet now, hinnies; to him Teviot! to him, old dog!" Old Teviot vindicates his veracity; another chirp—another and another, and by-and-by his tale is corroborated

by the other hounds; at length the very terriers take it up, and yelp in concert. Away they go, and the whole valley, now clear, and bright, and glittering after the rain, rings to the glorious melody. "Weel, that's maist extraordinair!" cries the huntsman; "the thief maun hae been out since the thunner, or never a hound in Coquet could hae spoken till him. But they'll no gang lang that way." As the sportsman predicts, it happens; one grand and final crash, and the music is suddenly hushed; and on coming up we find the hounds have run him to ground, and are there heaving up their heads and howling to the skies, while half-a-dozen of terriers are already snarling, worrying, and struggling to get into the earth. One little dog, which the huntsman calls Dandie, is already out of sight, and barking with a tongue that proves the fox is at his nose; while another scarred veteran, called Dinmont, stands yelping and shivering with impatience, but, trained to perfect obedience, awaits his master's order to enter. "That's it, Dan, lad! hie, Dan, my wee man! at him Dan! kill him and eat him!" cries the young farmer, in a voice that makes the very echoes quake and quiver; then, after a pause, in which he listens knowingly to the sound of his dog's voice, "Na, Dan canna do't; an' that's extraordinair too! Gang awa', Dinmont, ye auld thief! an' pu' the tod out for him.—He's Dan's father," continues he, "and as auld as Teviot; but I believe he wad squeeze himsel' through a hole nae thicker than a leester shank to get at a tod.—The young dog canna win at him." Meantime, Dinmont has shot into the earth, and immediately issue sounds such as never dog and fox created before. The old dog's savage snarl, and fierce worry, mingles with howls of the most terrible agony from Dandie; then, in a short time, both cease; then the sharp yelp of Dinmont, proclaims he is at the fox; at last, every sound is dead—we wait for a while—call out the dogs—but neither of them appear. "Odd!" cries the huntsman, with his usual phrase, "that is maist extraordinair!—we maunna leave them, however; I wadna lose old Dinmont for a' the tods in Cheviot and Keyheugh Scaur* to boot." Pickaxes and spades are therefore procured from the nearest hut; an hour or two of toilsome digging succeeds, and then the terrible reality of things is seen. The young dog lies positively torn limb from limb; the fox is dead, and over his body is stretched old Dinmont, scarcely able to wag his tail at the caresses of his master. Dandie, though younger, and even smaller bodied than his father, had got himself jammed in his passage to the fox; and the old dog, enraged at the obstruction, had absolutely torn him to pieces, and, by dint of superior resolution, had gone in and killed his enemy. Whatever the stranger to these rude sports feels at this spectacle, he finds it necessary to conceal; for the whole of the huntsmen join in extolling the bottom and fierceness of the old dog to the skies. The young farmer says nothing; he puts the limbs of poor Dandie decently together, and heaps a little earth and stones over them; then, taking up the old dog in his arms, he gives orders for

* A famous breeding place for foxes, among the scattered cliffs of a huge rock about seven or eight miles south-west from Rothbury on the Coquet. The southern sportsman must bear in mind that it is the object of the store farmers and shepherds among the hills to destroy as many foxes as possible; in the breeding-season, therefore, they still pursue them.

the hounds to be coupled up, and invites as many of the sportsmen as choose to accompany him "to gang wi' him, an' see if there's ous (any thing) in the bottle at Ryehope Hill." As he turns away from the spot, however, he mutters, "I'm wae for poor Dandie; but nae-body can deny that Dinmont's the maist varmint dog in a' Coquet dale!"

A wide ample kitchen, that might almost be called a hall; huge oak joists, extending from wall to wall, hung thick with flitches of bacon, hams, dried sides and legs of mutton, kippered salmon;—guns of every bore, liesters of every size, fishing tackle of every kind, an old broadsword suspended above the yawning chimney-opening, and a hundred other matters which decorate the otherwise naked sides of the room, attract the attention of the stranger in entering one of those substantial farm onsteads, which, in former times, served as towers of defence against the moss-troopers. A chain of them extended formerly from Coquet-head to Warkworth, and many of them still stand nearly entire, chiefly in Rothbury Forest, where they are known by the name of Bastile Buildings. At least a score of sportsmen have accepted the invitation of our host, and now clatter over the stone floor to their seats, round a huge deal table, whereon are already, smoking, beef, mutton, greens, and potatoes, while at the head is presently placed a dish of our own trouts. Three sturdy, ruddy-cheeked and ruddy-armed wenches ply about between the table and the fire, and supply in profusion all the necessaries that men who have fasted and hunted for twelve hours require. Dreadful is the clattering of knives, forks, and trenchers for at least half an hour, when the vast, savoury round of beef has shrunk into a wafer, mountains of greens have disappeared, old Dinmont is slobbering up the last of the trouts, and the guests having each swallowed a dram, throw themselves back upon their chairs or *setties* in easy postures, and while the water boils for the toddy, begin again to resume the faculty of speech. Strange it is, to see these sturdy dalesmen seated in rude groups round the relics of their as rude feast, wanting nothing but the jack-boots and leathern under-dress frayed with their armour, to offer the same appearance which this apartment presented two hundred years ago. The thick oaken joists, the arched doorway, the rugged walls, are the same as then; and the fish-spears and guns ranged around them may supply the place of the weapons of warfare, which formerly occupied the very hooks upon which the more peaceable implements now hang. At the head of the table, in a most massive and ancient carved arm-chair, sits our stalworth host, his giant frame, and rough, but good-humoured face, forming a favourable representation of one of the nobler freebooters of these wilds. Among the curious relics of the olden time that meet the eye on every side, there is one more incomprehensible than all the rest: it consists in the broken pieces of some iron bars, which are fixed into the stone jamb on one side of the vast chimney, and which have evidently, at a former period, passed across to the other side, like a grate placed above the fire. The story, which is somewhat reluctantly told by our host, in explanation of this curious relic, is altogether so original, and so horribly characteristic of the ferocious manners of the border troopers, that we shall give it in his own words:—

The Legend of Rough-Riding Will.

"In the auld riding-times on the border, there lived in this tower ane of my forbears, who went by the bye-name of Rough-Riding Will o' the Rye-hope Hill. A ready hand they say he had, and a hard grip to keep what he got, as every man on the border was forced to hae in these troublous times. I'm no saying it was ony fault o' Will's bye other folk. A gay few o' the loose lads about Coquet keepit aye about Will, and were ready to run and ride at his bidding, though it were to the verra gates o' hell. For ye maun understand, Will was a lang-headed loun, and lucky in a' his raids, for some way or other he aye kenn'd mair about the ongangings o' the Scotch border lads than his neebors, and wan aye aff wi' a hale skin and a hale hirsell. Naebody could tell Will's sources o' information. Some said he gat it frae the auld enemy himsel; but that was doubtless a lee, tauld by those wha envied him his greater skill and success. Dour as he was though, it was never said that Rough-Riding Will shed blood except in fair fight, nor wad allow amang his lads ony insulting o' women, spearing o' bairns, or killing o' troopers, but in the lawful way of his profession, and this was nae small praise to a moss-trooper. Of a' things that Will should love best, what could it be but his mear and his wife; and till this day ye may hear stories o' the speed and spirit o' the ane, and the beauty o' the other, that wad shew his affection was but natural. The leddy was ane o' the gentle Clennells—the 'Lily o' the Alwin' she was called for her beauty, and she married Will out o' gratitude for his saving her auld father's life frae ane o' the fierce Pottses o' Warden in a quarrel about the marches. The mear was black as night, except one spot o' white upon her brisket, that they say had the shape o' a horseshoe. Word gaed that the devil had planted this mark on the mear, and that nae bog could sink her, nor nae spear nor sword make a dint on her hide. And faith there might hae been some truth in the tale, for it is weel kened that Will crossed the Boddlemoss at the foot o' Simonside on her back, that never man before or since could get through; and that he gallopped clean up Alwinton Scaur beside Harbottle, a place that I wadna like to speel on my ain shanks. He ca'd her Sin, and he had a fierce bloodhound bitch that went wi' him in a' his raids that he ca'd Death, whereby the auld biggin we're now sittin' in gat the name o' Hell; but that was just the rough way o' speech that belonged to the border. Weel, to make a lang tale short, after a hantle o' good fortune, an awful mischance at last fell upon poor Will. He had been away about Otterburn on some business wi' the warden o' the marches for twa or three days, and when he cam' back there was a toom house and an empty stable where he had left peace and plenty. Nothing was standing of his house but the auld wa's. His bonny wife was herried awa', and her youngest bairn, no a year auld, burnt to death amang a heap of ashes in an outhouse. The black mear that he had left at hame was away too; and Will sat down on his cauld hearthstane a moody well nigh heart-broken man. Ye may think what an outcry this savage deed raised in a' Coquet and Redesdale. Clennells, Selbys, Snowdons, a' the clans o' Coquet, nay, the verra Pottses themselfs, cam' to comfort Will, and to offer him help to get revenge. When the first dunt o' his strang grief was ower, Will roused himsel up, for he wasna a man to sit pinging in the chimney neuk when such a bloody wrang was to be righted. But after that he was a changed man, and folks say he cared as little to shed blood, aye, the verra blood o' weans and women, as the maist cruel trooper between Tweed and Tyne. I'm no defending it, but it canna be denied that he had been hardly guided, poor fallow. Weel, they scoured the border frae Newcastle to Berwick, but de'il a word o' Will's mear or his wife could they hear. A twalmonth past away, and Will had maist given up

a' hope o' hearing about them, and had sunk down into a sullen, savage, bloodthirsty border-trooper. It fell out, however, on a Lammas night, that Will was out amang the hills wi' his bloodhound Death; for there was word that the Scotts o' Yarrow had held a football match about Benger, and that its like was aye the beginning o' the raids in the auld times. He had been through about Ridland and the Reidswire, and up maist to Jed-dart, but had neither seen nor heard tell o' the Scotts; sae Will was gang-ing his ways hame again, when, stopping at change-house, and calling for a stoup o' brandy, his voice was answered by a nicker frae the stable that he kenn'd must be his mear's, if she was above ground. I said before, Will was a wily loun, and his wit didna fail him at this pinch. He slipped off his horse, set his bloodhound to keep ony body frae coming out o' the change-house, and gaed away into the stable. Odd! it was Will's mear sure enough, and ye may think that as he wadna hae scrupled much to hae taken anither man's mear, he wad think nae sin to take his ain; so he stooped down lo loose the halter, when, bang! came down some deadly weapon upon him, and Will felt cauld steel creeping atween his back-piece and his back-bone. Then there was sic a struggle in the stall as never was—the mear biting, and screaming, and plunging, and the two troopers grappling at each other, and blaspheming God in the dark. At last they got warsled out to the foot o' the stall, and then Will, keeping his grip wi' one hand, and watching his time, touched the mear in the flank wi' the other—up went her heels, and away flew the trooper like an arrow frae a bow. His armour clashed against the opposite wall, and the next moment he was lying a bloody corpse at the far side o' the stable. Sma' time had Will to think, and sma' time he needed. He gaed straight into the house, and naebody was there but the gudeman and the gudewife. Now Will kenn'd fine that the gudeman o' the Slyme-foot was but an unfriend to the Coquet lads, and he had lang, it seems, suspected that he carried intelligence to the Scotch bordermen. So he says till him:—

“ ‘Sandy Dors, ye ken and I ken that the Yarrow men are amang the Cheviots, and that the lad in the stable is ane o' Dickie o' Dryhope's troopers. Now, Sandy, I winna be camsteary wi' a man I've drucken as often wi' as you; but ye see here's the bitch and me, we're two to ane, and ye maun do as I want ye the day, whatever ye do the morn. If ye'll gang wi' me quietly, so be it, let the dame bring a stoup and we'se be gane; if not, see ye, Sandy, I'll pin ye to your ain door-cheek afore ye can swear an aith or say a prayer.’ So Sandy was of needcessity obligated to gang wi' him, and presently Will brought him to the glen where he had left all the Coquet-dale callants, for they had turned out to meet the Scots. Weel, it was wrung out o' Sandy wi' the thumbscrews, that the Scots were in a dell not three miles off, waiting the return o' their scouts before they poured down upon the villages at the head o' Coquet. But what was mair than a' that, Will discovered that Frank Scott, o' the Douglas burn, was the man that had in the last foray, while the others were plundering, thrown his bairn into the flames, and it was thought had made away wi' his lady after violating her. Think ye whether Will's blood boiled at having the incarnate devil, who had wrought him the grievous wrang, within his grasp or no. They tell that he opened a vein in his arm, let out some blood into his steel cap, garr'd each o' his men taste it, and swear that they wadna turn their backs on the Scots that night, and that they would do all in their power to take Frank Scott alive. Weel, the upshot of a' was that they cam upon the Scots by surprise, and slew them almost to a man. After the butchering was over, the names were ca'd, and Rough-Riding Will was na to the fore. It turned out that he and the murderer o' his wife and bairn had come together almost at the beginning o' the struggle, and that the Scot, pricked by his bad conscience, had fled away down the burn

side. Will, however, was on his black mear again; and, in spite o' the darkness and the dodgings o' the fause loun, he could na win away frae him. Away they flew down the hollow towards the Coquet, Will calling to his enemy to stand and fight like a man, and Frank slipping first this way and then that, like a hare doubling frae a greyhound. That's the way the old ballad says—

“ ‘Come on, come on,’ says Riding Will,

‘And fight with a man so free;’

‘O no, O no,’ says the coward Scot,

‘For I would rather flee.’

“At last, as if Providence meant to take the matter into his ain hand, Frank Scott's horse, that never stumbled afore in the roughest ground, fell upon the fair level sward, and he lay helpless wi' his thigh-bone snapped in two. Will tied his hands, set him up and buckled him on his ain mear, and was at Ryehope in the verra room we're now sittin' in, lang before the rest o' the lads had come back frae the fight. There were twa or three mason lads in the tower wha had been employed in biggin some outhouses, and it is maist probable their presence had put it into Will's head to fix upon the horrible death which he inflicted upon his enemy. He garr'd them dig holes in that stone jamb, and fix strang iron bars across the whole breadth o' the fire-place. The work was na weel done before the troopers cam frae the fight in search o' Will. They found the gate barred, and the mason lads just thrust out, standing terrified before the entrance. They could hear naething but the low moans o' the wounded man, and whan they listened, deep thick sobs bursting from some one's breast that seemed to be suffering the extremest anguish. At last Will—for it was himsel'—spoke to them from the loophole above the gate, and there was something so unyearthly and hollow in his voice, that even the fierce troopers hot from the bloody fight bore back from the entrance. ‘Gang down to Heppel, Charlie, wi' the lads,’ he said to the leader o' the troop, ‘and leave me alane wi' my enemy. Fareweel, Charlie; fareweel, a' o' ye!’ and he retired from the loophole, nor could all their entreaties cause him to utter another word; so at last they took the gate and gaed awa' wi' the Snowdons. What passed between the desperate man and his crushed enemy nae mortal can tell; but Will's brother, a young lad that lo'ed him weel, crouched down behind the walls, and after a good deal o' murmuring an' speaking that he could na mak out, he at last heard the Scot cry out for ‘Mercy!’ in screams that shook the hail tower; but Will's voice above a' broke in and drowned his wi' ‘Sic mercy as ye showed, Frank Scott, sic shall ye hae!’—and the poor callant, terrified out o' his reason, ran away clean up the glen, and was found the next day wandering about amang Snowside mosshags, screaming out the terrible words o' his brother. Next morning the men cam up to Ryehope, the gate was flung open, and not a saul left in the tower; but, horrible to hear tell o', there was stretched out on the iron bars abuve the smouldering embers of the fire, the shrivelled and black body o' Frank Scott roasted till a cinder in his ain armour. What cam o' Will naebody can say; he was seen about Newcastle by a border lad the next day after the deed was committed. Some think he gaed into France and turned monk: others again haud till the rumour that says he joined wi' the Spaniards that were then ganging ower till America to fight the blacks. Whilk story's true I dinna pretend to say, but maist likely the last, for wherever there was fighting there wad be, if possible, Rough-Riding Will o' Ryehope.”

Such was our host's tale, which seemed to have produced a bad effect upon the conviviality of his guests, for, after a few exclamations and characteristic commentaries on the circumstances of the story,

they sank into silence. The night had now completely closed in, and the sportsmen finishing their glasses, were about to leave the board, when a man of the tallest size, straight as an arrow, though evidently up in years, entered the door. He had a fishing-rod in his hand, and a creel of vast dimensions on his back. His hair was white, his features ruddy, more perhaps from good living than the mere effect of exercise, his shoulders and chest immense, and the sturdy calves of his legs corroborated the tale of undecayed vigour, which his firm steady tramp told to the listener. "Bill Green, the Northumberland Piper! by a' that's gude!" burst from a dozen voices, almost before these little obvious facts could be noticed; and the next moment the whole company were astir, to disencumber the new guest of his creel and rod, to ask him a hundred questions, and in every possible way to show that he was a welcome guest. A burly chiel is Bill, and a rough customer he must have been in his younger days. Six feet one in his stocking-soles does the Northumbrian piper stand, all, even yet, clean muscle and sinew, barring the small adipose deposits which will gather about the best men after they have crossed the equator of a century. In his younger days, if any body could match Bill for speed in two hundred yards upon the level sward, let the remains of the old Northumbrian militia tell,—and now that threescore years have laid their snows upon the mountains (for Bill's head is a perfect Chimboraza), if any can come near him for dropping a fly, like down, upon a given spot in any water; or for slily slipping his bait through the bushes, behind the old tree-roots, in the clear pools of a drouthy June; or for trolling, or for dressing, or for catching any thing, from a flat to a goldfinch—but, dearer, better, and above all, for touching up his moorland pipe, till melody seems the natural language of the soul, and Bill Green the great philologist thereof;—if any one can or dare offer to equal our piper in any of these things, let him speak to the first lad he meets between Felton and Cheviot, and he may make his wager, and lose his money, whenever he chooses, and to any tune. Often, often, and we are thankful for it, have we listened to Bill's inimitable chanter, and more than once hath the melody of his moorland music made us sit till the tenth glass of brandy was pouring its influence into the recesses of our soul. In brief, we have at divers times been intoxicated by his pipe, though drinking alcohol to an enormous extent in order to counteract the magical influence.

And now the Northumbrian phenomenon has devoured in silence a plate of ham and eggs, he has deposited two caulkers of smuggled whiskey where no exciseman can seize them, and he looks solemnly around upon the company, like one who knows his importance. "Ye'll maybe hae your pipes, Maister Green?" asks some one, in a timid tone. The colossus throws back his ample coat, touches the silver-rimmed ivory chanter of his instrument, and uttering no word, betakes himself to concoct a glass of toddy, strong enough to make a cockney faint to look at it alone. The hint, however, is enough for some of the dalesmen, who know the musician's manner; they slip out, and before he has finished his first glass, and recounted his angling adventures, they reappear, bringing with them from the neighbouring homesteads half-a-dozen lasses, ruddy as clover in June, wild as highland deer, and each one an individual Terpsichore. The

reel is set, the lads are mad, the wenches fain—what can Bill do but lug out his pipes, and strike up “Felton Loanin’?” Away they go!—Bill gets primed, his pipes grow glib; he bursts through the old border tunes, “flies from grave to gay, from lively to severe;” now *staccato* reels, now sliding softly among among the delicious mazes of “Roslin Castle,” or the “Birks of Invermay;” now furious he rattled over “Dorrington Lads,” or “Yellow Walls,” or “Through his dear Strathspeys he bears with Highland rage;”—when! who can resist it? we jump up, forget our fatigue, secure a partner, kick our heels among the borderers against the flags, till the whole house reels; drink toddy, and squeeze the moist hand of our partner; dance again, drink more toddy, and talk unutterable nonsense; till, at last, Bill’s pipes seem playing the Dead March in Saul, the dancers appear demons flying through brimstone fumes, and Rough-Riding Will sits on a *winnock bunker* pointing to the bars where he roasted his enemy, and chiming in with a voice that sounds marvellously like the big drone of a Northumberland bagpipe. Discreetly do we seek our bed, and after long listening to the continuous din underneath, at last fall asleep to dream of diabolical crimes.

A badger-hunt the next day, athletic sports in the evening, leaping, running, wrestling, putting the stone and throwing the hammer, another set-to at the whiskey, and again finding it necessary to betake our conglomerated faculties to repose before the borderers had half finished their debauch;—such were the circumstances that occupied the second twenty-four hours of our stay at Ryehope. Neither want of sleep, toil, nor whiskey seems capable of affecting these sturdy sons of the mountains, and on the evening of the second day they all returned home, “staccering whiles, but taking tent aye to free the ditches.” On the third day matters were conducted in a more rational manner. The sportsmen having gone off, and the piper being down at the river, we accompanied our host in a quiet ride among the hills to look after his flocks. It was astonishing to mark the difference in the young farmer’s manner as soon as he had shaken off his loose companions; he seemed now to fall back on his original character. He discovered not only a considerable fund of information and shrewdness, which no one who had seen his wild reckless manner the day before would have imagined to exist, but displayed a depth and delicacy of feeling for the nobler aspects of nature, which it was the more pleasing to recognize and delightful to sympathize with, in that the familiarity with these aspects of nature too often destroys all admiration for them. The respect which he paid to the suggestions of his older shepherds, and the consideration in which he was evidently held by them, was very pleasant to contemplate, for the reflection could not but occur that it was infinitely better these men should be bound together in peaceful interests and occupations, than in steel caps and jackboots, banded as of yore for the purposes of plunder and bloodshed. With feelings of respect which will not be easily eradicated, we left the worthy descendant of Rough-Riding Will, and again sought the banks of the river.

From Windyhaugh to Shiel Moor are the finest fishing streams in Coquet—the whole distance, in fact, a perfect angler’s paradise. The trouts are not in general large, neither are they so fine as are to

be found in rivers that run through cultivated grounds, but the number is amazing, and now and then you get hold of a bull trout, or, if you have extraordinary good luck, a salmon, even with the minnow trout fly, or dew-worm, a fact which many anglers are not convinced of. Many noble mountain-streams fall into Coquet hereabouts, the Usway and Alwin in particular, which will richly reward the angler for an hour or two's sauntering with his rod up their banks.

Passing the village of Harbottle, with the ruins of the old castle looking down upon the river, we now enter a more cultivated country, and one richer in antiquities than perhaps any other on the borders. The remains of the towers of the troopers are now more frequent; the ruins of monastic buildings occur here and there, and there is scarcely a hill whose summit does not bear marks of the Celtic inhabitants.

Rothbury forest bears the records of three different races of people on its scathed and rude bosom. The quantities of scoria which have been found prove that iron and lead have been procured here at one time; and it cannot be doubted that the Romans, who wasted so much blood and treasure to procure supplies of the useful metals, must formerly have wrought these rich mines. Circular entrenchments, with fosses and rampiers, bear witness to many places having been fortified by the ancient Britons; and the strong holds of the later inhabitants still (as has been said) stand in great numbers, and in many places in excellent preservation. Whitton Tower, near Rothbury, the residence of the rector, is perhaps the most perfect of all the old border-keeps, and well worthy the attention of the antiquary.

At Rothbury, one of the most romantic of border villages, surrounded by rocky hills on every side, and having the Coquet flowing pleasantly past, the rambler may with infinite satisfaction spend a few days in examining the records of the olden time, which abound in the neighbourhood, or in trying the splendid streams below and above the village. Numbers of odd characters are there about Rothbury—sly, shrewd, sporting originals, such as can only be bred upon the banks of a good fishing stream, and among hills abounding with foxes. If cleanliness, attention, and good feeding, with the pretty daughter of the dame to look after his comforts, can make the rambler pleased with himself and all about him, let us advise him to put up at Mrs. Dors' inn, at the west end of the village, for there assuredly he will find all this. Moreover, if the time hangs heavy on his hands, or he wishes to have some sensible sporting conversation, his excellent landlady can procure two or three good fellows to help him to pronounce upon her whiskey, and to enlighten him on all things relating to the river.

Low down in a woody vale, about four miles from Rothbury, stand the romantic remains of Brinkburn Abbey, with the river washing its feet. Within the body of the building, against the north wall, stands the coffin of the last abbot, who from the date can scarcely have been laid in his grave ere the robbery of his house was committed by the ferocious and unprincipled Henry.

It has been said that the finest streams in Coquet are between

Windyhaugh and Shiel Moor, high up the river ; but that all men are not of this opinion is proved by the spirited ballad of "an old fisher."

" Let me begin at Brinkburn stream,
Fast by the ruins gray,
And end at bonny Eelyhaugh
Just wi' the ending day ;
My foremost flee the heckle red,
My tried rod springing free ;
And creel to creel with any man
In all the north countrie !"

Through hanging woods and rich meadows the Coquet now descends to the sea, past Weldon Bridge, through the delicious grounds of Felton, and so down to Warkworth ; every inch of which is good fishing water, while the scenery is " beautiful exceedingly." But as this part is better known and more accessible, we do not particularize. At the little hermitage scooped out of the living rock, made known to all lovers of song by Dr. Percy's exquisite ballad of the " Hermit of Warkworth," let us take leave of thee, gentle reader ! a fit place of parting for those who have traversed the lovely stream before us, from its fountains to its mouth. Above, are delightfully waving woods ; below, the laburnum hangs down to lave her golden tresses in the clear flowing river ; on the opposite bank, the noble remains of Warkworth castle, with towers and battlements still standing almost entire ; the sea, island-spotted, stretches away in the distance ; a blue serene sky bends over all.—Here then, gentle reader, let us bid thee heartily adieu, not without a hope that our rude sketches of Coquet-dale will induce thee again to seek the pleasant banks of our favourite stream.

D. M.

THE FROGS AND THE BULRUSH.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

CLOSE by the banks where Tagus steers,
A frog of rather tender years,
Praised the bulrushes growing there,
How strong, and smooth, and green they were !
It chanced, just then, a wind there blew,
That snapp'd the tallest rush in two ;
The frog's wise mother hopp'd up to it,
And call'd her son to come and view it ;
" You see," she said, " how rash it is
To judge from outward qualities,
Without—'tis round and smooth enough,
Within—all emptiness and puff."

If this sage frog had read some rhymes,
That pass for poems in our times,
I know not how she could express,
In better terms, their worthlessness.

A TALE OF A TAR.

"AVAST there!—haul taut the slack of your jaws, you niggers!" was the polite hint given by Jack Rattlin to two or three score of brown and sable laundresses, who had set up their pipes to the annoyance of the poor tar. He had been employed on-board a West India-man; but a few days previous to his ship's sailing, he was attacked by that inflammatory disease known by the name of the "yellow fever." Having been brought on shore for medical advice, and his case appearing desperate, the ship sailed without him. The captain, who was part-owner, little to his credit, left but a scanty supply of money in the hands of a poor *mustiff** woman, in whose house Jack was lodged, declaring that, as small as the sum was, it exceeded his wages! This lasted but a few days, and when it was exhausted, his kind landlady supplied him with most of the necessaries his forlorn situation required, waiting upon him as nurse with as much care as though he were her son. Nor did his physician neglect his patient because he saw no prospect of being paid; on the contrary, had he been the governor of the island he could not have been better attended by Dr. C., who not only made his visits gratuitous, but brought him medicine, wine, and other things necessary for his sustenance. This, most will think, was only performing an act of humanity; but of all men I ever had intercourse with, West India physicians, generally speaking, are the most charitable. The professors of the healing art of Europe, I doubt not, deserve as warm an eulogium; those of the Antilles, I know, merit it. But to my story.—

Rattlin being of rather a spare habit recovered from his fever, and as soon as he was strong enough, got employ in the coasting-trade. The drogher on board which he sailed belonged to a negro slave, who, like most persons in his situation, when "dressed in a little brief authority," tyrannize most cruelly over the unfortunate sailor. This he bore patiently until he saved a few dollars to pay his benevolent hostess; when he discharged himself, and went on-board to fetch his chest.

"Wha' you want on-board my 'cooner, you dam white cockroach, after you discharge me from your employer?" said the slave tyrant who owned the vessel. Jack answered mildly, that he had come for his chest.

"An' wha' for you no pull off your hat to me, 'board my own vessel; tho' you been da sea all you life, you hab no more manners dan quank† in a wood; I hab mind for gie you one lick da shall send you in a sea to mak' nyam (*food*) for shark," said the black petty tyrant, putting himself in a threatening attitude.

"Look you, shipmate," said Jack; "I've borne your slack jaw all this time because you were the skipper and owner of this here craft; but if you give me any more of your palaver, I'll soon have both your

* The descendant of a mulatto by a white father.

† Quank, the musk-hog.

eyes into one;" displaying what our negroes call "two man-o'-war dumplings," whose appearance seemed to indicate that they would not sit light on the slave captain's stomach. So the latter appeared to think, for his manner all at once changed to extreme civility, and he tried to persuade Rattlin that he was only jesting. Jack's anger was immediately appeased; and with the frankness of a British seaman instantly gave him his hand, and they parted on good terms.

His next care was to look out for employment; but as his stock of clean apparel was exhausted, and he had no money, he did not wish to go on board any vessel without that appearance of neatness for which an English sailor so much prides himself; these circumstances made him determine on washing a pair of his trousers himself, a job which sailors are in the practice of doing on ship-board. To accomplish this, he went about half a mile from the suburbs of the town, and commenced operations beside a stream (for washing-tubs are here unknown), wherein, and on the banks of which, stood some fifty or sixty yellow and dingy laundresses, thumping away with their beetles at the apparel of the inhabitants of the town. These ladies were shocked and scandalized at seeing a man attempting what they conceived to be their peculiar calling, and accordingly commenced a violent set of *philippics* against the unfortunate sailor. All the terms of reproach in their language, English, French, and Spanish, were exhausted by those dark declaimers, who may be classed among the most accomplished female orators in existence.

These diatribes were pouring out against him when he exclaimed, "Avast there—haul taut the slack of your jaws, or clap a tomkin on your muzzles, for your tongues are running fourteen knots an hour, spinning a yarn with your double Dutch coiled against the sun; what tho' I be a poor sailor, and am obliged to scrub my own trousers, because, d'ye see, I am hard up in the clinch, without never a knife to cut the seizing.—I desires none of them here black squalls."

Of this speech the sooty laundresses scarcely understood one word; they knew it was in reply to their tirades, and concluded, naturally enough, that he was paying them back in their own coin; as, often, when spoken to in a language they do not understand, they conceive they are abused, or as they call it, "*cursed*." Jack's reply drew many a severe rejoinder from the sable ladies.

"Look he yie (look at his eyes), dem like two dollar," said one.

"And him nose, like one two-barrel pistol," said another.

A French negress exclaimed, "*Gardez le! le pas becca! le mate-lôt!*"—That is, "look at him! he is not a white man, he is *only* a sailor!" For the French negroes never class sailors and soldiers as "*beogées*" (white men).*

"Why you buse poor sailor, 'cause him 'bliged for wash him own trousers, for? You no hab pity for him—you no saby (know) 'spose him hab mother, wife, or sister, such a handsome buckra neber hab for wash him own clothes," said a mild-looking mulatto girl; and

* The French negro word *bequé* and English term *buckra* are perhaps both corruptions from the Spanish *blanco*.

the appeal to the sable damsels had the effect of silencing their din. She added, addressing herself to Jack :—

“ Neber mind dem, massa, dem foolish too much ; go in dat shed yonder, sit down there, and I go wash your trousers.”

“ Thank’ee, my good blackee,” said the sailor, “ I can scrub them myself, because I’m used to it ; besides, I’ve no money to pay you, my lass.”

The girl informed him that she required no payment ; that she would conceive it a favour if he would allow her to perform the proposed trifling service, as those employed in washing were a little piqued at seeing a man rivaling them at what they conceived was their sex’s peculiar employment. This was spoken, not in the most eloquent language, it is true, but with perfect natural politeness ; for she possessed what was the first requisite of genuine politeness, namely, a kind heart and good sense.

The offer of Nancy was accepted by Rattlin, who retired to an *ajapa* (a shed). The girl finished her voluntary work, and hung the habiliments on a bamboo to dry ; this, a tropical mid-day sun and a breeze that proceeded from the neighbouring mountains, shortly accomplished ; but in the interim, Nancy came into the *ajapa*, and entered into conversation with the sailor.

“ How do *all* the people do in England, Massa ?” said the brown damsel.—This is a friendly sort of interrogative generally asked of new-comers from “ *Home*,” as Creoles call Britain. Jack had been long enough in the West Indies to understand the question, which was, however, too comprehensive for him immediately to reply to. After a pause, he answered :—

“ Why, since the war, seamen’s wages have been more than 3*l.* 10*s.* out of England, my lass.”

“ Me mean, how your fambly, you father and mother do ?” said the mulatress.

“ I have neither father nor mother,” said the mariner ; “ they died ever since I first went to sea, which was when I was a little boy.”

“ Me sposed you no hab mother, or you no ’blige for wash your own clothes ; but neber mind, poor massa, luck go change, and you go get plenty money. But wha’ can I do to ’muse (amuse) you, till you trousers dry ?—Yes, I go make one little dinna ge (for) you.”

Rattlin, though not a man of keen penetration, had the sense to comprehend this delicate and hospitable proposal ; and the state of his appetite and purse induced him to accede to it. In a few minutes, Nancy spread a little table with a cloth as white as snow, on which she laid a cake of cassava, a wholesome kind of food (extracted from a root, which, in its natural state, is a deadly poison), some pound plantains, fried eggs, a dish of *cascoderoes* (a small delicious kind of river fish,) and by way of beverage, a jug of water, a bottle of syrup, and some weak claret.* These viands, though her common fare, Jack surveyed as luxuries ; but he could not prevail on his humane hostess to sit down and partake of them with him. No ; she knew he was *but* a poor sailor, but yet he was a WHITE MAN ;—consequently,

* Vin de Côte is almost as cheap in the Colonies as porter is in London.

she conceived him her superior : so that all he could say or do, could not induce her to join him in his repast. His meal being ended, Nancy brought him his trousers. She had smoothened them, but regretted that she had not the means of ironing them on the spot. While she was explaining this, a voice was heard outside, inquiring the way to town. Rattlin went to the entrance of the shed, and called out:—

“Bear down to leward, gemmen; and when you get to yonder tall tree, tack to the larboard, and you’ll be in parallel latitude with town.”

“You give us our sailing directions like a seaman,” said the querist, who, together with his companion, were two midshipmen belonging to a frigate lying in port. They had been up the country, shooting; but, being no ornithologists, had shot at the first birds they came within distance of—these happened to be three turkey-buzzards, or tropical vultures, which are most useful birds; insomuch, that there is here a heavy fine imposed on any one who destroys them, and, being protected by the law, their tameness is astonishing; of this, the middies were not aware, and bagged their carrion carcasses as excellent game.

“You give us sailing directions like a seaman.” Jack replied that, until lately, he had been in the merchant service; but that at present, he was without a ship.

“A good-looking lad like you,” replied the midshipmen, “should never need be in want of a ship, while his majesty’s navy requires hands. Why don’t you volunteer on board our frigate, *The Bulldog*?”

Jack held down his head, brushed his napless hat with his ragged jacket sleeve, and, with a scrape of his left-leg, that he intended for a bow, said, “He would be glad to volunteer, if any body would *press him* ;” for, like many more sailors, he conceived it more degrading to enter freely on board a man o’ war than to be impressed. The midshipmen smiled; and one of them said:—

“Well, Jack (he hit on his name by chance), since you appear to wish it, I’ll press you.”—This settled, Rattlin took leave of his generous hostess.

“But, before I go, lass, tell me your name.”

“Nancy, Sir.”

“Nancy what?”

“My mistress’ name is Worthy; and I call my second name after her.”

“Nancy Worthy!—Can either of you gemmen lend me a pencil and a piece of paper?—thank you, Sir; and, as my hand is rather better used to the narling-spike than the pen, I’ll thank you, Sir, to write down, ‘Nancy Worthy,’ for me; for, when I gets on board, I mean to mark it on my arm with indigo and gunpowder. But what’s the use of a man writing the name of a good friend on the skin, when it is written already by gratitude here?” said the seaman, placing his hand on his breast.

“My good fellow, you are quite sentimental!” said one of the midshipmen.

"*Sentry—sentrimental!* O no, your honour; I never stood sentry, or sarved as a marine, in all my life. I am a seaman as can hand, reef, steer, sound, and mend sails;—aye, I even know how to take a meridian altitude; only the numbers and round o's puzzles me a bit in the working of it—but all is as one for that: the officer to his quadrant, the boatswain to his call, and the quarter-master to his helm. Good bye, my kind lass!—He who rules aloft will mark down your charity in his log-book—he'll reward you when we are all paid off for your goodness to a poor friendless seaman.—Good bye!"

"God bless you, massa!" said the kind-hearted girl, whimpering at Jack's address. "I'm sure you go come back."

"How are you sure of that, my lass?"

"Because you ha' eat cascadoroes," she replied; alluding to a common superstition of the island, which many believe, that any one who eats of the cascadoroes (mailed fish,) and quits it, will return.

"Good bye, massa! I wish you may kill plenty rascal Frenchmen," she added; for poor Nancy, like most English colonial slaves, had a great hatred to the enemies of Britain. It is a fact that, when Sir Ralph Abercombie made a descent on this island, much of the success of his enterprise was owing to the good guidance, and accurate information he obtained from an English negro, named Sharper.*

The parties left the hut—Nancy to her work; the midshipmen to carry their game to a gig waiting for them; and Jack to the same boat, to ask one of his future shipmates to help him down to the wharf with his chest.

Some years after this little event, and when Nancy had nearly forgotten it, her mistress was sitting in a kind of gallery, over a piazza, when in ran Buonaparte, a little, deformed negro, and what is called, "a pet" of his mistress; for Creole ladies often select from amongst their young domestics the ugliest they can find for their favourite, and allow it far more liberties than the spoilt son and heir of most European families. This urchin came in, and bawled out:—

"Missis, missis, there is a sailor abottom (below) asking for you."

"A sailor!" said Mrs. Worthy; "what can he want with me?"

"Me no know; but he hab a *ribbin* round him neck, and a whistle tied to it. I axed him to gi' it to me; but he no been gi' me."

"Shew him in."

The black dwarf "vanished," and ushered in a good-looking sailor, clad in neat, white drill trowsers, fringed with blue, a white cotton jacket with blue cuffs and collar, and white shirt, tastefully braided with a kind of blue cord; a black silk handkerchief was loosely thrown round his neck, and fastened to the edges of the opening of his shirt with blue tape; a silver call, or whistle, was suspended from his neck by a ribbon; a narrow-rimmed Panama hat, blue striped stockings, and long quartered pumps, completed his equipment, which set off to advantage a handsome, though rather weather-beaten countenance, and a good figure, and withal accorded with his profession and the climate. The crooked urchin eyed him with some

* This man is yet alive. Sir R. A. purchased his freedom on account of his services, and he is still allowed a small pension.

curiosity, not unmixed with childish fear. At first, he ran behind his mistress, and partly held her gown before him, while he stole a glance at the sailor; but his appearance soon made so favourable an impression upon the black letter of humanity that he ran between his legs, and put forth all his strength to lift one of them off the ground, exclaiming:—

“How de’, massa sailor?”

“Come here, you imp of darkness!” said his mistress; “is that your manners?”

“Yes,” said the boy, grinning like an ape.

“Have you any business with me, my good man?” asked Mrs. Worthy.

The sailor doused his Panama, made his best quarter-deck bow, and said:—

“I axes your pardon, ma’am, but is your name Worthy?”

“It is, Sir.”

“Hadn’t you a slave-girl, a yellow neger, called Nancy?”

“I have her still.”

“Please Ma’am, I wants to buy her.”—Mrs. Worthy was not a little astonished at the abruptness of the proposal.

“My good friend,” said she, “if I wished to dispose of any of my slaves, Nancy is the last I would part with: she is the best conducted domestic I ever owned; but I hope never to sell any. I am a widow without children; and such of my servants as behave well to me during my life, shall never serve master or mistress after I am gone.—I will bequeath them their freedom.”

“God bless you, ma’am, for it—“that’s what I call acting like a Christian.”

“But, tell me, what can a man in your line of life want with a slave?”

“Why, ma’am, I doesn’t want Nancy as a slave, I wishes to buy her discharge.”

“What can make you wish to do that?” said Mrs. Worthy, whose curiosity began to be excited.

Jack, who was not much of an orator, told as briefly as he could how poor Nancy had befriended him in his misfortunes; he also related his adventures after he entered on board his Majesty’s frigate the Bull Dog; how he had been fortunate enough to be promoted after ten years’ service to the rank of boatswain. He told her that lately the Bull Dog had taken three rich prizes out of Guadaloupe.

“And so you see, ma’am,” said Jack, “we drew a good part of our prize money from the navy agents at Barbadoes; and as Nancy knew I must pass again through the Bocas,* because, do you see, I ate some *cask o’ dollars*, as she called them.—‘So,’ says I to myself, I says, ‘I may as well save my money as join the lads of our ship in their larks of frying watches.’”

“Frying watches!” ejaculated Mrs. Worthy.

“Yes, ma’am, in Carlisle Bay they broke up and fried two or three hundred watches in frying-pans that they bought in Bridge

* *Bocas (mouths)*; the different entrances of the Gulf of Paria are so called.

Town, and a good many of them ate bank notes between *soft-jack* (bread-and-butter); but I saved all my dollars, joes, and doubloons, 'because,' says I, 'I must pay my doctor and the old woman in Trinidad; besides, I'll see if I've enough left to buy poor Nancy.' Now, I find old Sall is dead, she as took care of me when I was sick with the yellow fever; and as to Dr. C——, he would not touch a dollar, but squeezing my hand, said I was an honest tar, and an honour to my country. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there. I'll cut my yarn short; indeed I'm sorry you won't sell Nancy; but since that's the case, I'll give her the money, and she may do what she likes with it. Could I see her, ma'am?"

Mrs. Worthy sent the deformed boy to call Nancy, who happened to be a short distance from home. In the mean time she told Rattlin that, were she so inclined, she could not keep Nancy in slavery if any one offered her value for her manumission. Such was the decree of the Spanish colonial law, at that time in force in the island.

"However," she added, "it shall never be said of the widow of John Worthy, who was the kindest of masters, that any one had recourse to law to make her do justice to her slaves. I have frequently been offered 600 dollars for the girl Nancy, so well is she known for an excellent servant; but if you can give me 400 dollars she shall be free."

"I think I have about that 'ere sum, ma'am; let me see," said he, taking out a canvas purse, pretty well filled with Spanish gold; "how many dollars is this worth?" producing a doubloon.

"Sixteen," was the reply.

"Sixteen and sixteen"—he paused—"yes, is thirty-two; and what is this?"

"A joe, eight dollars."

"Thank'e, ma'am—thirty-two and eight's—forty—no, I'm out in my dead reckoning—thirty and eight makes—I axes your pardon, ma'am, but I wish you'd count these yellow boys for me; if they were all the same size I could manage them, but some are little and others big. I wish all doubloons passed for ten dollars, and then I could manage to reckon them easy enough, as it would be all plain sailing."

She took the purse and counted twenty-six doubloons, a joe, and a two dollar piece.—"There are twenty-six dollars over 400, and now, if you please, we'll send for Mr. Itchpalm, the lawyer, to draw up the manumission."

"No, no, ma'am," said Jack, "no land-sharks for me;" for Jack, like most sailors, had an aversion to gentlemen of the profession; "besides," he added, "I've no time to stop, for the gig must be ashore by this; get the warrant of freedom made out yourself; I know by your good looks you wouldn't cheat a poor slave, or an honest sailor of the value of a bit of oakum."

"You are a generous man," said Mrs. Worthy, evidently pleased with the compliment, "and have too much honour yourself to suspect that others may want it; here, take back seven doubloons, and now I only accept half what I was offered for my Nancy, and about one-tenth of her value to me." She gave him the seven doubloons;

when Nancy entered, and, without noticing the boatswain, inquired of her mistress if she was wanted.

"What, my old friend, Nance! doesn't thee know me?" The brunette eyed him with some curiosity at first, then she seemed partially to recognize him. "I say, Nance, don't you recollect the poor sailor whose trousers you washed, and who you victualled when he was on short allowance?"

"Ah, is that you, master Jack! I'm really glad to see you for true!" exclaimed Nancy, while a tear gathered in her eye. "How you're altered! you look older, but much better; you dress very pretty," examining him from head to foot, "I knew you would come back; I am very glad to see you once more."

Rattlin grasped her hand, and placed in it the seven doubloons that her mistress had returned—"Here, my lass, I've bought your freedom, and paid for you; here's a part of the price your mistress wants me to give you."

Nancy at first looked astounded, and when recovered a little, shewed as though she thought he was jesting. Her late mistress put an end to her incredulity by briefly informing her of the fact of Rattlin's assertion; when, overcome by her feelings, she let fall the money placed in her hands, burst into tears, and would have sunk on the floor, but that Mrs. Worthy and her benefactor supported her.

"Oh, my dear mistress, and my dear master sailor, this too much kindness to poor girl, only for doing what she ought for every body; but God bless you—bless you!"

"Holla, boatswain! is that you? I've been looking for you this half an hour; there's a signal for all hands to repair on board. But I'm sorry to spoil a scene—" said a voice in the street. Jack looked out from the gallery, and saw his lieutenant below; the same gentleman who, when a midshipman, induced Rattlin to enter on board the Bull Dog.

"Ay, ay, Lieutenant Quadrant, I'll be on the wharf before the boat can hoist her sail. Good bye, God bless you! I shall never see you any more, but I shan't forget you; and when you say your prayers, put up a word or two by way of petition for poor Jack Rattlin!"

The boatswain then quitted the gallery, hastened to the wharf, and got on board, where his late grateful act was told much to his advantage, and got him into general favour with both officers and men. Mrs. Worthy instantly legally manumitted Nancy; the latter, however, would not quit her "*old*" mistress, by whom she was reared from childhood, but remained with her as an humble friend to the day of her death. She never prayed without interceding for her benefactors. Her prayers seemed to be efficacious, for within a month the Bull Dog, cruizing off Porto Cabello, took an immensely rich prize; and after that, sailing through the Carribean Isles, they took three other vessels. Jack, whilst amassing money to manumit the mulatto girl, had learned prudence, so that he saved the whole of his prize money; and being wounded while cutting out a merchantman from under the batteries of St. Pierre, Martinique, he obtained a pension, which, together with his savings, rendered his circumstances easy for life.

JOHN MILTON.*

IN considering the genius and productions of Milton, and the impression they have made on the public mind, great as his renown is, we cannot but be struck with the inequality of his fame with the transcendent eminence and variety of his merits. It is a fact, we fear, as true as mortifying to our national pride, that John Milton's prose writings, sublime in themselves, and ripe with thought-exciting energy, are so little known, and still less studied, that in strict justice they cannot be said to constitute more than a very small portion of the basis on which rests the unsurpassed reputation already accorded to his name. The might and vigour with which he wielded the champion's pen—the fiery, unquenchable zeal with which he espoused the cause he deemed to be just—the quail and terror which his very name struck into the hearts of his opponents, are known, we fear, to the majority, even of the reading world, only from the faintly-sounded echo of a far-derived tradition. As the public mind acquires strength, we may anticipate a corresponding change in the character of its appetites; and we hail with joy this substantial proof that, to the eyes of some, a change of this kind either has taken place, or is about to occur.

The writings of Milton constitute a rich treasury of diction, grandly embellished, of thoughts nobly conceived, and of principles weightily argued. This eloquence, like the imitations of a musical composer, whether employed to express anger or ridicule, still vibrates within the limits of pleasure, and delights by the beauty and melody of its modulations. When from distant ages and regions he calls in the aid of those chosen minds with whom he held habitual converse, and adduces from the poets and sages of antiquity, those moral maxims with which his pages are studded, he seems to speak with the name and no longer mortal voice of the assembled wise and good in the elysium of worthies. A strong sense of justice, a daring pursuit of duty, a love of the fair and good, the high consciousness how greater far than rank or wealth are the gifts of genius and virtue—such are the lofty sentiments he is able and calculated to inspire. One rises from his books dilated, as it were, and purified—may it long form the manual of our youth, the canon of the patriot!

Milton may, however, be designated a religious jacobin. For deliberate hostility to church and king, he yields not to the disciples of Volney. They lean more to democratic sway, he to aristocratic—they display abhorrence at Christianity; his shudders are excited by popery and infidelity, to a degree which can be as little acquitted of prejudice and intolerance. This yet remains to be done for the diffusion of Milton's desirable influence on national opinion—to separate those finer passages, which preserve their interest and their value,

* The Prose Works of John Milton, with an Introductory Review, by Robert Fletcher. London: Westley and Davis. 1833.

from the transient matter ; and to publish apart, in a cheap compendious edition, the beauties of Milton's prose. Such extracts would become a popular classic, and invite to the perusal and possession of the whole.

"Milton, in particular," says Richard Baron, the editor of the *Iconoclastes*, "ought to be read and studied by all our young gentleman as an oracle. He was a great and noble genius ; perhaps the greatest that ever appeared among men ; and his learning was equal to his genius. He had the highest sense of liberty, glorious thoughts, with a strong and nervous style. His works are full of wisdom—a treasure of knowledge. In them the divine, the statesman, the historian, the philologist, may be all instructed and entertained. It is to be lamented that his diviner writings are so little known. Very few are acquainted with them ; many have never heard of them. The same is true with respect to another great writer, contemporary with Milton, and an advocate for the same glorious cause ; I mean Algernon Sydney, whose 'Discourses on Government' are the most precious legacy to these nations."

The massy theatres and granite temples of antiquity, which survive the successive demolitions and resurrections of the contiguous habitations, are examined anew by every generation of travellers with undiminished curiosity and awful impression. And shall pillars of the literary world, which have remained from age to age so majestically conspicuous, and which attest to a remote posterity the intellectual wealth of the builder, not be viewed and reviewed by the passing critic with a like courageous vigilance and admiring solicitude ? We shall notice, one by one, the leading traits here brought together ; it would be an impiety against taste to pass them unregarded.

The first consists of the two letters or books treating of Reformation in England. They vindicate Calvinism—they teach that puritanism of moral taste—that preference of a naked and metaphysical to a sensual and pompous worship—and that zeal for a presbyteral, rather than an episcopal organization of church government, which distinguished the more successful of continental reformers. Milton attacks, under the name of libertines, the favourers of Sunday sports and human enjoyments ; under the name of antiquarians, the apologists of Roman ceremonies and fine arts ; and under the name of politicians, those who were for weighing the different schemes of hierarchy, not by their expediency for the people, but by their expediency for the crown. It would have been worthy of the scrupulous and accomplished mind of Milton, to choose a religion for itself, and to become the herald of an eclectic and peculiar system. But he follows the track of his party with a subserviency which gives to his treatise the appearance of bespoken work, of composition by command. Nor has the style any of that catching glow, of that eager spring towards its goal and purpose, which gives to the anxious overmuchness of Baxter its animation and effect. One of the most original portions is the fable of the men, but it is not fortunately narrated. The record book greatly surpasses the former ; the republican passages are more heartfelt than the theological passages.

The "Treatise of Prelatical Episcopacy" is less artificially composed than the preceding. The metaphors are not so mixed and far-sought;—the periods not so stately, capacious, and echoing, nor are they inlaid so gaudily and minutely as to present, like some others, an appearance of rhetorical mosaic work. It was no doubt written on the spur of the occasion, and is the better for the lack of burnish. It was an answer to a production of Archbishop Usher, "Concerning Prelatical Episcopacy," and bears weighty evidence of the superiority of Milton's mind over that of his antagonist. The insufficiency, inconvenience, and impiety of quoting the fathers and excluding the apostles—the method adopted by the episcopalians (as formerly by the papists) to establish any part of Christianity—is plainly, strongly, and fully shewn. "Whatsoever," says our author, "either time or the heedless hand of blind chance has drawn down to this present in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shells or shrubs, impelled and unchosen, those are the fathers." And so he chides the good prelate for divulging useless treatises, stuffed with the specious names of Ignatius and Polycarpus, with fragments of old martyrologers, to distract and stagger the multitude of credulous readers. The piece is highly worthy of perusal, as an exposure of the claims of tradition.

The "Reason of Church Government" urged against prelates, is the most finished of Milton's writings on church affairs: it contains mystical passages, but it displays all his learning, with less than his usual pedantry. The flowers of his diction and imagination blossom up at every step; and some sweeps of a sublime and pathetic eloquence recal into no unequal comparison the orators of antiquity.

The forms of church government are four;—independency, presbytery, episcopacy, popery. When a preacher or writer first publishes opinions which are to found a sect, they are immediately embraced only by the contiguous public. By degrees the doctrines spread; a few are converted in several congregations, and, at length, a majority in one or two. The converted church or churches, if a reform is to be introduced, must assert a right of private judgment to belong to each church, a congregational power to decree articles and ceremonies for itself. A nascent sect cannot justify its own conduct without defending *independency*. When a considerable number of congregations has received the leading principles of a sect, the priests and more eminent laymen of such congregations are led by a natural sympathy to associate; their opinions become amalgamated; in little things each yields a little to his neighbour; and the cohesion is strengthened by voluntary discipline, tending to superinduce uniformity. The ministers whose talent and learning, the laymen whose opulence and beneficence, fit them for the superintendence of the spiritual and charitable concerns of the embodied interest, gradually become a permanent committee, and call in the aid of the most venerable pastor, to lend sanction and authority to the general will; and thus every adolescent sect comes to be governed by a practical *presbytery*. So soon as a sect becomes sufficiently important to make its alliance valuable to political parties, it begins to listen to such parties in the election of its superintendent, or episcopal presbyter. The election is still from below, but the *congé d'élire* from above. From

the moment such a political faction acquires the administration of public affairs and establishes itself in power, a real bishopdom prevails in the allied sect. Thus all religious parties tend in their manhood of strength to *episcopacy*. When a sect has passed the limits of a single nation, when successive generations of its disciples have multiplied in distant places, when missions have extended its conquests among barbarians, a common centre of union, distinct from and independent of the patriarch of any particular country, becomes expedient. France is not to decree ceremonies for England, nor England for France; but if these two countries each depute their proportion of learned men to a college of cardinals, if the other European nations do the same, such a standing committee of Christendom may form an impartial and a fit tribunal of decision. The president of such committee, the common father of the church, will naturally be called on to sign his name and affix his will to the award. Thus a practical *popery* insensibly arrives in all sects, whether they spread from Tibet or from Italy, if the adherents are distributed under various national governments. But popery announces the old age of a sect, for the civil governor, finding inconvenience from that ecclesiastical allegiance, which is often stronger than the patriotic, and which then gives occasion to traitorous intrigue, takes the earliest opportunity of encouraging native domestic heresy, which has sympathies beyond the limits of the empire. And thus a papism crumbles once more into a multiplicity of rival independencies, some one of which repeats the original progress through presbyterianism to episcopacy. The forms of church government are all natural alike. They are successively applicable to every doctrinal sect of extensive force. Wisdom of choice consists in adopting each at the right time, and in always preferring that ecclesiastical organization which corresponds with the stage of growth attained by the opinions.

"Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymmius, and an Apology for Smectymmius," are laborious defences of a pamphlet which is no longer valued. The first is thrown into the form of a dialogue, and contains awkward attempts at humour. The familiar idiomatic dialect of conversation is the best adapted for ridicule; Milton always wrote, as if he thought, in Latin. The second defence, "The Apology," is a more interesting composition, because it wanders more from the subject. But even here Milton laughs like a comic mask dug up at Herculaneum, with all the caricature of satiric grimace, and in the chosen forms of antique sculpture, but with none of the catching glee, the sleek moveable muscles, the narrowed eyes and echoing jaws of living laughter.

"The Tractate of Education" is a singular plan for a polytechnic school, which displays more curious erudition than practical good sense. Latin and Greek are keys to the best model-rooms of fine art; but they are not keys to the best repositories of science; it would be time mispent to study agriculture, as Milton recommends, in Columella and Hesiod.

"Areopagitica."—This is one of the most perfect compositions of Milton, both for matter and manner; it ranks among the best specimens of solemn oration, handed down to us from ancient or

modern times ; it is a masterly speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, which accomplished its great object, and was worthy to attain it. Yet, if one were about to include this work in a collection of chosen harangues, one would strike out some comic passages, as below the dignity of the occasion, and some excursive declamations, as foreign to the purpose ; and one would wish for a verbiage less copious. Lord Bacon already complains that the admiration of ancient authors, the hate of the schoolmen, the exact study of languages, and the efficacy of preaching, had brought in an affected eloquence ; and that the bent of the times was rather toward "copia" than weight. "Men begin," he says, "to hunt more after words than matter, and more after choiceness of phrase, and the round and clean composition of the sentence, and the sweet falling of the clauses, and the varying and illustration of their works with tropes and figures, than after soundness of argument and depth of judgment." Milton did not overlook worth of subject or strength of plea ; but his sentences are distended to exuberance, and the lustre of his ornaments often intercepts the attention which should settle on the work within the frame.

We next come to his four treatises on the subject of "Marriage and Divorce." The mind dwells upon these with less of pleasure than on any other of his productions. His wife deserted him a few weeks after his marriage ; he, finding entreaty and command equally ineffectual to bring her back, resolved, without further ceremony, to repudiate her : these four treatises form an elaborate exposition of his reasons. Spurned, galled, hot with indignation, he levied upon his whole realm of thought and knowledge for forces of argument to support his resolution.

"The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates" is the triumph of Milton's pen ; we may add, of modern pamphleteering. The precedents of erudition, the illustrations of fancy, the arguments of reason, are employed with a readiness which leaves nothing to be supplied.

It may be doubted if Cicero could have composed for Brutus a better defence. Maturer taste or aroused feeling here gives direction and an energy to the march of the author's mind, which forbids it to saunter in search of gay decoration, or to waste words in idle entertainment. The cause of nations, the traditional morality of past and future ages, the eternal interests of human kind, are at stake, and they are weighed as in the balance of the universal Father. By the citation of those solemn apophthegms, which the poets and historians, the orators and philosophers, have consecrated, a jury is impaneled, from distant times and places, of the collected leaders and teachers of mankind, to vote in the great cause then pending within the precincts of this country. The shades of the illustrious dead form assemblies around the genius of Britain, to sanction his awful severity.

This pamphlet, by substituting for the ancient doctrine of tyrannicide the modern doctrine of royal responsibility, has given security to sovereigns, and has thereby favoured the mild exercise of power. The Greek held a private individual entitled to remove, by violence, a bad ruler ; they defended, in their schools, the assassination of tyrants. Since the book of Milton the verdict of the community has

been held requisite: the right of private judgment, of personal determination, of individual decision, about the fate of a monarch, has been denied even to a Brutus. We now disapprove a Corday who removes a Marat. We expect from the historian a resolute censure of parties, who by abrupt violence endeavour to take off an hereditary ruler; and we claim that the extinction of a monarch should always be accompanied with formalities which may necessitate the concurrence of many men reputable among the people, and responsible to posterity. "Long bleeds the wound by which a king is slain:" we ought, therefore, to deter the discontented from the repetition of such acts, without mighty motives of national expediency. That trial ought to precede punishment, however great the difficulty of apprehending the culprit, is become a maxim in the law national only since this treatise.

"Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish."—These are a series of comments of secondary value, more factious than philosophic.

"Iconoclastes."—This tract is written with a spirit and a fluency far more animating than the trailing affectation of the juvenile compositions. Milton's first manner, to transfer a painter's phrase, smells too much of the schools: his second manner begins with the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and pervades all his subsequent writings. This latter style has more of nature and of real life, and is more worthy of the man of business than his first manner; it is less dilute. While he was learning to write, he copied others too anxiously; as soon as he wrote off-hand, his own way, he wrote well. To a fastidious writer the loss of leisure is a cause of excellence.

Of the "Defence of the People of England," we shall quote Mr. Fletcher's own words, in the introductory review:—

"The eventful year of 1649 had not yet closed, when Claude de Saumaise, latine Claudius Salmasius, the most celebrated scholar of the age, published his 'Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo ad Carolo Secundo,' or a Royal Defence of Charles the First to Charles the Second. This insolent attack on the English Government and people, produced at a critical juncture of affairs, by a man of unrivalled eminence in letters, and at the especial solicitation of the illustrious exile to whom it is dedicated, must have attracted attention both at home and abroad, and required refutation. The achievements of a handful of heroes in England had roused the fears of despotism; and a willing ear was probably lent by the Continental potentates to the present invocation of their interference on behalf of the then Pretender. The Council of State thought it desirable to issue a reply to this libellous and dangerous manifesto, and their determination is recorded in the following laconic order of the 8th January, 1649-50:—'That Mr. Milton do prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it, bring it to the Council.'

"Milton was present at the discussion which led to this characteristic direction, and though warned that the loss of sight would be one certain consequence of obeying it, he magnanimously undertook, and in spite of constant interruptions from increasing ill health, nobly performed his honourable task. 'I would not,' says he, in the Second Defence, 'have listened to the voice of even Esculapius himself, from the shrine of Epidauris, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution (to undertake the reply to the defence of the

royal cause) was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty; and I called to mind those two destinies which the oracle of Delphi announced to the son of Thetis:—

“Two fates may lead me to the realms of night;
If staying here, around Troy's walls I fight,
To my dear home no more I must return,
But lasting glory will adorn my urn.
But if I withdraw from the martial strife—IL. ix.

I considered that many had purchased a less good by a greater evil—the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by a little suffering; that though I am blind, I might discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem. I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy, as beneficial as possible to the public interest. Early in the year 1651, out came ‘Something in Answer to the Book of Salmasius’—the immortal ‘Defence of the People of England’—the most costly won and brilliant achievement in the annals of controversy.

“It is allowed by all that the triumph of Milton was decisive, and the humiliation of his adversary complete. Salmasius, like another Milo, but without his strength, attempted to rive the British oak, and his presumption was rewarded by a fate equally miserable and ridiculous. Great was the advantage which, in all encounters, Milton had over his enemies, in the consistency of his moral and political character. ‘I again invoke the Almighty to witness, that I never, at any time, wrote any thing which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. Nor was I ever prompted to such exertions by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre, or of praise; it was only by the conviction of duty, and the feeling of patriotism, a disinterested passion for the extension of civil and religious liberty.’”

The “Defence of the People of England” may be considered as a continuation or second part of the “Tenure of Kings and Magistrates.” No higher praise can be given to this work than to say that the continuance is worthy of the commencement. It is the last of Milton’s *writings*—the last work which he wrote with his own hand. Before the end of the year in which he completed it, he became quite blind. The English version (for Milton provided only the Latin original) is ascribed to Mr. Washington, a gentleman of the Temple.

The “Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes” is more remarkable for the display of a mystic theology, than for any definite circumscription of the rights of the magistrate to legislate concerning religion. The encroachments of the state on the church form the objects of Milton’s jealousy: he was no disciple of Hobbes.

The likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church are, in Milton’s opinion, to withdraw wholly the salaries of preachers. This plan of leaving religion to its own resources has been admirably defended by Adam Smith, in his fifth book (art. 3.) of the “Wealth of Nations.” Milton denies the moral obligation of the Sabbath, and thinks every tenth day as proper as every seventh. He recommends to inculcate religion by the occasional mission of itinerant preachers; and to leave the intervening perpetuation of it to lay-elders, who are to be provided with homilie and liturgie books. Surely in all this

Milton is the sophist of government ; he is recommending a measure of finance with the arguments of fanaticism ; at least, there is a one-sidedness in his point of view, a cold overlooking of the comforts of the clergy, of the rights of property, and of the interests of learning, which in our opinion does not result from a sour bigotry, but from a statesmanlike resolution to conceal the wrong side of the question.

"Letter to a Friend concerning the Ruptures of the Commonwealth."—This letter does not display to advantage the political opinions of Milton. He writes, no doubt, to General Monk, in a moment of anarchy ; he says to the leader of the army, which was, in fact, omnipotent, "The things to be insisted on are—(1.) Liberty of conscience, and—(2.) The abjuration of a single person : but whether the government be an annual democracy, or a perpetual aristocracy, is not a consideration." An oath of hatred to loyalty is here, as well as in the three following essays, made of more importance than a provision for the periodical influence of popular choice on the constitution of parliament. There is a false sense of proportionate value in this estimate ; and a contempt for the multitude, as if it were incapable of any other liberty than liberty of conscience. Dissent from the Church of England, and oligarchic republicanism, are principles from which Milton never swerves ; the importance of an elective constitution to the stability of liberty he seems not to have perceived, nor the importance of a constitution partially hereditary to the stability of an hereditary one.

He recommends the establishment of a "Grand or General Council of the Nation," whose existence is to be perpetual, and whose wisdom is to be exercised in the arrangement of peace or war, in the formation of general laws, &c. As a check upon this body, and as a local administering power, is to be formed "a standing council in every city and great town," whose authority, within a certain bound, is to extend to all matters, social as well as judiciary, even to the "ornaments of public civilities, academies, and such like." Popular opinion, however, was now reverting to its bias in favour of monarchy ; Milton, therefore, in an agony of despair, lest his countrymen should obstinately determine to return to what seemed to him worse than Egyptian bondage, resumed his pen, a few months after the publication of the letter on a Free Commonwealth, and endeavoured to infuse in the nation at large his own stern anti-monarchical spirit. His manner of writing in this piece, partakes of the strength and fervidness of his feelings.

"Accidence commenced Grammar." The Latin grammar of Milton may claim rank for its conciseness, for the command displayed of classical example, for the original notice of some laws of language not usually recorded, and for greatly surpassing the grammars then extant.

His "History of Britain to the Norman Conquest" still remains the best extant account of that obscure period of our annals. In general the execution of his task is every way so worthy of his learning, of his eloquence, and of his moral spirit, that patriotism and posterity must alike regret the early termination of his toil. A national his-

tory, a national epopea, were the two everlasting possessions which he aspired to bestow upon his country.

The "Discourse of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, and Toleration," has this of objectionable—that it proposes to withhold toleration from popery, under the insufficient pretext that papists necessarily form a pernicious foreign faction, bearing allegiance to the Roman see, not to the national metropolis.

"A Brief History of Muscovy."—This is one of the many proofs of Milton's great attention, while he was in fact secretary of state, to the commercial and prospective interests of Great Britain. He has here condensed and promulgated that information concerning Russia which the age could supply, with a view to predispose the government and the people here to cultivate a friendly, profitable, and civilizing intercourse with that vast empire.

"The Letters of State."—The various state papers here collected, exhibit the strong sympathies of the republican government, with the private and personal interests of the subject, and with the European interests of protestantism. Almost every letter is to solicit redress from the courts of international law, or to heal differences hostile to the protestant interest. This plain policy is wise and great: the subjects of a state can every where conduct concerns to more advantage, if assured of the ready interference of the supreme power to protect them from wrong; and a nation can in no way so well aspire to the rank of a leading power in Europe, as by heading one of the great European parties, and taking in tow the adherent potentates or the adherent population.

Then follow the Latin works of Milton. Of the *Prolusiones Oratoriæ*, the best is that entitled "*Beatiores reddit homines ars quam ignorantia.*" To these orations succeeds a system of logic, accommodated to that of Ramus, of whose life Milton has given a sketch.

A translation of the "Second Defence of the People of England," by Mr. Robert Fellowes, comes next, but why separated by so long an interval from the translation of the first, we cannot divine. To all the merits of the first, this superadds the interesting character of mingling more among men. The leaders of the British revolution are marshalled in proud array; their several features are sketched in that heroic style of delineation, to which the sublime fancy of Milton was accustomed. The panegyric of Cromwell is peculiarly well managed: it is a model of what Lord Bacon calls *laudendo præcipere*; and under the pretext of telling the Protector what he is, puts him in mind of what he should be. In the scented robe of flattery, truth is ushered into the very presence-chamber of power. The translation does great honour to the pen of Mr. Fellowes.

The last division comprises a translation of thirty-one familiar Epistles, as they are called; they are chiefly parade letters to men of celebrity, intended to be shewn about among the learned, and composed with all the anxiety of a sonnet. They want that idiosyncrasy which constitutes the charm of correspondence; they do not display Milton in undress, but Milton in court-dress. When Johnson composed a paper for "The Rambler," he employed an eloquence so

magnificent, that the effect seems over-proportioned to the object and to the effect. A similar feeling is excited by this epistolary composition.

Our analysis completed, we feel bound to recognize and express our admiration of the skill and care of the printer, Mr. Childs, of Bungay, in Suffolk. The volume is printed with a neatness and taste commensurate with its importance ; and its convenience is considerably enhanced by the appendage of a copious index.

THE ZAMANG OF GUAYRA.

[“ On leaving the village of Turmero we discover, at the distance of a league, an object which appears on the horizon like a round hillock or a tumulus covered with vegetation. It is not a hill, however, or a group of very close trees, but a single tree—the celebrated Zamang of Guayra, known over the whole province for the enormous extent of its branches, which form a hemispherical top 614 feet in circumference. The Zamang is a beautiful species of mimosa, whose tortuous branches divide by forking. Its slim and delicate foliage is agreeably detached on the blue of the sky. We rested a long while beneath this vegetable arch. The branches stretch out like the spokes of a great umbrella, and all incline towards the ground, from which they uniformly remain from twelve to fifteen feet distant. *The inhabitants of these vallies, and especially the Indians, have a great veneration for the Guayra Zamang, which the first conquerors seem to have found nearly in the same state as that in which we now see it. Since it has been first noticed attentively, no change has been observed in its size or form. It must be at least five or six hundred years old, and seems likely to live many centuries.*”—*Humboldt's Travels.*]

Oh mighty—glorious fane ! almost immortal tree !
 Age after age the Indian comes—bows down, and worships thee ;
 A simple faith—a splendid shrine—one built by God's own hand,
 That murmurs forth its living prayer o'er all that sunny land.

How sweet—how gentle is thy voice ! are angels singing there ?
 Or is it but thy feathery leaves—stirr'd by the playful air ?
 Or is it that thy million tongues in choral sweetness sing,
 While round a world of breathing flow'rs their speechless odours fling ?

Within thy breathing arch, an Indian girl is sighing,
 Tears gem her sun-stain'd cheek—her warrior love is dying ;
 Prostrate she bends, she prays—then hears thy seer-like voice,
 Whispering, it seems to say—“ Thy warrior lives—rejoice !”

There kneels a weeping mother—a fever'd child she bears ;
 Such eloquence as mothers have, she pours to thee in pray'rs ;—
 Eas'd by thy cooling breath—hush'd by thy soothing voice,
 The mother hears thee whispering round—“ He lives—he sleeps—rejoice !”

Now comes a troop of dwarfish elves, palm-crown'd in nature's garb—
 What have ye done, ye little ones—what sorrows have ye shar'd?
 Why seek the shrine—why kneel—why ask its prophet voice?
 What can it answer, joyous ones—but, “Go, ye must rejoice!”

Taught by their sires, in homage pure, to seek the temple's shade,
 Now at its foot their knees are bent—their palm-crowns humbly laid;
 High waving, stirr'd by passing breeze, it shouts with louder voice,
 It sounds upon the children's ears—“Go forth—rejoice—rejoice!”

There tottering stands a patriarch—Time's snows are o'er him flung,
 High deeds are his—a warlike fame—a hut with trophies hung;
 Gazing, he stands beneath the dome—he dimly hears thy voice,
 It mutters low—“Thy father's home—the spirit-land—rejoice!”

With bounding tread, with flashing eyes, in manhood's early pride,
 Here comes, in warrior's panoply, the glory of their tribe;
 In feather'd tunic—war-stain'd skin—they seek to hear thy voice,
 Thy trumpet-shout rings wildly round—“The battle-field—rejoice!”

Now timid as a startled fawn, a trembling maiden stands,
 With braided hair, with cinctur'd waist, with lotus-flowers in her hands;
 Fast coming blushes tinge her cheek—what says thine awful voice?
 In odorous whispers round it creeps—it sighs “He loves—rejoice!”

Glorious, majestic fane! magnificent, vast tree!
 Who wonders that thy votaries bow down and worship thee!
 How mighty is thy power!—fancy translates thy voice,
 To all who seek thine augury, thou murmurest—“Rejoice!”

Far from the green savannah's breast—far from the mountain's side,
 Far from the vallies' rugged homes—far from the foaming tide,
 The Indian seeks thy verdant shrine—he prays—he hears thy voice,
 The breeze is ever whispering there—Bright tree, dost thou rejoice?

Far better than the Grecian's trust—purer than Delphi's caves,
 The wind of heaven breathes freshly round—no madden'd priesthood raves;—
 Wave, ever wave thy silvery leaves—for ever sound thy voice,
 For ever let thy million tongues in chorus sing—“Rejoice!”

G—

GEMS FROM THE POLISH CAMPAIGN.

THE BATTLE OF GROCHÓW.

AFTER the brilliant affair of Wawer, which convinced Diebitsch even with his 100,000 men that the defeat of the Polish army would be something more than the mere "hurrah," which the Russian officers so arrogantly prognosticated, the Polish army fell back upon Grochow. The position was strong; our right rested on the Vistula and the marshes—our left upon a pine-wood, which was the key of the position; and the front of our line, covered as it was with marshes and ditches, presented obstacles difficult to be overcome, notwithstanding the intense frost had rendered them passable. Again, Warsaw at the distance of half a league, as a *point d'appui* and grand dépôt, offered immense advantages to a defensive army; but, on the other hand, when it was recollected that, in the event of defeat, our only line of retreat was across one solitary bridge, defended by a weak *tête du pont*;—again, that it was every moment expected that this bridge would be destroyed by the ice, and all communication cut off with the capital and the left bank of the Vistula, the most un-military reader must see that nothing could be more perilous than the position of the Polish army.

The position, on the other hand, of the Russians was extremely strong, resting likewise on the Vistula and the marshes, inclosed by woods, the ground in front of which was most favourable for the play of their artillery. Thus our artillery was opposed to a force not only three times more numerous, but also occupying a position that gave them every advantage. The Polish general was therefore reduced to the necessity of either becoming the assailant, with a very inferior force, or of witnessing a combat of artillery, in which his own must inevitably be destroyed.

On the morning of the 20th the Russian general commenced an artillery action, which lasted the whole day. Our divisions were deployed in two lines; the 4th rested upon Grochow, and formed the right wing; the 3d formed the centre, and was posted to the right of the pine-wood—the 1st division occupying its left; the 2d was posted in the second line, and the cavalry in the rear as a reserve: a part of this arm, with a battery of horse artillery, was distributed upon our extreme left, and occupied the hills in front of Kawenczyn. At twelve the Russians attempted to carry the pine-wood; their efforts were principally directed against the left side, defended by the brave 4th of the line and the 5th. Both sides fought with that fury which national animosity can alone inspire. At last the Russians were driven out of the wood with immense slaughter, many of their regiments being reduced to mere skeletons. Diebitsch saw that, in spite of his formidable artillery, he was not in sufficient force to carry the Polish position; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of awaiting the arrival of Szachowski's corps. On the following day a short suspension of arms was concluded to bury the dead.

In the meantime, Szachowski's division was rapidly approaching ; on the 23d he had reached the bridge of Zegrze upon the Narew, which was only defended by the 4th battalion of the 8th regiment, detached from the garrison of Modlin ; but the ice being sufficiently strong to allow the Russian general to cross the river with his infantry, the Poles were obliged to fall back. Thus the entire Russian corps crossed the Narew and advanced upon Nieporent. The Russian field-marshal was so apprehensive that this corps might be cut off by the Polish army, that he sent out to meet it a brigade of lancers and two battalions of infantry.

Early on the morning of the 24th, the Polish general, Jankowski's division of cavalry, with the 3rd battalion of the 6th of the line, was detached, in order to reconnoitre Szachowski's corps : this detachment fell in with the Russians at Nieporent ; but, too weak to impede their advance, they, in consequence, fell back upon Bealolenka, where they found in line General Malachowski's division, composed of two regiments and six pieces of cannon. Suddenly, Szachowski's corps took the direction of Nieporent, instead of marching upon Kobylka, to effect its junction with the grand army, which, by this latter movement, was rendered now extremely difficult. On the other hand, the Polish general, alarmed for Praga, which this movement of the army seemed to menace, immediately covered the route between Bealolenka and Praga. Had he have left it open, and occupied Konty-Grodzieskie, a very strong position, the whole of Szachowski's corps would have been cut off and destroyed, had it hazarded even a demonstration upon Praga. However, Szachowski's Russian corps, 15,000 strong, with sixty pieces of artillery, was approaching Bealolenka, the remainder of his corps remaining at Pultusk and Lomza. To hold him in check, General Malachowski had only Jankowski's division of cavalry, a brigade of infantry, composed of six battalions, and one battery of horse artillery, and six pieces of foot artillery. One battalion of the 6th of the line occupied Bealolenka ; the cavalry was deployed on the right of that village, and on its left, towards the woods, two battalions of the 2nd of the line were posted ; the skirts of the wood were occupied by another battalion of the same regiment ; the left wing was supported by two squadrons of Mazary's, and the right, by two battalions of the 6th. The action commenced about three o'clock, P. M. The enemy's masses were directed upon Bealolenka, which, after three repulses, he carried. Three regiments of Russian hussars then debouched from that village, and made a furious charge upon our battalions posted between it and the woods. The enemy advanced with the greatest impetuosity and intrepidity ; but they were steadily received, and gallantly repulsed. Exposed both in front and flank to a tremendous and well-directed fire both of infantry and artillery, their loss was immense. Notwithstanding this check, the Russians began to press our battalions very hard ; and Jankowski's cavalry having quitted the field without any adequate reason, the destruction of the Polish division appeared inevitable. With admirable coolness, and in excellent order, did our gallant fellows fall back upon the hills before Praga ; when, suddenly, the

arrival of General Krukowrecki, with fresh troops, arrested the advance of the Russians, and saved our shattered battalions.

On the following day, Diebitsch resolved to recal without delay Szachowski's corps, and in order to facilitate their junction, he detached by Zombki a brigade of lancers, and the brigade of Lithuanian grenadiers. The Russian was in motion as the dawn broke, which Krukowreiki perceiving, made an attack along his whole line, which was executed with the most determined gallantry and impetuosity. The village of Bealolenka was recaptured at the point of the bayonet by the 6th of the line; and the enemy, in the greatest disorder, was flying in the direction of Konty Groddzeskie. Nothing could have saved the Russians from total destruction, had not Krukowreiki imprudently dispersed his forces instead of following the enemy *en masse*. To this alone did Szachowski's corps owe its safety; but, what was worse, it escaped to reinforce the grand army, while the Polish army was deprived of an entire division, which remained in a state of inactivity as if all had been over. Our general, Krukowrecki, at Grochow, played exactly the part of Grouchy at Waterloo. And his conduct had a decisive influence upon the issue of the battle of Grochow—consequently upon the destinies of Poland.

Diebitsch, on receiving the information of our attack upon Szachowski's corps, resolved to hasten the battle, although his original intention was not have attacked our position before the 26th of February. He accordingly drew out his army. Pahlen's corps was posted on the left; the 1st division upon the Chaussee, the 2d and 3d farther to the right; each division formed in two lines, according to the Muscovite mode of war. Rozen's corps occupied the left. The 3d corps of cavalry and the guards were held in reserve in the rear of the centre. The 1st brigade of lancers and the Lithuanian grenadiers had been detached, as we have seen, to Zombki, to support Szachowski. Six regiments of cavalry, in columns of squadrons, were posted in the rear of Pahlen's corps.

On the other side, the Polish army, weakened by the departure of Krukowreiki and Jankowski's division, had its right wing resting upon the Vistula, and occupied Grochow with the 4th division. The pine wood was held by Zymirski's division; Skrzynecki's formed the reserve. The cavalry was in part in columns behind Grochow, and the rest *en observation* in the direction of Zombki, under Uminski. The army was reinforced during the night by the arrival of the 20th regiment, composed of two battalions, and also by a battalion of the 19th regiment, but which was armed entirely with scythes.

Such was the disposition of the two armies on the morning of the battle of Grochow, that battle which dissipated the illusion of Russian invincibility, which, since the memorable campaign of 1812, had hung like a black pall over the military world, and by its influence, was forging chains for Europe.

The morning was dark and gloomy—the sun hid its glory from the scene of coming carnage. A cold north wind, almost intense enough to freeze the red current of life in our veins, blew keenly upon us. But our men felt it not; they were warmed by the glow of patriotism. Many a veteran grenadier was observed to quiver with rage, as he

beheld the dense masses of his country's hated oppressors darkening the opposite line of hills.

About half-past eight o'clock General Chlopecki rode down our line; the aspect of the gallant old veteran was calm and dignified.—“Remember Suvarof!” said he to the 6th of the line; and pointing towards Praga, “what will be the fate of our wives and sisters if we are beaten by yon Russian barbarians!” And as he rode off after this short but stirring address, the cry of “God for Poland!” ran along our whole line, and the bands of the different regiments struck up the national air.

Precisely at nine in the morning the Russian field-marshal gave the signal for the attack. He first directed his efforts against the pine wood, which was the key of our position. The whole length of the Polish line did not exceed a mile, and this same wood enclosed its entire left wing, covered all its movements, and rendered it madness in the enemy to think of advancing by the causeway, so long as we continued to be masters of it. Diebitsch accordingly resolved to carry it *coute qui coute*, and for that purpose he destined Rosen's brigade. The wood was occupied on the right side by General Roland's brigade, the 3d and 7th regiments of the line, and on the left by General Cyzeweski's brigade of light infantry, composed of the 2d and 4th regiments. The enemy directed against this position the entire strength of his 24th division, but observing that the combat was obstinately maintained without any advantage to his troops, the Russian field-marshal despatched fresh reinforcements to their assistance, which enabled them, after very hard fighting, to carry the right of the wood. The loss on both sides was tremendous. General Zymiki fell in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men with his latest breath; and Roland's brigade, reduced to a mere skeleton, was obliged to fall back upon the second line; but Cyzeweski's desperately maintained their post, and repelled the enemy with immense loss. Chlopecki, feeling all the importance of that point, resolved to repossess himself of it, cost what it might; and therefore putting himself at the head of Bogulawske's brigade, composed of the 4th and 8th regiments of the line, he dashed into the wood. The conflict was now terrific; foot to foot, and hand to hand did they fight, neither yielding but with life; each man thought the cause his own, and fought as though the struggle depended on his single arm. No quarter was given! A young Russian officer, who lay wounded at the foot of a tall pine, begged hard for life, but in vain.—“Dog of a Russian! never have thy countrymen shown mercy to mine!” said an old grenadier, as he buried his bayonet in the bosom of the Muscovite. The Russians were at length again driven from the wood, after a most desperate defence. Diebitsch, on his side, did not relax in his efforts; fresh masses were brought forward and hurled against the wood, in which the 25th division succeeded in making a lodgment, in spite of all the efforts of Bugulawski's brigade, while three other regiments were directed against the opposite side. These last were received by such a tremendous and well-directed fire of grape that they almost immediately went to the right-about, while the brave old Chlopecki, at the head of the regiment of grenadiers

again succeeded in carrying the right side of the wood at the point of the bayonet. The whole of the 24th Russian division now fell back in complete disorder, and communicated a momentary panic to the Russian army. The eagle eye of Chlopecki saw that the decisive moment was arrived. "Ride off to Lubienski," said the gallant old man to one of his aide-de-camps; "tell him to fall on those Russian dogs with his cavalry, and the day will be ours!" In the meantime, he led on in person the light brigade of the 2d division, and was on the point of taking the Russian artillery in flank, when suddenly the aspect of affairs changed. Lubienski refused to charge without a positive order from Prince Radziwill, alleging the unfavourable nature of the ground. General Chlopecki, wounded by the bursting of a shell, fell from his horse; and, at the same time, all the superior and field-officers of the light brigade were either killed or wounded; the victorious advance of the Poles was paralysed, and the favourable moment escaped. It was already half-past two o'clock, and the battle had raged for five hours without intermission. Diebitsch now brought up all his reserves. Two brigades of grenadiers advanced once more against the wood, while Szachowski's corps debouched from Zombki; and with its artillery enfiladed the Polish columns posted in the rear of the wood; this position was then no longer tenable, and the pine-wood at length remained in possession of the Russians.

The Russian line now extended far to the right, from the Chaussée to the village of Zombki. Pahlen's corps occupied its original position near the Chaussée; Rosen's corps and 2d division of grenadiers occupied Kawenczyn and the pine-wood, which they had just carried; while Szachowski's corps was fast approaching Zombki. The Polish army was quickly reformed, and now presented a new front; their line extended from Grochow to Zombki, towards which latter point Roland's brigade was marching to support Uinski. In the meantime, the Russian field-marshal, surrounded by a brilliant staff, was seen from a neighbouring height reconnoitering with his glass the Polish position. He felt that the decisive moment had arrived for hurling his masses of cavalry, which he had hitherto held in leash behind the wood, against the Polish line; and he imagined that our battalions, thrown into confusion, would be either driven back upon or cut off from the bridge.

For this purpose he deployed into line on the left of the pine-wood sixty pieces of artillery, and immediately opened a most destructive fire upon our squares, preparatory to the grand charge of cavalry, on which depended the fate of the day. Beneath this iron tempest the Polish battalions rocked like the pines of their native forests when agitated by the furious blasts of winter; but, nothing daunted by the deadly shower, our brave fellows closed up their shattered ranks over the bodies of their dead and dying companions, and with stern composure prepared to receive the desperate charge of the Russian horse. As the smoke cleared off, they were observed debouching from the pine-wood and forming their columns of attack opposite to the Polish right wing. When all was ready, Diebitsch himself gave the signal, and with headlong speed the Russian horse, in columns of squadrons, charged the Polish line. The division of cuirassiers—

Prince Albert's regiment—with those of St. George, Novogorod, and Starodub, advanced along the Chaussée, having a division of lancers on their left and a division of hussars on their right. While Pahlen's corps were ordered to support the attack on the left, and the Lithuanian grenadiers and a brigade of the 2d division of grenadiers on the right, the Russian hussars made a furious charge upon the 1st and 3d light battalions of the 4th division, who were thrown into confusion, some retiring upon Praga, others driven into the marshes of the Vistula, crossed the river on the ice and spread terror through the environs of Warsaw.

Grochow was evacuated, and the whole right wing forced back. The charge on the right was led by the lancers of the Russian imperial guard. Carried away by their ardour, and burning to bathe their lances in Polish blood, these haughty pretorians, confident of success, rushed forward at a furious rate, leaving the remainder of the division far in their rear. To their cost, however, they encountered the celebrated 4th of the line, which had been thrown into square to receive them. Three times, with loosened rein and loud hurrahs, did the Russian lancers dash at the Polish square; three times did every squadron of the regiment in succession gallop fiercely up to the bristling bayonets of the kneeling front rank, and, receiving the murderous and well-directed fire of the rear ranks, opened out to the right and left, and retired by either flank to the rear to reform their broken ranks for another charge. But fruitless were their efforts; the Polish square stood firm as a mountain rock; with stern composure they withstood the whirlwind charge, and, reserving their fire till the foe was within a few yards of them, they poured on the Muscovite horsemen a shower of death which soon covered the front of their iron formation with a rampart of men and horses. It was in vain now that the Russian trumpets sounded the charge; in vain did their officers, with a self-devotion worthy of a better cause, exert themselves to rally and bring back their men; the lancer-guard of the imperial autocrat broke and fled, and communicated their panic to the rest of the division—not a squadron of which dared couch a lance against the gallant 4th!

But the principal charge reserved for the cuirassiers along the causeway, was the most disastrous of all. Prince Albert led the attack, and galloping through the intervals of the first line, rode furiously against the second, where it created considerable disorder; but a battalion of the 8th, commanded by Major Karski, checked their furious onset, by a cool and well-directed fire. At this moment the 2d regiment of Polish Lancers, observing the confusion of the cuirassiers, dashed impetuously at them. The *mêlée* was terrific; and deeply, in that short space, did the formidable lance of Poland drink of Muscovite blood—the *steel-clad cuirassiers were to a man annihilated!* If at this moment Krukowski and Sanowsky's divisions, as they ought to have done, had appeared upon the field, the battle would yet have been a glorious victory; but they never came;—a single brigade of Gielgud's corps alone reached Zombki towards the evening, and reinforced General Uminski, who, in spite of the immense superiority of Szachowski's corps, had not lost an inch of

ground. Thus this bloody battle terminated by a cannonade on both sides, the last shots being fired by the Poles.

Generals Szembek and Skrzynecki proposed to fall on the Russians during the night with all our infantry ; but Prince Radziwill ordered the right bank of the Vistula to be abandoned, which was effected during the nights of the 25th and 26th of February.

Thus terminated the ever-memorable battle of Grochow, in which an army of 120,000 Russians, with 400 pieces of artillery, were unable to conquer 35,000 Poles, with only 100 pieces of cannon, who, in spite of their great numerical inferiority, were more than once on the point of achieving a decisive victory. It is said when the official accounts of this battle reached the Grand Duke Constantine, the pride of the Martinet got the better of the despot ;—and the Russian rubbing his hands, with an air of pride and satisfaction, he exclaimed to some of his staff, “Gentlemen, those Poles are my men ; I formed them !”

PANORAMA OF MANCHESTER.—ERA OF MECHANISM.*

THE complaint, so long and so often made, that London absorbed too great a portion of the wealth and population of Great Britain, is not likely to continue. The “Modern Babylon” has a rival, which is hastening after her with rapid steps. In amount of population, the Metropolis of Manufactures may be fairly said to equal London already ; for, although Manchester, considered *per se*, contains little more than a quarter of a million of people, yet, looking at it as a section of a connected series of towns and populous villages immediately surrounding it, the statement is perfectly true. Let the London Post Office and the Exchange of Manchester be taken as centres of two districts, fifteen miles every way, and we have no doubt that the number of inhabitants will be found to be greatest in the latter. There is indeed this peculiarity about London—that it is London, and nothing else. Leave its suburbs a mile behind us, and we might be a hundred miles from a great city—every thing is so quiet and even solitary. This has arisen from its size and influence preventing any other town springing up near it. Not so Manchester and its neighbours ; and a drive of a few miles in any direction only serves to shew us hives of human beings.

Liverpool and Manchester are at the present time as much parts of the same town as Poplar and Chelsea, or Camden Town and Camberwell, are parts of London. “Oh dear !” exclaims some Bow-bell man, “only just look at the map—why they are thirty miles apart.” So they are ; and yet it is easy to get from Manchester to Liverpool as from Poplar to Chelsea, and the distance, great as it is, may be tra-

* “Panorama of Manchester, and Railway Companion.” Everett, Manchester. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.

velled over nearly in the same time. Thus, in point of fact, and for all purposes of social and commercial communication, they are equally one town with the extreme points of London. A proof of the readiness and easiness of the journey is found in the fact, that upwards of 1,300 people pass backwards and forwards every day.

Manchester boasts to be one of our very oldest towns; and yet it is singularly deficient in remains of antiquity. Long before the invasion of the Romans, it was a native fort; and when England was conquered by "Imperial Rome," a cohort was stationed on the same site, and it became a regular camp. It never, however, attained any particular celebrity as a town, though noted for its manufactures—known under the names of "Manchester cottons," which were in fact woollens—as early the 14th century.

We must not look upon the present population of Manchester as limited to the number of men, women, and children contained within its crowded streets. It is the grand focus of mechanical contrivance, and mechanical adaptation, and every machine stands in the place of a human labourer. In this point of view, the town with its immense and magnificent factories and work-shops, becomes a scene of wonder and of speculation. The facilities indeed given by machinery to production are utterly amazing. According to a report made in 1833, the number of "hands" engaged in the cotton mills in Manchester was above 30,000, and these, aided by machinery, represent the labour of five millions and a half of human beings. This result, which places the productive power of our country so far beyond its actual population, forms an important subject of political consideration. It is a subject which is becoming daily of more weight as machinery has not only outstripped hand-labour, but threatens in a great measure actually to destroy it.

Manchester has therefore a vast population—partly human and partly mechanical, and we must suppose that there must be heads to contrive, and purses to support both the one and the other. Accordingly the town has many wealthy people in it—people who have grown rich, but who have not yet learnt the right use of riches. Here indeed—

"Et genus et formam, regina pecunia dedit,"

and the banker's book is the only pedigree. We are far from quarrelling with this condition of things—nay, we rather consider it as providential. It has been said by high authority in such matters, that great men are born for great epochs—we, on the contrary, assert that particular epochs and trains of events call into action minds framed for their direction, the capabilities of which would otherwise have lain dormant. Thus the present inhabitants of Manchester are great men *in their way*—that is, they are men fitted to superintend mules and jennies, and to get rich—a very high praise, quite equal to the fame of a Cicero or a Wellington.

The Panorama of Manchester shews that it has not only wealthy people in it, but that it has likewise persons of taste—persons imbued with a love of the fine arts, and who, with laudable *amor patriæ*, are wishful to make their towns striking and grand as well as

convenient. In this spirit several public buildings have been got up—amongst the rest the Town-hall stands conspicuous. According to Mr. Everett, this is built in the “same style as the temple of Erechus at Athens, and the dome in the centre is after the model of the octagonal tower of Andronicus, generally called the Tower of the Winds. In the niches in front,” he continues, “are figures of Solon and Alfred, and in the attic are medallion portraits of Pythagoras and Locke—Solon and Judge Hale.” Truly the taste governing this *consommé* must be pronounced to be admirable; but we rather wonder that the “Tower of the Winds” remains quiet amidst its incongruous neighbours.

We grieve to learn, from the same authority, that the interior decorations of this splendid building are unfortunate in their execution. The simplicity and *bonhomie* displayed by the author in this part of his work is one of the best hits we have for some time seen. “These four paintings,” he says, “represent the four cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude!” But, he adds in a foot-note, “it is a singular proof of the different impressions produced in different minds by the same representation, that these figures are supposed by Mr. Baines and others to represent the ‘four quarters of the globe!’” Very singular, indeed, and to avoid such confusion in future, we would strongly advise the gentlemen of Manchester to insist upon their artists labelling their works.

The English are proverbial for being a portrait-loving people: every man and woman, of whatever degree, having the same desire for posthumous remembrance. Dryden, when in a caustic humour, said, in his beautiful verses to Kneller—

“Good Heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain
To wish their vile resemblance to remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days a libel or a jest!”

This disposition the Mancumans seem to enjoy, according to Mr. Everett, in an extraordinary degree. Over the fire-place in the public room, and meant as the lion of the place, is the grand picture, intended to represent the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns at Carlton House, in 1814. Such a picture, one should naturally suppose, would be historical, and commemorate the men who were actually present. No such thing, the opportunity of being immortalized in such illustrious company was too good to be lost by the men of Gotham, and—O! *infandum*—the officials of Manchester, of all sizes and ages, occupy the canvas. The perversion, gross as it is, would, we have been told, have remained a secret to the world at large, had not the vanity of one of the “pictured heroes” overcome his prudence. Like poor Dennis, who could not hear the thunder praised without exclaiming “Zounds! that’s my thunder!” when somebody was admiring the rubicund visage and portly abdomen of a worthy burgher, he was so delighted that he called out “that’s me!”

Lancashire has for ages been famous for the wit of its inhabitants. In their own rich Doric dialect “they ha’ been ‘cute folk sin’ Adam

wur a childt!" and we have an intention of giving new vigour to Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering of next year by an infusion of a few Bolton "bites." So determined is the spirit of wit in the natives of Manchester, that it breaks out upon the most solemn occasions, and its works are visible in the most sacred edifices. The Collegiate Church, we are told, is a fine pile of building, but, like most of our ecclesiastical structures, somewhat marred by numerous alterations and additions, little in unison with each other, or with the style of the original building. Many of the stalls are embellished by carving, and it is here the *genius loci* shews itself. "The seventh stall," says Mr. Everett, p. 76, "is inscribed Archidasculus, as being appropriated to the head master of the grammar-school, and is most grotesquely ornamented, as if in contrast with the supposed austerity of his profession. On the centre of the under part of the seat is seen a fox, decamping with a goose on his back, while a woman, with a child clinging to her petticoat, appears at the door of a cottage, as if for the purpose of crying 'stop thief!' In the circle on the right hand is an old fox, in a sitting posture, with a large birch rod over his shoulder, apparently teaching two young cubs to read, and on the left-hand side is another old fox in the same attitude, intently occupied in reading." Then "the thirteenth stall has a boar standing on his hind-legs, and playing on bag-pipes, while four young pigs are dancing in a trough to his music." How exquisite is the wit, and how appropriate are the situations selected for these works of art, and what powerful provocations they must be to devotional feelings!

Lest our readers should suppose that the spirit of fancy is defunct or less vigorous at the present time than in by-gone ages, an occurrence connected with this same carved work will best illustrate. The interior of the church a few years ago was undergoing some repair and beautifying. The "factionaires" for the time being were determined on doing their duty, anxiously looked out to see that all was right, when the brilliant idea struck one of them of painting the cornice, which was crowded with carvings of saints, angels, and fiends. And here his fancy was roused into play, and he caused the "frighted group" to be painted, some like soldiers, with red coats and white gaiters, and some like one thing, and some like another; and to crown all, lest such a benefactor to the fine arts should go to his tomb unrecorded, he had his name and the date of his exploit inscribed in large characters near his handiwork—

"Tempora mutantur—sed non mutamur in illis."

If there be little in Manchester, therefore, to delight the lover of architectural and pictorial excellence, there is a great deal to interest the politician, and the observer of mankind. It can admit of no question but that when the era arrives in which mechanism and human labour are brought into actual collision, Manchester will be the theatre of great events—of events which will probably completely change the face of society. Many men think such a collision to be remote, or possibly not likely to happen. The history of mechanism, brief as it is, and its effects upon production, con-

sumption, and labour, would, however, tell a tale replete with forebodings.

It is to be wished that some better account had accompanied the Panorama of Manchester of what chiefly interests strangers—namely, the interior economy and management of the mills, which are the only curiosities in the town. These are indeed congregations of mechanical and moral wonders, and cannot fail to fill the mind with the most singular emotions. The stories of our childhood, as to magic and supernatural power, dwindle into insignificance before the strange realities which are presented to us.

In viewing these most wonderful works of human ingenuity the question forces itself upon our attention, what is to be the result of mechanical adaptation upon the labouring population? Will it gradually force human power from the field; and if so, what is to become of the millions of hands now dependant on this branch of industry? It is acknowledged on all sides that there is already a considerable pressure upon the labouring community, and that it is in a state of feverish excitement any thing but satisfactory. This uneasy state is evidenced too openly by combinations and turn-outs, in all of which the men inevitably suffer. This result, though perfectly natural, and though gratifying to the lover of order and social union, will before long teach the men a painful and dangerous lesson. They will learn from the iron hand of poverty that they are the weaker party, and that in many branches of trade they have a rival daily, nay hourly, treading upon their heels, and swallowing up their resources. This is mechanism. This lesson once taught, the struggle will begin—a struggle which will either make or mar us as a manufacturing country.

It unluckily happens that the great political writers of the present day are dealers in abstract propositions and generalities—and too often mere ‘doctrinaires,’ who frame theories, and then—simple souls—good-naturedly imagine that the wants, the wishes, and the crimes of their fellow-men will accommodate themselves to their peculiar opinions. The leading writers in the great periodicals, which, generally speaking, express the prevailing opinions of the political parties which they represent, one and all agree in declaring that every new application of mechanical power must benefit the labouring classes in some way or other. Nothing is so easy as to make an assertion; but we wish some of these closet philosophers had condescended to point out how such a desirable consummation is to be brought about.

It is true that some of them talk of waste lands, some of emigration, and some of abstinence from marriage, in order to check the increase of population. Writers of this last class evidently know nothing of human nature; and we beg leave, with all modesty, to hint to them, that if people do not marry, still children will be born. This is doubtless a natural phenomenon they cannot understand; but it is true nevertheless.

———“*Rupiam vincula, dicas
Num luctata caius nodum arripit, at tamen illa
Cum fugit, à collo trahitar pars longa catenæ.*”

It thus appears that there is a darkling idea in existence, that mechanism and steam power will displace human labour; but it is strenuously insisted upon that the labourers are to be the better for being deprived of the means of support. This is a curious problem in political economy, and we candidly confess that we do not understand it.

In opposition to it, we as strenuously maintain that the labourers will suffer, and that too to a deplorable extent, from the rapidity with which mechanism is superseding them. The time is not very remote when wages will fall so low from the amount of production, and from its cheapness, that the maximum will fall short of supplying the wants of the labourer. If this assertion does not harmonize with the dogmas of political economy, it has, at least, one merit, which is, that it harmonizes with common sense and with truth. But we will not confine ourselves to a mere assertion—we will, and that at no distant day, satisfy our readers, by means of facts and of dates which cannot be disputed, that we are right; and that the universal pressure and discontent so widely existing, and imputed to surplus population, arise from machinery.

From this it may, perhaps, be supposed that we are enemies to machinery—that we would check its progress, and that we should rejoice in seeing the distaff and spindle again occupying the place of the mule and the steam-engine; and the condensed population of our towns again scattered in village-homes. For the sake of the labourers themselves we might, perhaps, wish that it were so; but the wish would be childish. No; it is to mechanism we owe much that we now enjoy—it is to mechanism that we are indebted for a producing power, which is making us the most wealthy and powerful people in modern times; it is mechanism that places us in advance of all other countries as a manufacturing and commercial state; and it is to mechanism that our stability in the present scale of nations will be owing.

Yet the era of mechanism is one that has been, and will be, attended with incalculable suffering. Already our population is leaving its native country in thousands, and a mass of pauperism, poverty, and discontent meets us in whatever direction we look. It is a state of things imperatively demanding the wisest legislative measures; for, if the mischief come upon us unprepared, if no remedial agency be ready when wanted, most assuredly a social war will attend its ultimate progress.

These are considerations which invest the Panorama of Manchester with an interest quite at variance with its intrinsic merits, and which direct the eye of the observer towards it as a focus in which the element of important events are busily at work.

* * *

NIGHTS IN THE GALLEY.—SIXTH YARN.

WE were now at sea, and the dull monotony of a sea voyage made me more anxious than ever to save myself from *ennui* by attending the galley gatherings. It is the usual custom on board ships of war to allow the men half-an-hour to their supper ; but it is not an uncommon thing in hot climates, with fine weather, and little to do, to extend the meal time to an hour. Such was the case at the time of which I am speaking. The moment the Phillimore was served, I made no delay in taking up my old station, Jack Murray having given a half promise to finish his adventures ; and knowing that he required very little to induce him to spin a yarn, he priding himself upon his capabilities to perform that, as well as every other part of a sailor's duty, I expected a good hour's amusement. On my arrival I found I was just in time. The most important yarners had just taken their seats.

"Well, lads," said Will, "what's it going to be to-night? we are at sea, now, good luck to it; give us something to take the taste of that Phillimore out of my mouth. Sink me if I don't wish the old banyan days would come back again, and let's have our old allowance of grog. What do you say, Jack."

"Ay! sure I do, lad; d—n the purser's slops, says I."

It may be well here to remark that, although Jack now and then gives way to a little abuse of Sir John Phillimore, his plan of substituting tea for an extra allowance of grog is universally approved of by the sailors; indeed, the good effects of the new system of provisioning are so obvious, that nobody can be otherwise than pleased.—But to resume.

"But I say, lads, come let's have a bit o' a yarn: what shall it be? I say, you Harry Somers," said Will Gibbon, turning to a man who had come down from Navarino to join us at Malta, having volunteered to sail with his old captain, "you've just come from the Had-miral, and were at the battle o' Navarino; can't you spin a yarn about it, and so teach Jack Murray how to talk, and then mayhap he'll spin us the rest o' that yarn about his sweetheart."

"I suppose that's a hint, Will," said Jack, "and I'll take it; so if Harry Somers will spin us a yarn about the haction first, I'll take up the cudgels afterwards."

"Come, that's fair," cried all at once; "go on, Harry."

"Well, lads, I ar'nt got much to tell; but, mayhap, you never heer'd about Captain Spencer in the little Talbot, twenty-eight, bullying the whole Turkish fleet."

"No, never, let's have it—heave a-head, we've got an hour."

"Well, lads, just afore the Turkish fleet run into the harbour, the Talbot and Asia were the only ships in the Gulf; I belonged to the Talbot then, it was afore I joined the admiral. And one morning at about ten o'clock, the whole Turkish fleet of about five-and-twenty sail was in sight, coming right down the Gulf. The admiral made the signal for the Talbot to run under senior hoffer's stern, and speak.

Well, we was on his weather-quarter, o' course the place for all frigates when in company with the admiral, so we bore up, and just as we got under the Asia's stern, we hauled to the wind, and the skipper went fored (forward) on the fauksle (forecastle), to speak to the admiral, who was standing in his stern gallery. 'Spencer,' says he, 'do you just run down to the Turkish squadron, and tell them if they attempt to come up the Gulf, I'll sink every one of them.'—'Ay, ay, Sir,' says our skipper, so away we went—'bear up, and set stunsails, beat to quarters, take out the tomkins (tompions), and double-shot your guns,' and by the time we had done it we were in the middle of the Turkish fleet. Well, just as we got on the starboard-bow of the Turkish admiral, our skipper says, 'Now, pilot,' says he, 'stand you up on that signal locker and say what I tell you.' The pilot didn't stir a peg, but stood staring at the skipper. 'Why don't you do as I tell you, Sir.'—'Ah! Lord, Sir,' says the poor pilot, who was in a deuced funk, 'if I tell 'em that, they'll fire at us directly, and sink us.'—'Well, what's that to you?'—'They'll shoot me, Sir.'—'Well, I'll tell you what it is, they'll shoot you if you do, and I'll be d—d if I don't shoot you if you don't, so now take your choice whether you'll be shot by me or the Turks;—oh, you needn't look at me, you cowardly rascal, for I'm in earnest I assure you.—Steward,' he says, says he, 'bring me my pistols.' Up they came, and he took up one.—'Now,' he says to the pilot, 'quickly, and make your choice.' So when the old cowardly rascal saw the pistol, he jumped up on the signal locker, not very fast, shivering like a ship in stays.—'Now, lads,' says the skipper, 'keep your trigger lines in your hands, and stand by to fire directly I tell you; we'll give her one broadside before we go to the bottom, for I expect she'll sink us.'—'Quarter-master,' he says, 'keep us well on her bow, so that we may rake her.' By this time we were close to her, so we hove to, and the skipper says to the pilot—'Now repeat after me, if the Turkish admiral with his fleet attempt to pass up the Gulf, the English admiral will sink every ship.' Well, directly he had said this we all expected they'd fire, so we stood all ready looking at the captain, who was standing abaft on the quarter-deck, looking as if nothing was going on, except now and then smiling at the pilot's funk. At last, after they'd waited to consider a bit, they answered that the Turkish admiral wanted to speak to the English admiral. So our skipper answers that he would ask his admiral's permission, but in the mean time they must not attempt to move, or he should fire into them. Well, they didn't, and after we had signalled to the admiral he agreed to see the Turk; and so with one eighty-four and one eight-and-twenty we had kept the whole Turkish fleet at bay."

"Ay, lad, that was rum work, and dangerous work to, o' your skipper to run down with such big words from such a little mouth," said Will.

"Ay was it, lad, but though we had but a little mouth we had a good set of teeth, and good jaws that knew how to use them."

"I don't doubt it, lad, I don't doubt it at all; you proved it, lad, for you all fought like Englishmen as far as I can hear," said Will

Gibbon; but is that all you have to tell us about Navarino? I expected a good twister."

"Oh, lads, I went into the admiral's ship afore the action was fought as a supernumerary to join this here ship, so if I spin you a newun about Navarino it must be in a new ship, and I ought to have a fresh night for a fresh ship, so now let's have Jack Murray's yarn."

"Oh, sartainly, sartainly, that's nothing but fair," cried all hands; come, Jack, heave a-head."

"No, no, I shan't, lads, there arn't time to-night for me to spin you a yarn; when I get on a bowline I mean to make a long leg, I can tell you that, my bo's; so you, Mr. Bob Short, let's see if you can make any use of that long tongue of yours, that's rolling over your under-lip like a carrot; come, you haven't spun us a yarn for a long time—it's your turn now, arn't it, lads?"

"Ay, that it is; come, Bob, tip something to pass away the time till to-morrow night, when we'll get Jack Murray under weigh, as he says it will be a long time before he comes to again."

"Well, lads, you know I haven't got much to say, 'cause I arnt seen much myself; so if you will have a yarn you must have one that I heard my father spin once about a captain as is now one what was made from before the mast.

"It was in the Seringapatam, a forty-six, one o' the large frigates, as he entered aboard of in the war-time, and went to cruise in the Channel; when he got aboard he was made quarter-master, though he was a young man, for he was a smart sailor. Well, you know, there was a little boy about thirteen years of age as was messenger-boy abaft, as it might be here; well, they noticed the little fellow was always asking questions about seamanship of the quarter-masters as were not at the conn, and teasing them to teach him to knot and splice, and all that sort o' work; so they got tired of him always bothering them, and used to tell him to be off, and perhaps give him a knock on the head, all except my father, who thought him a fine promising young fellow as would turn out a good sailor, so he paid great attention to him—taught him the marks in the lead-line, how to heave the lead and take the helm—where all the ropes led, and how they rove; and, in short, he did every thing he could to make him a sailor. The young feller noticed this kindness of my father, so different from the treatment he received from the others, and he was very grateful for it, and attached himself very much to my father, doing a number of little things for him, and always paying attention to what he told him; although he was a very hot, headstrong, passionate youngster, he was so fond of my father, that a word from him would quiet him at once in his hottest passions. At last my father asked the first-leaftenant whether he should take the youngster into his mess, telling him at the same time that he thought him a very promising young feller, and all that. The first-leaftenant says, 'Do, Short,' says he; 'I wish,' says he, 'all men would take the trouble you have done with the boys; it does you great credit, Short,' he says, says he; 'if you come down to my cabin to-night,' he says, 'I'll give you a glass of grog.' So after this my father had him in his mess, and took every opportunity to teach him his duty;

he was a very quick little feller, and always remembered what he was told ; at last the ship was rigged, and away they went to cruise in the Channel to protect the homeward bound merchantmen ; it was the month of August, and they had rather blowing weather ; all one for that. Little Watts, that was his name, was always on the maintop-sail yard at reefing topsails, blow high or low ; and sometimes, when he could get the captain of the maintop in the line to let him, he used to lay out on the maintop-gallant-yard to furl the topgallant-sail ; o'cause he was no use there, he was so little—only thirteen. At last, one night it came on to blow a heavy gale of wind ; they had close reefed topsails on her at four bells in the middle watch, and at about six it came on to blow so hard they were obliged to furl the fore and mizen-topsail, and heave her to under a monkey-topsail and storm-staysails ; well, all the time, young Watts was on the mizen-topsail-yard, furling the mizen-topsail, and hard work they had of it, blowing like blazes, thundering and lightning, with a Scotch mist right in their teeth ; but this warn't enough to send the youngster below ; he was out at the starboard railing all the time, and the last in off the yard ; at last he came down out o' the mizen rigging, and as he past my father, who was at the cabin, 'Well done, younker,' says my father, 'you've done pretty well for to-night.'—'I haven't done half enough yet, though,' says young Watts ; 'this is the sort o' night for me ; I'll do something soon, I hope ;' and sure enough he did, lads. The skipper was standing in the signal locker abaft, carrying on, and aft went young Watts and stood close alongside on him. Well, presently there was a cry from the maintop of a man overboard. 'A man overboard !' cries the skipper ; 'good God, nothing can save the poor feller such a night as this.'—'I will, I will, Sir,' says young Watts ; and before the skipper could stop him, he had thrown his hat down on the deck, and overboard he went. 'Let go the life buoy,' says the skipper ; 'make the end of the main-brace fast to it, that's their only chance. What boy was that went overboard ? he's a fine spirited feller ; I'll take care of him if he lives.' Well, the life buoy had been let go, and the men kept trying it to see if it dragged ; at last it did, so they sung out—'Somebody has got hold of the life buoy, Sir !'—'Haul up gently then, lads,' says the skipper ; at last they hauled it up right under the quarter—'Now let go the starboard Jacob's ladder—who's the man,' says the skipper, 'that will go down that Jacob's ladder, with a rope's end, to assist the poor feller ?'—'I, Sir,' says my father ; for he thought it was young Watts. Well, so he made a bowline knot, and down he went ; so when he got nearly to the lowest step, he says, 'who's that ?'—'Ah, is that you, Short ?' says young Watts. 'Thank God, you are safe, you d—d fine spirited young rascal ; but I'll thrash you when you come on-board, you brave little scoundrel ;' for my father hardly knew what he said, he was so glad to find the little feller safe ; so he managed, after a good many trials, to pass the bowline knot under his arms, and then told them to haul up gently on deck, at the same time my father caught hold of his legs, to prevent his swinging against the ship ; at last they got him on deck.—'Take him into my cabin, and tell my steward to give him a tot of brandy ; and do you take one too,' says the skipper to my

father, 'and then let him change his clothes, and bring him up on the quarter deck—I'll flog you, you young rascal;' so down he went, and when he was gone, the skipper turned to the first-leaftenant, and said, 'that's a noble boy, I'll put him on the quarter deck.'—'He deserves it, Sir,' says the first-leaftenant, 'if we may judge by his beginning, he'll be a very hornet among the Frenchmen.'—'Ay, that he will,' says the skipper; 'but here he comes, let's hear what he's got to say for himself.—Well, young scamp, come here, did you think you would be of any service, that you jumped overboard to-night?'—'No, Sir,' says the boy, as bold as possible.—'No! well then, what made you jump overboard?'—'Because, Sir,' says he, 'I want to be an admiral, and I thought if I did any thing to attract your attention you'd make me a midshipman, and if you do that, I'll answer for it I'll be a post-captain before long.'—'You did, did you,' says the skipper, 'then I'll be d—d if I don't make you a midshipman this very minute; send the clerk here,' he says, says he, 'and tell him to rate Mr. Wm. Watts, midshipman; but my boy,' says the skipper, 'suppose you had been drowned?'—'If I had, Sir,' says he, 'I shouldn't have wanted a rating, and you would have said there dies a brave fellow, and I wouldn't wish any thing better to be said of me.'—Well, so after he was rated, and things had got put to rights a bit, the skipper went below and the watch was called, so down went Watts and my father, and when they got below, my father says, 'Mr. you're Mr. Watts now, but don't think,' says he, 'because you are a reefer, you are going to get off the thrashing I promised you for trying to throw away your life that way, and leave me all alone without a son.'—'You shall be my father still, Short,' says he, throwing himself into my father's arms; 'for I have neither father or mother. But I say, Short, promise me one thing.'—'What's that?'—'Why if ever I'm a captain, will you sail with me?'—'That I will, my boy, never leave you again as long as I live—if ever you are a captain I'll be your coxswain, so there's my hand on it.' He shook my father's hand heartily, and they then turned into their hammocks. The next morning, when they turned out, they found the weather had moderated, and the ship had got double-reefed topsails and top-gallant-sails on her. When the skipper came on deck, he said, 'Quarter-master, tell Mr. Watts I want him.' So down went the quarter-master, and found him with my father, eating his breakfast in the berth. 'Mr. Watts,' says the quarter-master, laughing, 'the captain wants you, if you please, Sir.'—'Up you go,' says my father, 'and I hope this will be the last time you'll ever set cheek-by-jowl with me over a basin of cocoa.' When he got on deck, the skipper says, 'Hallo, Mr. Watts, what do you mean by coming on the quarter-deck without your uniform?' 'I haven't got any uniform, Sir.'—'Oh! you haven't, haven't you?—very well; you shall have one very soon. Send my steward, and the ship's tailor here.'—'Ay, ay, Sir.' Up they came. 'Steward, go into my cabin, and fetch up one of my jackets; and you, tailor, measure this young gentleman for a jacket.' Well, all this was soon done; and young Watts was soon walking up and down the quarter-deck as an officer. 'And now, my fine little feller,' says the skipper, 'directly we get into harbour, I'll

give you a fit out myself; and I'll allow you twenty pounds a year; and depend upon it, as long as I live, if you conduct yourself properly, I'll treat you as my own son.' Well, little Watts was comfortable enough now—settled in the midshipman's berth, taken notice of by all the officers, and sure of the captain's favour, he was a great deal better off than most midshipmen, for they were not then as they are now—all of good property and good friends; there were lots of 'em, I've heard my father say, that crept in at the hawse-holes; but now a-days, they jump slap in at the cabin windows. Well, lads, so they went on, cruising, till one morning they made out a vessel on their lee-beam, looking like a marchantman; and it being their duty to speak all homeward bound merchantmen, to see if they were in distress, and wanted anything, they up with the helm, and bore down upon her; when they came near enough, they both hoisted their colours, and hove to; the lee-cutter was lowered, and the skipper ordered the third-leaftenant to board her, and told Mr. Watts to take charge of the boat; away they went, and found she was an English brig, bound for London, laden with silks from Trieste. After she had given all the information she could, she said she saw that morning, a great distance off, a vessel, looking like a frigate, and she thought a French one, steering S.S.E. The third-leaftenant hurried on board to tell the skipper; and as it was a fair wind, every stitch of canvas she would bear was soon crowded in chase; that was Saturday afternoon, and night closed in; but they saw nothing of her. For all this, the skipper wouldn't alter his course; he said it was better to keep that course than run a wild goose-chase, and miss her after all. Well, the next morning, Sunday, no sail was in sight; still they continued their course; and, as the Seringapatam was a fast sailer, they thought they might overhaul her. Well, they went to prayers, as we always do on a Sunday, and, as they had no chaplain, the captain always read prayers. Just as he was in the middle of them, the signal-man cried out from the mast-head, 'a sail! a sail!'—'What direction?'—'Right a-head, Sir, steering the same way as we are.' Up jumped all the men from church, when they heard this, and were running on deck, when the captain called them, and said—'My men, if that is the ship we have been looking for, she is too far off to render it necessary for us to go to quarters directly, and in the meantime none of us will be less determined in the hour of trial by having asked assistance from aloft!' and he pointed with his finger to heaven. So all the men sat down again, and after having read two or three prayers he got up, and said 'Now, my men, to quarters; I need not tell you to fight bravely, for that you have always done, and I don't think your courage will fail you now you want it.' Well, they were soon ready, for men don't take long to prepare when they have the chance of a good action before them. All this time they were overhauling the stranger like the d—l, and they soon got near enough to see she shewed a good row of teeth, just about a match for them in size. As they got nearer they made the private signal, which not being answered, they were sure she was a Frenchman. Up went the colours nailed to the mast, and directly the Frenchman saw this, up went his colours, and he hauled on a bow-

line; they did the same, and so o' course they kept the weather-gage of her, and gently edged down. Directly they came within gunshot the Frenchman let fly, but did little damage, except to the rigging, and that's always the way with 'em; they fire too high—they always fire on the roll up, and we on the roll down. The Seringapatam kept her fire till she got close alongside, when she let fly her whole broadside at once right into the Frenchman's hull. At last they fell right on board, their main-yards locked each other, but owing to the sea they could not board from the deck, so up sprung the first luff up the main rigging, crying 'Follow me, first division of boarders.' Young Watts was the first to follow; up they ran, bullets flying about their heads like hail, and the men falling down from the rigging as fast as they got up; still Watts kept close to the first-leaftenant; at last they got on the main-yard—they were too late, the yards had cleared themselves, and were parted. 'Nothing can be done here, I'm afraid,' said the first luff; 'never mind, we'll lay out, and try what we can do. Out they went. Still Watts was second. The Frenchman's main-lift was slack. 'Nothing can be done,' cried the first luff, 'we must try the deck again.'—'One trial here first, Sir,' said Watts, and making a spring, he caught hold of the bight of the Frenchman's main-lift. 'By G—d!' said the first leaftenant, 'that boy teaches us all,' as he made a spring to follow, but missing his hold, dashed his brains out on the Frenchman's deck. My father followed, and several men after him. All this time they were firing away on deck, and from the tops, and from their smoke nobody had observed the boarders on the main-yard, so they reached the main-top before they were seen; then a desperate struggle took place for the top; at last Watts' party gained it, after he had been wounded, fighting like a young tiger. 'Now, sir,' says my father, 'you had better send one of the men on board our ship, to tell the captain, for we shall have the Frenchmen upon us directly.'—'Go yourself, Short,' said he. 'No, sir, that I won't leave you for a minute, without you orders me, and then o' course I must.'—'Well,' he said, 'send any one of the men.' So down went one of the men, and poor little Watts layed down in the top, quite exhausted from a wound in his left arm. My father stanchd it with his black silk handkerchief, and the captain, when he heard the top was taken, for they had not been able to board from the deck, said 'Well done, my brave boy;' and then turning to the second luff, he says 'Take the second division, and board her from the deck.' He did so, and in half an hour the Frenchman was theirs; and how young Watts got promoted I'll tell you after Jack Murray's yarn to-morrow night, for there's stand by hammocks."

"Well done, Bob," said Jack Murray, "I thought you could use that great tongue of yours. We must have you wag it again to-morrow night."

"Not without you set me the example," retorted Bob.

"Well, I will lad, depend on't."

Jack kept his word, and so did Bob.

THE PHANTOM LAND.—PART III.

THE angel answered not, but led me thence
 To where one, resting on a riven rock,
 Drew my keen gaze: his features to my sense
 Seemed exquisitely chiselled from some block
 Of pure, pale marble; and his brow immense
 Rose over eyes whose brightness was intense.—
 He claimed no kindred with the vulgar flock.

The desperation of sublime despair—
 Remorse, that eats its way into the soul—
 Scorn's lofty look, and Hate's malignant glare,
 And stubborn Pride which nothing could control,
 Dwelt in his eye, and lip, and haughty air,
 And trembling hand effeminately fair.—
 He wept, but answering tears had ceased to roll.

He seemed to think himself alone, though round
 There stood a gloomy-melancholy throng;
 He saw them not, or else with pride profound
 Would not appear to see them. But ere long
 He snatched his harp that lay upon the ground,
 Swept its loud chords, and singing to the sound,
 Rolled from the rock a cataract of song.

Wild was the measure of his lofty lay:
 And such fierce wrath, such anger malcontent,
 Such wounded pride, such scorn, such deep dismay,
 And poignant pathos filled his loud lament,
 The phantoms lingering round to hear him play
 Could not endure it—and so slunk away.
 Impetuous was his song, and thus it went:—

“ Is this, alas! the soul's eternal sleep?
 Is this death's tranquil and unconscious dream?
 The cloud is past away!—the mystery deep
 Is rent to its foundation—and 'twould seem
 That death is nothing other than a leap
 Into more full existence from life's steep.
 What men call death is life—and life the dream.

“ This is no region of forgetfulness:
 This is no bed of down for my sad ghost:
 Millions of bitter thoughts my soul distress,
 And those I would forget torment me most,
 And like fierce dogs that round their keeper press,
 Bark in my ears with fury merciless,
 Heightening the horrors of the infernal coast

" I am a lonely rock, that rises far
Out in the dreary main, where tempests deal
Their rude vindictive bolts, as if to sear
A front that scorns to flinch ; and thunders peel,
And the blue everlasting surges jar ;
While over head gleams my pernicious star.—
Would I were like the rock that cannot feel !

" My years are spent—my day is past—my sun
Is sunk in the horizon—and my name
Will no more be remembered but as one
On which to heap the bitterness of blame,
No prize in virtue's school my hands have won ;
I lived, alas !—then died,—and nought have done
Towards building me a pillar of true fame.

" Like a mysterious comet, riding fast
Along the top of heaven's cerulean wall,
A strange unwonted light o'er earth I past,
With Pestilence before me ; so to call
Vice, whose sole pleasure is to blight and blast,
And in one grave both youth and beauty cast,
Without a coffin and without a pall.

" The world ran after me with fond acclaim,
E'en as a child ; but with deceptive art
I scorned to seem delighted with my fame,
Till joy at length for ever left my heart :
I mimicked woe till woe itself became
A principle entangled in my frame ;
A coiling snake from which I could not part ;—

" A tooth-envenomed snake, whose sinewy hold
Sent the blood shivering to its last recess,
While round my limbs its pliant length it rolled,
Till to the pitch of agonised distress,
Lapping inextricable fold on fold,
And nature struggling, though the heart was cold,
I sank to earth in utter helplessness !

" I feel it crush me now !—O Death ! thy sting
Is balm—is comfort—is a pleasure's source—
A sweetness wafted on the summer's wing—
To the eternal gnawings of remorse ;
The dull, slow torture—the enduring wring
Which to an end not even Time can bring ;
No ! nor yet Death from its dominion force !

" Men sought to unlock the sanctuary of my heart,
And pry into its secrets ; and a few
Thought they saw all, who only saw a part,
Yet dared presumptuously to boast they knew
What was not to be known with all their art,
And tossed their heads, and thought that they were smart ;—
Men who from me their own existence drew.

" But I was not of them. The darksome caves
Of the eternal and mysterious sea
Are not more hidden by incumbent waves
Than were the undiscovered depths in me—
The caverns of the soul—the living graves
Of pride that blights, and passion that enslaves—
Depths that were never known, and ne'er shall be.

" My pleasures were not those that charmed mankind,
I scorned to seek them in the beaten track ;
And if they failed to satisfy the mind,
And only served——but why should I look back ?
Alas ! I must look back ; for O ! I find
The memory is a power too strong to bind.
Ah ! who can shun confession on the rack !

" My pleasures only served to sacrifice
Health, comfort, calm content, and fireside joy ;
My powers I wielded to confound the nice
Distinctions between good and ill—destroy
The character of Virtue—and make Vice
Appear an angel fit for paradise.
Yes ! such was my detestable employ.

" O happiness ! men roam from land to land,
Search lordly palaces, frequent the mart,
Gaze on the bright, the beautiful, the grand,
To find thy dwelling, till they fear thou art
A phantom of the soul, nor understand
That thou art nowhere if not close at hand.
Thou dwell'st not in the world, but in the heart.

" But all is lost to me. Then hail ! my bane—
Hail ! misery, and wretchedness, and woe ;
The storm may howl itself to rest—the main
May cease to bellow when the wind falls low—
The captive's wrist may rot out of its chain—
And the child fret itself to sleep again,
But I must still this anguish undergo !

" Morn here brings no relief—there is no morn !
And proud misfortune cannot rise above
The pressure of a thousand ills with scorn ;
Nor Sorrow fret itself to death, like Love
Leaning her breast on the sharp-pointed thorn ;
Where, weary, wretched, hapless, and forlorn,
She mourns in secret like the riven dove.

" And thou, my harp ! whose music, loud or low,
In other and in better days would charm
My angry spirit for a while, when woe
Weighed down my feverish heart, alas ! no balm
Thy music to my soul can now bestow ;
Thou canst not mitigate one mental throe,
Much less the terrors of these depths disarm.

"Thy wild notes rather would appear to me
To aggravate the pangs which I deplore ;
O! better had I cast thee in the sea
Than that thy tones should render worse a shore
Peopled with no associates for me,
And thou in my distress shouldst ever be
My solace and my comforter no more.

Farewell then, my companion! we now part ;
This is thy last—this is thy last sad strain!
Thy agonizing tones make my tears start—
I little thought thou e'er wouldst give me pain ;
Thou hast deceived me, and I find thou art
A foe that I have folded to my heart.
I never more will touch thy chords again."

With that he threw his harp upon the ground
In sullen wrath ; like one that had applied
To the last source of joy still left—and found
Sorrow instead of joy—solace denied—
And his last hope cut off. Darkly he frowned,
And cast a shivering sense of terror round ;
Whereat I pressed the closer to my guide.

Anon the phantom turned his eyes on me
With a stern, steady glance, and fiercely said,
"I recognize this stranger ; thou art he
Whom I pursued, while yet above the dead
I rode upon the storm a spirit free ;
And well nigh sunk thy bark in the deep sea,
And rolled the eternal billows o'er thy head.

"What art thou doing here? I fain would know.
Art thou come hither as a secret spy?
Or com'st thou to reproach me, and bestow
Thy taunts on one who lately soared so high,
But now by sad reverse has sunk so low?
I warn thee hence—I counsel thee to go:
Dost thou refuse?—Once more I bid thee fly."

I stood unmoved: with that deep wrath and pride
Wrung his expressive face—though fallen, still fair ;
And in the warmth of malice dignified,
He would have sprung from off his rocky lair
To drive me from him ; which, when fate denied,
He turned his face, and strove his wrath to hide ;—
A more than earthly chain transfixed him there.

The angel then conducted me away
Out of that angry phantom's sight, and said,
"My son! so fares it when the mind's clear ray
Is darkened and perverted, and instead
Of bursting forth into the light of day,
Burns to the socket in its urn of clay,
Like a faint flickering lamp that lights the dead.

" And when the ray divine at last goes out,
At once the passions burst into a flame ;
Fancy no longer soars on wings devout,
And Reason leaves behind each noble aim ;
While heaven-taught principles are tossed about
Like tangled sea-weeds on the waves of doubt,
And Vice stands forth and glories in her shame.

" He who to mark mankind roams to and fro,
May see some blessed above the common lot,
Who seem exempt from every care below,
And all the luxuries of life have got,
And yet are miserable, because they know
That they are rich, and full, and overflow,
And therefore should be happy—but are not.

" O beautiful, beyond Night's gentle bride—
O pleasing, beyond aught the eye can find,
When affluence, and rank, and influence wide,
And the gigantic energies of mind,
With high and holy fervour are applied
To one grand object—let what will betide—
And that one object is to serve mankind !

" Thou hast seen much, my son, of this dim place,
And of these mournful beings wandering here,
The darksome refuge of the human race ;
Say, art thou satisfied ? the coast is near,
Where we may re-embark." I bowed my face,
And answered, " Further yet I fain would trace
This lower world, before from hence we steer."

K. V. W.

CHINA AND ITS TRADE.*

As commerce discloses its resources, and reveals the character of its singular people, China is becoming daily an object of increasing curiosity and importance to the nations of the western world. The little knowledge hitherto possessed by Europeans of its real condition, as regards its domestic policy and presumed hostility to foreign intercourse, has been gleaned from sources manifestly either so strange as to startle the credence of the most confiding, or so mystified as to be unintelligible, that we may be said to know absolutely nothing concerning it. Those who would afford us correct information, had not the means of doing so, or were incapacitated through inability to separate veracity from fiction; while it was the interest of the few who possessed the necessary knowledge to propagate the erroneous opinions already current at home. The circumstances which tended to keep things in this state have ceased. It is no longer an object of solicitude to any party, that incorrect notions of affairs in the East should be disseminated in England. The uprooting of the leviathan monopoly of the merchant-monarchs of Leadenhall-street, has overthrown the fabrics of false facts, which so long outraged the common sense of the millions who paid the revenues of those regal traders. Though the benefits immediately accruing from the removal of the East India Company's domination may not be exactly in accordance with the expectations of the public, it is already apparent that the evils to which we were exposed, under the old system, cannot be perpetrated after the same fashion now. The men who were most deeply interested in cloaking the frauds of the late order of things, are, for precisely the same reason, impelled to give the greatest possible publicity to any covert proceedings under the present arrangement; and a knowledge of the existence of abuses is now all that is wanting to insure their speedy removal. The proceedings attendant on the sale last month of the first free tea trade evinces the philosophy of the proverb, which says, that "honest men profit from the squabbles of the thievish." Notwithstanding the systematised chicanery then developed, so long as affairs are not carried on in the dark the public must ultimately be advantaged.

Attention being directed to the tea question, it necessarily follows that an increased desire to be more than superficially acquainted with the people whom we trade with must be pretty generally felt. The volumes now under notice will be found peculiarly suited to assist this spirit of inquiry. The author has resided amongst the people, whose character he undertakes to portray, for many years. And his profession is pre-eminently adapted to enable him to view domestic life in the greatest possible diversity of circumstances. Mr. Gutzlaff has executed his task with great apparent fidelity, so far as a mere narration of facts that came under his own observation goes, or that

* Gutzlaff's History of China, 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

he gathered from authorities, upon the accuracy of which he was competent to decide. But with many of his opinions we could very conveniently dispense. Though living so long beyond the pale of European civilization, he possesses all the ascerbity of the most bigoted intolerant towards his catholic precursors, in sowing the seed of the gospel. So far, indeed, does his rancour in this respect carry away his better judgment, that he pronounces catholicity to be opposed to Christianity, and maintains that the paganism of the Chinese is preferable to the religion of men who doubted the propriety of leaving the solution of the mysteries of the New Testament to the untutored brains of tea-gathering savages. Mr. Gutzlaff's abhorrence of all things papal induces him to hazard a multitude of paradoxical aphorisms on the subject of religion. He lays down an axiom, and in the very next sentence demolishes it; asserts as a fact, what he forthwith hastens to prove a syllogism of his own; and ends, by leaving the reader to deduce an inference the reverse of the author's. It is to be regretted that a man, though a prey to petty sectarian prejudices, should be unable to divest himself of the feelings of an embittered polemic in the discussion of a nation's welfare. Mr. Gutzlaff has, it is true, accumulated much novel matter respecting the people among whom he has resided: he has told what he knows without any affectation of pedantry, and produced a very readable and instructive work; but he has also maligned a body of men, who, however mistaken in the peculiar form of their faith, were as good Christians as Mr. Gutzlaff, with a greater portion, we should hope, of that very necessary ingredient in the formation of a follower of the Redeemer—charity. This being the only objection of importance we have to make against our author, we deem it as well to do so at once, and thereby avoid the necessity of interrupting the tenor of the subjoined remarks.

All writers on the affairs of China, however they may differ in other respects, are unanimous in declaring that nation to be of very ancient origin. But that it existed anterior to the period from which we date the beginning of all things, is not only contrary to our received notions of things, but is contrary to fact. Chinese chronology is a subject about which little is or can be accurately known. But, if we regard the period preceding Confucius (B. C. 550) as altogether uncertain, we shall arrive near enough to the truth for all purposes of utility. The pretensions of the Chinese to an antiquity 4,000 years older than the Mosaic account of the creation, are based on the alleged superiority of their astronomers; though, notwithstanding all subsequent experience and intercourse with Europeans, they are still childishly ignorant on many essential points of this difficult science. Their cycle—we forbear giving the original unpronounceable names—consists of sixty years; their year of twelve lunar months of twenty-nine and thirty days each; and their day and night of twelve periods, each of two hours. Their calendar, as is usual with all oriental nations, is interlarded with much astrological nonsense.

From the earliest history, the Chinese regarded their own country as the only one properly so called in the world. All other nations were regarded with the utmost contempt, and indeed only suffered to exist by courtesy. The emperor was supreme lord of all created

things, and of the Chinese people the greatest of sublunary matter. European writers, influenced by the splendid account the celestial historians gave of themselves, took care to repeat their authorities, or to deny them *in toto*, and thus has China been alternately pictured a paradise and a pandemonium. Mr. Gutzlaff acknowledges himself indebted for the geographical knowledge of China contained in his book to the jesuits, who constructed the best maps. The superficial area is about 1,298,000 square miles. The defensive military resources of this vast empire have generally been supposed to be proportioned to its population and extent, but the great wall on the Tartar frontier, about which we have been always hearing so much, is wholly inadequate to resist modern tactics. On the east its ports are open to any petty maritime power, and the country through many of its rivers perfectly defenceless. China is intersected by an infinity of canals, all of which are connected with navigable rivers, so that the natural advantages in some measure compensate for the absence of an improving spirit. So extensive a kingdom must possess almost every possible variety of climate, but it is on the whole much colder than any western territory in the same latitude. The produce of its soil in variety and quality is inferior to that of Europe. Rice is the principal article of cultivation; fruit and vegetables are not numerous, and are all indigenous, owing to the jealousy of adapting any thing foreign. The potatoe is unknown to the natives, as is also our bread, though wheat is partially grown. Tea is not common to all provinces, though cultivated in many. China is the *beau ideal* for such of our politicians as regard machinery with horror. All things are performed among the celestial population by hand, and even the labour of horses and cattle of all descriptions is rarely resorted to. Little animal food is consumed, so that graziers are not very plentiful.

We have no inclination to particularise the names or peculiarities of the various provinces, cities, and towns. In stating the population at the enormous number of 367 millions it is our author's belief that the amount is under-rated. The Chinese are naturally a very prolific people; bachelorship is rare, and early marriages almost universal. "May you die childless!" is one of the bitterest anathemas a Turk can pronounce; and barrenness is regarded with equal abhorrence in China. The wants of the people being few, and their industry converting every spot of earth to account, population steadily increases, and the means of subsistence is afforded to all.

The will of the emperor is the law of the country. His most despotic enactments are designated paternal chastisements, and his most rigorous behests admonitory suggestions for the well-being of his children. There are censors appointed to investigate and report on his conduct, but his imperial majesty is seldom influenced by apprehension of their dissent. A prodigious revenue is devoted to the due maintenance of the dignity of the crown. The homage usually awarded to the Supreme Being is paid to the occupant of the throne. On court days the mandarins come to "*cow-ton*," literally "knock-head," whether the emperor be present or not. His majesty unites the office of high-priest to his temporal functions, intercedes with heaven when any calamities befall the nation, and has

himself celebrated in his daily Gazette. He seldom departs from the established laws of his ancestors, who as implicitly followed the decrees of their progenitors through ages; but if these enactments interfere with the will of the reigning monarch, a sufficient excuse to have them set aside is seldom wanting. From the throne downwards peculation and tyranny universally prevail. Several female members of the imperial family intermarry with Mongul chiefs, to bind the unruly tribes by ties of blood, and are pensioned for life from the Chinese treasury. All law proceedings are carried through a multitude of channels previous to receiving the emperor's assent. The capabilities of every functionary of the state is measured not by the superiority of his attainments, but by his intimacy with the writings of Confucius. All business is done by precedent, and the tendency of the people is to remain as their forefathers. No conservatives like the Chinese.

The government, or rather its head, employs an extensive police through all classes, so that the minutest action is observed and commented upon; every man believes his neighbour a spy, and consequently mutual distrust prevents an interchange of kindly feeling to a considerable extent. The standing army of the celestial empire is nominally more than a million, and the naval force numerically enormous. But cowardice is the principal characteristic of the Chinese belligerents, who are totally unacquainted with scientific warfare on either element. The soldiery resemble the ancient janissaries of the Ottoman empire, and are not solely dependent on their valour for the wherewithal to support life. So accommodating are the criminal laws, that a man who commits an error deserving of death is allowed to be hanged by proxy!

Theoretically every plebeian in the empire has the premiership in perspective; but, though there is no hereditary nobility, exalted station is seldom achieved without wealth. An absence of truth is common to almost all Asiatics, but the Chinese are particularly distinguished in this respect. Like most cowardly people, they are despotic when they can be so with impunity, and their capacity to endure punishment is equal to their alacrity in enforcing it. Coarse in their enjoyments, they are unaffected by the sight of distress. They are incapable of mental pleasure in this life, nor do they anticipate it in the next. To have enough to live on without toil, and to be the parents of male children, is all they desire; their ambition is satisfied by the exercise of any sort of official employment; and their proverbial industry ensures them against the horrors of *ennui*. Filial piety is their greatest virtue; hospitality is not rare, nor are they strangers to the courtesies of life. Women are regarded with true Eastern contempt, though intellectually they are equal to the sterner sex, were they afforded the means of cultivating their faculties. Conjugal fidelity is generally pretty well adhered to on both sides, though the marriages are for the most part conducted by negotiation, the bridegroom seeing his wife for the first time on the wedding day. Drinking wine out of each other's cups renders the ceremony binding for life. Second wives and concubines are allowable. Infanticide is perpetrated by the husband only; and the pretence made use of on

such occasions is, that a continuance of life would be to the disadvantage of the victim. Female children only are thus disposed of, though the destruction of males also is permitted.

There is an astonishing uniformity in the personal appearance of the Chinese throughout their vast empire. Their ideas of loveliness and ours are very far from being similar. With them corpulence in a male, and peculiarly diminutive feet in a female, constitute the essentials of beauty. Their features are principally characterised by an absence of expression; but still they are accounted handsome when contrasted with their hideous neighbours of Tartary. A Chinese stomach has prodigious digestive capabilities; the lower orders are far from being epicurean in their culinary propensities, but devour all things edible. They indulge in opium to the greatest excess, so long as the means of procuring it can be obtained; and the effect of this drug is equally demoralising and destructive to health as the most fiery alcohol. On the death of relatives the most extravagant demonstrations of grief are evinced by the survivors; the emperor mourns his parents three years, and his subjects follow his example in a corresponding ratio. Their domestic comforts are not enhanced by cleanliness; filthiness pervades every thing. Agricultural occupations are deemed less disreputable than mechanical pursuits. In the manufacture of silks, lackered ware, and embroidery, the Chinese greatly excel. Disdaining to improve, and strangers to machinery, they are now unable to compete with Europeans in porcelain, for which they were once so famous. The acquirement of their language is difficult in the extreme. Every district has its peculiar *patois*; even the natives are frequently unable to express themselves intelligibly to each other, without having recourse to writing. None of their standard works are comprehensible without a commentary; and as no one presumes to think different from his fathers, it is highly improbable that a material alteration will be effected for many years to come. Myriads of schools are established for the sole purpose of teaching the language, which being without a regular grammar, and the written essentially differing from the conversational phraseology, is only to be learned by years of indefatigable plodding.

Literature and science in the celestial dominions are unacquainted with the visits of the schoolmaster, and are consequently not particularly flourishing. Physicians treat all diseases on the supposition that the body is composed of five elements—water, fire, metal, wood, and earth; success, it may be reasonably supposed, is not a constant attendant on their prescriptions. In religious matters the Chinese are strangely remiss; it is not well known what they believe or what they deny. Confucius, their great theologian, did not question the existence of one Supreme, but he did not inculcate his worship, nor the immortality of the soul. In the ceremonies that are observed in China the most absurd superstitions are practised, but the performers therein do not seem to be cognisant of their meaning. Christianity is, however, gaining ground; and Mr. Gutzlaff anticipates the happiest results from its adoption. For historical details relative to innumerable dynasties, we are referred to the *Ming-she*, in sixty-eight volumes!

Perhaps there is no country in the world about which we know less than of China, and what we do know is much disfigured by error. It is almost universally believed in England that the Chinese have the greatest abhorrence of Europe, its customs and produce ; whereas, instead of shunning commercial intercourse with foreigners, they are most anxious to engage in it, though restrained to a certain extent by their rulers. A mercantile spirit pervades the whole nation ; no country in Asia carries on so large a traffic, or can boast of half so great a number of merchant craft. It would be futile to say to what an extent trade must be benefitted by throwing open its ports to the unshakled industry of British enterprise. The absurd laws of restriction in China counteract their own mischief, because opposed to the evident good of the many, and, as trade continues to increase, must daily become less and less potent ; perhaps no one act could confer a greater boon on English commerce than the opening of the India trade. A very few years will, we trust, exemplify the truth of this ; but in the mean time it behoves all interested in it to acquire the most authentic information respecting the people who, with ourselves, are we hope about to participate in the advantages of unlimited national intercourse.

LESSONS FOR THE LITERATI.

FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.

THE SWAN AND THE LINNET.

PIQUED at the linnet's song, one day,
The swan exclaimed, "Leave off, I say!—
Be still, you little noisy thing ;
What—dare *you* challenge me to sing,
When there's no voice, however fine,
Can match the melody of mine?"

(The linnet warbled on.) "D'ye hear?
This impudence may cost you dear.
I could, with one harmonious note,
For ever stop your squeaking throat ;
And, if I do not choose to try,
Respect my magnanimity!"

"I wish," at length, the linnet said—
"I wish to Heaven, the proof were made!—
You can't imagine, how I long
To hear that sweet and flowing song,
Which, though so rich by fame averr'd,
I know not who has ever heard."

The swan essay'd to sing, but—whew !
She screech'd and squall'd a note or two,
Until the linnet, it appears,
Took to her wings to save her ears.

'Tis strange, when some of learned fame,
Will prove their title to the name,
How oft the ill-placed praise they mar,
And shew the world what fools they are !

THE GOAT AND THE HORSE.

A GOAT, one day, was drinking in
 The music of a violin,
 Which, struck by some harmonious bow,
 Re-echoed from the vale below ;
 Enchanted—to the gentle sound
 Her feet kept time upon the ground.
 It chanced a certain horse was near,
 Whose head, thrown back, and prick'd up ear,
 Show'd that he likewise listening stood,
 Absorb'd and thoughtless of his food,
 Whom, on the music's lengthen'd rest,
 The goat, advancing, thus address'd :—
 " Hear you the sounds so soft that flow
 From yonder violin? then, know,
 Those strings did once the belly line
 Of a late dear-lov'd friend of mine.
 Oh ! may I hope as blest a fate
 Will at some time myself await !
 When my intestines too may please
 With cadences as sweet as these."

The nag turn'd round, and thus replied :
 " I think those strings from your inside
 You think so highly of, would be
 Of little value but for me.
 What but my tail the hairs affords,
 Which wake the else all-silent chords?
 The anguish which I underwent,
 I think no more of now, content
 To see how useful they are found
 In bringing forth so sweet a sound.
 But you—I think you have not said
 What pleasure *you* will feel when dead."

But authors thus, who vainly strive
 Applause to gain while yet alive,
 Trust to posterity for praise,
 And wear prospectively the bays.

THE MULE AND THE TRAVELLER.

FULL to the mouth with hay and corn,
 A hack-mule left the inn one morn,
 And ran as if a race to win ;
 The rider scarce could hold her in,—
 Not doubting he should soon alight
 Safe at his quarters for the night.
 Not far, however, had they gone
 Ere she began to flag—" Get on,"
 He said, " you can go if you will ;
 Tck !—tck !—come up !" the mule stood still.
 " How now ! come let us try the spur."
 He did—no use—she would not stir.

" Perhaps this switch may do her good."
 Slash—slash!—the beast seem'd made of wood.
 " I'm half afraid she'll try a fall,
 Or she's knock'd up—perhaps, that's all."
 Again he spurr'd—the curb he drew—
 When, on a sudden, up she flew—
 Kick'd right and left—curvetted—rear'd—
 And, as the traveller had fear'd,
 Finding his legs grasp'd tightly round,
 She tumbled with him to the ground.
 " You beast," the man was heard to say,
 As groaning on the earth he lay,
 " You who went on so well at first—
 Die of the glanders—and be curs'd!"

I'd never trust a mule—not I—
 That starts at once so friskily,
 And when I see an author, in
 A lofty-sounding style, begin,
 " Softly, good man! take care," I say,
 " Look to your paces all the way,
 Or, like the mule, you may be found
 At no great distance on the ground."

THE BEE AND THE CUCKOO.

A cuckoo, near a hive, one day
 Was chanting in his usual way,
 When to the door the queen-bee ran,
 And, humming angrily, began:—
 " Do cease that tuneless song I hear—
 How can we work while thou art near?
 There is no other bird, I vow,
 Half so fantastical as thou,
 Since all that ugly voice can do
 Is to sing on, cuckoo! cuckoo!"

" If my monotony of song
 Displeases you, shall I be wrong,
 The cuckoo answer'd—" if I find
 Your comb as little to my mind?
 Look at your cells—through ev'ry one
 Does not unvaried sameness run?
 Then if in me there's nothing new,
 God knows, all's old enough in you!"

The bee replied—" Hear me, my friend
 In works that have an useful end
 It is not always worth the while
 To seek variety in style;
 But if those works whose only views
 Are to give pleasure and amuse,
 Want either fancy or invention,
 They fail of gaining their intention.

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDFINCH,

A FABLE FOR BALLAD-MONGERS.

A GOOSE, with other poultry fed,
 Inhabiting a farm-yard shed ;
 So vile a bird was never seen,
 Her nest was litter'd and unclean :
 If she had eggs, 'twould sure befall
 She'd overlay and smash them all ;
 Or, if she ever hatched a brood,
 She let them die for want of food :
 Besides all this, from morn till night
 She ate with monstrous appetite,
 And yet, for all her stuffing in,
 She still was nought but bone and skin :
 To sell her for the smallest gain,
 The farmer having tried in vain—
 (For none to buy a beast was willing,
 That was not even worth the killing)—
 He turned her out, one dreary night,
 To seek her fortune as she might.

The goose, ere long, began to feel
 The want of her accusom'd meal,
 When, as she wander'd on, she heard
 The voice of a melodious bird,
 Who, with some others, sang a lay
 In honour of the dawning day.
 "Ha," mused the goose, "the thought will do—
 Why should not I turn singer too?
 No doubt my voice is sweet enough,
 And art, and science—are all stuff!"
 Waddling to where the songsters stood,
 She'd sing all day, she said, for food ;
 Spoke of her lonely voice, and then
 Gave a long hiss, as specimen.

A sober goldfinch was at hand,
 Who on that day had led the band :
 "Fool that thou art," he said, "to think
 Upon such terms, to eat and drink.
 What!—thou—a goose in ev'ry thing—
 Dare to presume with us to sing,
 Why there's no art, be what it will,
 Demands such genius and skill.
 Leave us to sing alone, I pray.
 And seek your food some other way."

How many without power or worth
 For any useful end on earth,
 When every other hope has past,
 Resort to poetry at last ;
 As if *that* only can dispense
 With talent, skill, and common sense !
 This tale to such may be of use—
 Let them take warning by the goose ;
 Consider what the goldfinch said,
 And seek some other way their bread.

R. A.

THE RED TARTANE;

A TALE OF THE SPANISH COAST IN 1760.

CHAPTER II.

THE guarda-costas followed the example of the Tartane by tacking and bearing up for the point as speedily as possible—certain that the Gitano could not have made much way on them. The Spaniards were anxious to have their chase again in sight, and gazed eagerly along the coast as it gradually opened to their view; but when at length they beheld the Tartane close under the rocky shore, nothing could exceed the astonishment both of officers and men—she had made at least twice the distance the most liberal imagination had allowed her. The seamen regarded her with wonder and distrust, attributing to supernatural aid her rapid progress; and the officers, unable to account for it in a more rational way, were strongly inclined to the same opinion, it being evident to all that without *other* than her apparent resources, it could not have been accomplished.

The Tartane, indeed, possessed a great superiority over the luggers in point of sailing; and the officers, who scrutinized her with the glass, declared she rode higher in the water and made greater way than she did before doubling the point; but even allowing the inference to be correct, that she had actually thrown overboard the heavier part of her cargo, still even that would by no means have enabled her to traverse so vast a space.

The lugger that had received the rover's fire, or "The Shrine of San Josef" as she was called, now exchanged signals during several minutes with "The Benediction of our Lady" (the second lugger), after which the helm was put up, and both stood off shore, with the hope of intercepting the Tartane ere she cleared the land, and for nearly half an hour the three vessels continued to maintain their present course, their relative positions changing in some degree in favour of the luggers, as, while they held on thus, they were steadily getting more to seaward of their chase. The rover was not long in perceiving this important advantage; putting his helm a-port, and hauling aft the sheets, he stood boldly across the bows of the Spaniards, until the Shrine of San Josef was scarce a mile distant.

The wind continued to blow a gentle breeze from the east; nevertheless it was extremely difficult for the Tartane to clear the land ere her superior enemy would intercept her, and on the near approach of the luggers she was compelled to resume her former course, the Spaniards still maintaining the advantage of being to seaward, but in a much less degree than before.

But, however rapidly she now gained upon the guarda-costas, sea-room had become too important to permit her long to continue this course, and the manœuvre already described was repeated this time with complete success; for though the Shrine of San Josef was sufficiently near to use her guns, the attempt to bring them to bear would have occupied too much time, as the Tartane, having now gained an offing, was standing boldly out to sea.

Gallantly, but hopelessly, did the Spaniards continue the chase until sunset, when the Tartane was several miles a-head. As night drew on she became more and more indistinct, and was finally lost sight of in the increasing darkness; in fact, during the last hour there had been more attention paid to certain indications abroad that were not to be despised, than the rover's vessel, there being every reason to believe that that scourge of these coasts, "the levant," was coming on to blow.

The levant is an easterly wind that blows with dreadful fury at particular periods; the waves do not, however, rise mountains high, its force being so great as actually in a considerable degree to level them with the ocean; but it requires the utmost care and attention on the part of the helmsman to enable a vessel to resist its terrific squalls. If the danger is great during the day, at night it becomes imminent, particularly when beating about near the coast, which in other respects is by no means safe, being surrounded by currents running at the rate of four or five miles an hour. * * *

It was now midnight; the levant blew somewhat less violently on the rocky coast of La Velda, than at the time of the memorable gale of 97, when every vessel anchored in Cadiz roads foundered; but it was nevertheless one of those tremendous gales during which seamen turn pale and believe in Providence.

The stars shone forth brightly; the waves dashing against one another, disengaged so many thousands of twinkling, blueish, phosphoric lights, as almost to illuminate this black and vast expanse of water; and but for the dreadful roaring of the wind, the scene would have been most splendid.

The two coast-guard luggers were tossing about almost at random on the angry element under reefed mizens alone, the unskilful Spaniards having taken in the gib, fore and mainsails, and lashed the helm; then becoming paralysed by fear, with incredible cowardice entirely abandoned the decks, the whole of both crews being below either at prayers, or, in the absence of a priest, confessing one another. Confession at sea! in the midst of a howling tempest—when the utmost exertion of human energy is necessary to escape from imminent death—when the waves break with headlong fury over the vessel,—when every moment part of the rigging is giving way,—when the masts bend and crack like reeds,—when a vast wave dashing over the deck, carries with it bulwarks, sails, and boats,—confession, we must allow, is but ill-timed then!

We have said the helm had been made fast on board both luggers, and with a total neglect of discipline and seamanship every soul had left their decks; the vessels were therefore left absolutely to their fate, which, with respect to one at least, soon proved to be sufficiently tragic. The Shrine of San Josef, from the angle her rudder formed with her keel, bore right down upon the stern of the Benediction of our Lady. The terrific shock started the stern-post, transom, and timbers with a most horrible crash, and caused her to spring suck a leak as rendered it extremely doubtful whether she could float even for another quarter of an hour.

The superstitious and miserable crew of the Shrine of San Josef, already in the utmost terror, were thrown into a state of consternation scarcely conceivable upon experiencing the concussion, and several minutes elapsed before even a boy could be compelled to mount on deck, from the thorough belief that possessed their minds of its having been caused by supernatural agency, and through the medium in some way of the accursed Gitano.

The boy crawling along the deck, soon perceived the bowsprit and cut-water were entirely carried away ; but, as fortunately the bows of a vessel are much stronger than the stern, the damage had happily ended here. Gazing a-head, he discovered the Benediction of our Lady scarce a half-pistol shot distant, the stern already under water, and the forecastle crowded with the crew. The captain of the sinking vessel shouted to him with all his force, holding his hands to his mouth to convey the sound stronger, but as he was unfortunately to leeward, the terrified boy heard not a word, and after regarding them with stupified wonder and fear for three or four minutes, he descended to make his report.

The captain on being informed of the critical situation of the other lugger, at once divined the cause of the fearful shock they had sustained ; and explaining it to the crew, he commanded all hands on deck. After some doubt and hesitation, the crew obeyed ; but when the captain, straining his eyes in every direction, sought the unfortunate Benediction of our Lady, she was no longer on the ocean !

* * * * *

An hour later, the wind blew with less violence, and the night was rather clearer ; the larboard watch was set on board the Shrine of San Josef, and an active seaman was placed at the helm, while they continued to run westward under close reefed fore and mainsails. They had held on steadily in this direction some time, when the looker out forward cried out sharply—"Sail on the starboard bow." The watch rushed immediately forwards, and perceived by the light of the lanterns the Tartane that they had chased the previous evening—the source of all their disasters—seemingly a mere hulk, riding entirely dismasted.

"God is just," shouted the captain Massareo ; "holy Virgin protect us ! At last, accursed wretch, I have thee, and dearly shalt thou pay for the death of our brethren ;" and notwithstanding the violence of the wind, he immediately issued the command to heave to, exclaiming to his lieutenant—"Jago, Jago, my second self, place the gunners at their pieces."

"Captain—I—"

"Why one would think you trembled, Jago."

"No, captain ; but the levant has made me a little nervous."

"It is well, Jago ; for I should be sorry to see my first-lieutenant trembling like an aspen leaf in a breeze. Brace up the main-yard ; we will take the wind of the Tartane, and rake her as we pass—the accursed dog !"

The worthy Massareo clenched his fist at the disabled vessel, which continued to ride silently, and without other motion than that caused by the waves.

"By our Lady! she floats like a buoy; but still I fear some diabolical stratagem," exclaimed Massareo—then glancing at the helmsman, he shouted, "Helm there! bring her to the wind—luff, man, luff, or we shall have to put about."

The *levant* had now sensibly diminished; and from the clouds that rapidly advanced from the horizon, and the shifting of the breeze, it was evidently drawing to the southward, while the night, which had been hitherto clear and fine, became almost suddenly thick and hazy. The form of the *Tartane* was somewhat obscured by the mist; but a light, placed apparently in the cabin, sufficiently denoted her position, while it threw the other parts of the vessel into greater gloom. Not the slightest noise could be detected on board, nor was a living creature to be distinguished upon her deck.

Captain Massareo, being now well to windward, bore down upon the *Tartane*, until within pistol shot: he then called for his lieutenant, but the latter believing the attack was about to comence, disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

"Jago," demanded the Captain.

"Señor captain," said a seaman, "the lieutenant is in the hold, to see to the distribution of the powder, by your orders."

"The fool! let him be brought on deck, dead or alive," exclaimed the angry captain.—"Alvarez, pass me the speaking trumpet."

Turning the enormous mouth of the instrument towards the disabled *Tartane*, he hailed her with "*Tartane, Tartane, ahoy!*" then placing his hand to his ear, he listened several minutes attentively, but without catching the slightest sound.

"Well, quarter-master, what heard you?" asked Massareo of Alvarez, somewhat surprised.

"Nothing, Senor Captain.—Hail him no more; but let us try him with a few round shot—that is an universal language he will be sure to understand."

"Peace! something appears to me to be moving in the bows;" and again, placing his speaking trumpet to his mouth, he shouted:—

"*Tartane, ahoy! send your boat a-board, or I sink you.*"

"Like cursed dogs, as you are!" muttered Alvarez.

"Silence, Alvarez! your tongue makes as much noise as a rusty pump-bolt; they may answer."

For the third time, Massareo hailed her—"Tartane, a—h—o—y! answer, or I fire."

This time, a prolonged sort of groan, unlike anything human, was heard, causing, while it lasted, a thrill of horror through the veins of the listeners. The blanched countenance of Alvarez was turned eagerly to his commander, as he exclaimed:—

"Captain, be advised; give him a broadside, and put about. By the fire of Saint Elmo, now dancing behind us, it will not be well for us to stay!"

"It is too much!" cried Massareo.—"San Paolo, pray for us!—Men, to your stations—port the helm—in the name of heaven, FIRE!"

The volley was discharged, and the flashes lighting for an instant the *Tartane*, threw upon the waters a bright reflection of light; and

when the whitish smoke had passed away, she was again seen dark and silent, the light in the stern being occasionally obscured by a form that passed and repassed in the cabin.

"Senor Captain," said Alvarez, "all the shot took effect; and, though the accursed vessel stirs not, I would swear there is some one on board."

"We will tack again," replied Massareo, "while you and I, with Peres, and that poltroon Jago, who, however, can counsel well, determine what shall be done." And putting about, the vessel ran gently eastward, while the four officers were deliberating.

Several plans were proposed and rejected; when the prudent Jago exclaimed:—

"With the protection of our Lady, here is what I would briefly advise:—arm the launch well, and send ten men quietly on board her; what think you, gentlemen?"

The others had thought of this plan too—the most reasonable that could be employed—but suspecting that he who proposed it, would naturally be charged with its execution, had carefully abstained from mentioning it.

The inconceivable temerity of Jago relieved them from this embarrassment, and with one voice they praised and extolled so excellent a proposition, the lieutenant seeing too late in what a dangerous position he had placed himself.

"Brother Jago," said Alvarez, "you are indeed a fortunate fellow! Such a chance of gaining promotion is not to be met with every day!" and humming a tune carelessly, he disappeared by the gun-room ladder.

"But," exclaimed the unhappy lieutenant, in the utmost confusion, "I did not say ——"

"You will have the best chance for boarding to starboard," said Peres; "to board to larboard is unlucky.—And this is what will probably happen:—You arrive within a boat's length—they fire;—you run alongside—they sink the boat;—you cling to the chains, and whatever you can lay hold of, to get on deck—very well; but while you are climbing on deck, other ports are unmasked, and you find yourself muzzle to muzzle, with a dozen of *tromblous évasés* crammed full of balls, nails, and iron, which, as you may suppose, give you the devil's own reception—killing three-fourths of the men you have left; those who remain, rush forward like wild cats, and fight man to man;—you are probably killed; but it will be gloriously, and that is sufficient.—Ah! why am I not in your place!" And with a profound sigh, the malicious Peres quickly disappeared down the gun-room scuttle.

"But, by the holy Virgin," exclaimed Jago, "though I gave this advice I did not intend to execute it myself, and as they envy my place——"

"No, Jago," interrupted Massareo, "as you have sown so you shall reap; this mission is yours by right, and you shall have it. The boat shall be well armed and manned, and you shall want for nothing; did not my station compel me to remain on board, you should not have commanded this expedition. Go, my son, and

behave as a brave man; God and your chief have their eyes upon you!" and taking the same road as the others he was moving off, when Jago, retaining him by the arm, exclaimed—"No, captain! no! I would sooner remain covered in church—not kneel to my patron saint—deny the holy sacrament itself, than go on board this accursed Tartane, where Satan holds his court in person. I—I——"

"Jago, my friend, I have the right of life and death over every man here who refuses to execute my orders," replied Massareo, taking up his pistols significantly from off the capstan. Having no other alternative Jago descended into the launch with the air of a man being conducted to execution.

The wind by this time had lulled considerably, allowing the fog to become extremely dense; the boat having received the lieutenant pushed off and was soon lost to the view of the lugger; nevertheless the position of the Tartane could be distinctly discerned from the light which was still visible through the mist, occasionally as before obscured by a passing form, but otherwise dim, motionless, and silent.

Anxiously did Massareo and the rest of the crew listen to learn if possible the reception their boat would meet with; twice the time necessary for it to reach the vessel elapsed without the slightest sound meeting their ears; already were they congratulating themselves on the peaceful issue of the affair, when a loud crashing noise, followed by a sharp rattling discharge of fire-arms, broke upon the still night air, and all was silent as before.



BOARDING AN ENEMY.

(FROM MISS SHERIDAN'S COMIC OFFERING.)

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

GRAND DOINGS AT WENTWORTH HOUSE.—It appears that Lord Fitzwilliam's eldest son, Lord Milton, is come of age; and that a splendid entertainment has been given in consequence of that extraordinary event.

Far be it from us to profane by the plebeian scratchings of our pen the aristocratic festivities recently in progress; particularly as one of the fourth estate has found a correspondent so poetical, and at the same time so precise—so figurative in language, and yet so evidently in full fig—so able and, withal, so willing—that were we rudely to attempt to snatch the glorious argument from his hands, it might haply be compared to the endeavour of a satyr to prig a posy from a sylph, or of a pork-butcher to take precedence of Mr. Rundell—in other words, it would be throwing swine before pearls.

Let us, however, admire, although we may not and cannot imitate—let us play second kit, although we cannot play first fiddle.

The correspondent thus describes the illuminated mansion:—

“Amidst the blaze of light which was poured forth from every part of the noble residence, the grand façade, and all its architectural auxiliaries, were seen with even more effect than in the open day. The entire darkness of the mass by which it was surrounded; and from out of which it seemed to spring, gave it the appearance of a fairy palace suspended in mid-air.”

This is truly poetical. We have heard of “castles in the air,” but they are usually built by persons who have nothing to eat, except the element on which they erect their habitations; but here we have a *bonâ-fide* brick and mortar leaping mansion—a palace with a pirouette—a vaulting villa. Only put bowels into the great master builders, and lights into Fishmonger's Hall, and you shall see that now stationary building spring over the Monument.

But the company is arriving; let us, therefore, get out of the way, and make room for the correspondent.

“Returning to the living throng, amidst the splendour of which all other thoughts became gradually absorbed, the approach to the illuminated mansion became more and more overpowering in its brilliance; every window in its extended front pouring forth a flood of light, and the effect of this being greatly heightened by the intense darkness of all the surrounding space, through which, however, could be descried from afar meteors flitting along one level line in pairs, marking the onward progress of interminable lines of carriages, nothing of which could be seen but the lamps, as beacons harbingering their approach.”

Why, this must really have been a grand scene! “meteors flitting along in pairs”—cheek-by-jowl, as it were—marking the progress of carriages, nothing of which could be seen but the lamps, as beacons.

Here, we confess, we are at a non-plus; were not these meteors the lamps which were now officiating as beacons? the meteors, it seems, flitted into the lamps, and the lamps erected themselves into beacons; which, unlike other beacons, were not contented to stand

still, but taking a hint from the springing mansion, reversed their functions; and harbingered the invisible carriages,—

“Anon the distant murmur swelled into more distinct and audible rumbling sounds, and these again were succeeded by the impatient pawing of the consciously proud and animated courser, who, like the war-horse of Job, seemed ‘to rejoice in his strength as he goeth on to meet the armed men—who mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted—who saith, among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting; whose neck is clothed with thunder, and the glory of his nostrils is terrible.’”

The correspondent here reaches the sublime—“audible rumbling sounds, succeeded by the impatient pawing of a courser, like the war-horse of Job.” Being impatient, he was not like Job, although, probably, a *job*-horse. This is, indeed, admirable—but not less so what follows:

“It was thus, when each striving for the mastery, some more bold or more fortunate than the rest, plunged through the contending waves, which ebbed and flowed, advanced and receded, with more and more sudden and violent oscillations as the goal was approached, and there stood panting; while the carriage door was thrown open, and rich liveries, and gay garments, and blazing gems, and nodding plumes, so mingled their hues together, as the various groups descended from their chariots, that one could almost commend the pride and exultation of the noble animals, who seemed to erect their necks and shake their manes with almost patrician dignity, at having borne so rich a freight of rank, and wealth, and beauty to the scene.”

We have no doubt that these noble animals really did feel the exultation ascribed to them by the correspondent; indeed we have authority for stating that, having deposited their fair charges, they collectively and individually burst into a horse-laugh, and walked off to their respective stables with *oat-a-catian* transformations of mouth.

“On ascending the spacious staircase,” says the correspondent, “there were seen the grave and elderly dowager, who advanced with solemn and stately step, as to a sacrifice; while young and blooming sylphs, impatient for the dance, seemed to bound from step to step, with the lightness and elasticity of the antelope, and wing their airy way past all competitors.”

Imagine the sacrificial dowagers hobbling along, while young and blooming sylphs, like *antelopes*, *wing their airy way past all competitors!* This were a fit subject for Edwin Landseer. But who were the competitors of the blooming sylphs—the grave and elderly dowagers? for we are not informed of any other candidates for the race; we do not wonder that the sylphs distanced the dowagers, particularly as the latter proposed to go at a sacrifice.

We conclude with a description of the noble host:

“At the entrance to the great saloon stood the noble Earl Fitzwilliam, just within the portal, turning to the right, where he received every guest who was announced, and with an almost timid and retiring, but at the same time with an evidently unaffected simplicity of manner, grave without severity, and kind without pretension, had some word of affability, and some look of welcome for every one who came.”

The discriminating spirit in which this last paragraph is written

would do honour to a Johnson.—“Timid and retiring, *but* grave without severity, and kind without pretension!” that is to say, alarmed but harmless, cordial but not conceited, serious but not savage.

Well, we *do* wonder how all these fine things are written; but it is marvellous how a penny a line, and all expenses paid, will brighten the faculties of correspondents!

ACUTE DISTINCTION—Among the marvellous discoveries made by the drunken committee in their late investigations, that touching the heinousness of the gin-palaces was the most momentous in the estimation of the inquisitors. Gin consumed by the blaze of a couple of gas lights was found to be of twofold the malignity of that swallowed by the light of a single burner; and stout vended from mahogany counters infinitely more pernicious than the same commodity drank from deal or oaken shopboards. A pretty barmaid tendering a coalheaver his tippie, brought more evil on the swarthy one than if she were fourteen stone, and didn't curl her hair; and doors swinging on patent hinges admitted vice with twice the facility it could enter through portals grating on rusty iron. A liquid found to be a genial stimulant when imbibed from dusky pewter proved hemlock juice if quaffed from chequered glasses; and every thing connected with the larger juniper temples partook of iniquity in the same ratio. This philosophic medium of magnifying vice by the colour of its garment is sufficiently indicative of the wisdom of the sages who undertake to think for the rest of mankind. Ordinary individuals deduce arguments from facts; but our wise ones discard this plebeian process. We should be glad to be told by what means a puncheon of gin drank at one house is a whit more noxious than if it were drank at ten in the same space of time. Gulliver was as effectually secured by the threads of the Lilliputians as if he were bound with a cable. One gin palace uproots half a dozen minor shrines of the fiery deity, and it says much for the taste of his votaries that they wish him worshipped “as befits a god,” though the sum total of their offerings be not increased. Drunkenness is a great evil; but if a man is a gin-drinker, tying his arms will not cure him of it.

HISTORIC MORCEAU.—Among the deaths of the month we find the following:—

“Lately at Amsterdam, at the age of nearly seventy, the celebrated poet Grinheus Von Loots, knight of the order of the Dutch Lion.”

What would the bearded compatriots of the illustrious dead think of us if they heard us avow our utter ignorance of the existence of the *celebrated* Von Loots? It is certainly no laughing matter for Grinheus' admirers that his immortality should be confined to Amsterdam; we were not aware that the portly burgomasters have lately taken to practical jokes, but assuredly this looks amazingly like an attempt to smoke us. A celebrated Dutch poet! we should as soon think of extracting harmony from a galvanized donkey as of

finding it in the spluttering of a piece of blubber from the Zuyder Zee. In twenty years hence some lout, on the authority of a newspaper obituary, will assign Loots a station in the fraternity of the inspired, though a tankard of sour beer, looming through his tobacco fumes, was the brightest vision he ever conjured.

METROPOLITAN ANOMALIES.—We are so rapidly losing our national characteristics of big headedness and absurdity in the growth of improvement, that were it not for some of the public functionaries indulging us with an occasional entertainment in the old vein, we should be almost sceptical of the whereabouts of our locality. The London magistracy are, we opine, fast resolving themselves into a class *sui generis*, whose principal trait is the setting at nought of all rules that apply to the rest of mankind. The past month, it is true, has been plethoric in singularities of all sorts, and the vagaries of our police luminaries were correspondingly erratic. Mr. Shutt of Marylebone recreated in a practical pun on his unique cognomen in excluding one of the fourth estates from beyond the sphere of his jurisdiction because he reported the oracle verbatim; the man of brevities was, however, shortly permitted to deposit his foolscap in his old post through the medium of Mr. Secretary Rice. Mr. Rogers, of Hatton-garden, was applied to respecting the removal of a most disgusting nuisance at Pentonville, whereby the neighbourhood was scandalized, and the thoroughfares rendered impassable—we mean the wax-work exhibitions of Steinberg's atrocities referred to in our last; but the expounder of "Burns' Justice" declared his inability to mitigate the grievance. By way of a set off to the foregoing, Mr. Chambers, of Marlborough-street, decided that a few itinerant raspers of catgut, whose discordant concord attracted no very select audience, were rogues and vagabonds. When the Duke of Devonshire gives a fête, the Piccadilly pedestrians are unceremoniously put to the rout., but "the perfumed chambers of the great" can not perceive the harm of anti-plebeian disagreeables. One of the Middlesex Solons, in giving his veto against a tavern-keeper's music license being renewed, expressed his conviction that "music and dancing always led to the demoralization of females!" Look to this, ye patronizers of the "light fantastic toe," eschew Fanny Elsler, and convert Almack's into something better than a treadmill.

THE TRUE TOUCHSTONE.—In the celebrated will case at the late assizes at Lancaster, which puzzled the collective wisdom of the big wigs of the northern circuit for a fortnight, nearly two hundred witnesses were examined. The facts elicited from such a host one may easily suppose would convict Solomon of being a jackass. Mr. Baron Bolland was examined, and expressed his thorough conviction of the sanity of the testator—and wherefore? The reader will probably imagine that the legal functionary taxed the penetrative powers of his deceased friend in the ramifications of a labyrinthian act of parliament. No; he tried him with an infinitely more subtle test. The worthy dispenser of justice, it appears, had perpetrated a collection of what he called "poems," and submitted *them* to the critical

tribunal of the testator. Now one may very readily surmise that it required no ordinary comprehension to understand the effusions of the man of precedent's muse—if he could understand that, he could understand any thing. The Baron naturally inferred that the brain that could digest his elaborations in rhyming, had little need of being over rigid in the reasoning. We regret to say that this view of the sapient deponent's argument was not taken, as the witness was never once asked what was the opinion of the testator. We regret this ; as there can be but one notion of the bardic excellencies of the learned Justice. We think there could not have been a better criterion for ascertaining the sanity or insanity of the will-maker than his criticism on the lawyer's sacrifice to the tuneful sisterhood.

“MAKING A LEG.”—An Emerald gem of the first water, named Norah Gaffney, who lives when at home at a public establishment maintained by the good people of St. Martin's, was, under a certain clause in a certain act, lately condemned to pay ten shillings fine as penalty for conveying three quarters of rum into her domicile, situate as aforesaid. It is no easy task to eschew the lynx-eyed guardian of the portals of St. Martin's—one so “consumedly” cognisant of stratagy would be invaluable in any of our foreign defensive positions. The captor of Norah announced to the magistrate that she had dexterously adapted a peculiar kind of bottle to fit inside her stockings, as to exactly resemble the calf of her leg ! “What will not the woman do who loves ?” Byron, it is said, fancied himself something of a prophet ! could he have had Norah in his eye when he wrote “She walks in beauty ;” or is our heroine the prototype of Moore's “Norah Creina, dear ?” But what are bards to Mrs. Gaffney now ? She was tried at Bow-street, and of course her measures were not found leg-all.

A TRITON OF THE MINNOWS.—London is occupying itself in talking about the site of a new house of parliament, and a sage at Liverpool has likewise ventured an opinion. This worthy individual fancies himself, and half a score Tories, to be the world, and declare they will have no parliament in London ! “What's the use ?” inquireth our astute friend—“why drag nine-tenths of the nobles and illustrious commons to the extremity of the island for the accommodation of lawyers and linendrapers who are senators ?” Now we would be sworn, this tilter with a bulrush is the seventh son of some tape-measurer from the Hebrides. Lawyers and linendrapers who are senators ! He stole the phrase from one of Hook's latest, and thinks it sounds mighty polite to echo the jejune puppyism. Here we have a specimen of the “killing genteel, retailing, fashionable slang,” with all the second-hand swagger of a milliner's foot-boy. “The true vulgar,” says Hazlitt, “are the *servum pecus imitatorum*—the herd of pretenders to what they do not feel, and what is not natural to them.” If the person of this unhappy scribe be no bigger than his wit, he deserves to be impaled on a knitting-needle for his pertness.

HOSPITALITY OF OLD ENGLAND.—Dining out has been the order of the month. Englishmen do dearly love a "spread;" and so, indeed, do Scotchmen, as they proved last month, and who, moreover, are by no means scrupulous about saying grace. Our City practitioners have read the various accounts of dinners with most unenviable feelings; their voracity has been whetted to an extraordinary pitch, and the 9th of November is most eagerly anticipated. The armour has been scoured as bright as a pot-lid, and already put out to be well aired, and the brewer's horses engaged. Gog and Magog have been fresh painted, and all smacks of preparation. We stumbled by hazard the other day on a book in which is extracted from the City records the following awful instance of municipal justice:—

"Nicholas Wyfford, an alderman, having neglected to line his cloak, which he ought to use in procession, therefore it is adjudged by the court that the Lord Mayor and aldermen should breakfast with him. This penalty is awarded on him as a punishment for his covetousness."

Let this be a warning to the dignitaries of the corporation in the forthcoming interesting ceremony. Let every man look to his gaberdine with the fear of the fate of master Nicholas Wyfford before his eyes. To those who in the pride of substance may treat lightly the visitation of a lord mayor and alderman to breakfast, we would reply with the anecdote of the late Dr. Baillie. In answer to his inquiries, one of his patients replied that he had "only a cold!"—"Only a cold, child!" said the doctor; "d'ye want the plague?" Corporation dinners are rare scenes for wagery—the learned remarks of magistrates yclept aldermen would furnish another edition of Joe Miller; indeed that celebrated work is mainly indebted to civic wit for its popularity. Who has not heard of Sir Willim Curtis, the life of corporation feasts? The humour of that illustrious individual was only equalled by a brother alderman, who, however, was a constellation of a lesser sphere; he twinkled at Norwich. Many anecdotes are extant of this worthy; it is said of him that when the late Duke of York returned from his campaign in Holland, he visited Norwich, and was of course addressed by the corporation.—"What family have you, Sir?" inquired the duke of the alderman, with his usual urbanity.—"Please your royal highness, I have three sons," returned the magistrate, "and they are all boys!"

Some member of the alderman's family having unfortunately fallen under his displeasure, he erased his name from his will; but time and the intervention of friends at last reconciled the old gentleman to the delinquent member, and he was reinstated in his forfeited position as regarded the legacy.—"Yes," said the old gentleman, in answer to an inquiring friend, "I have put the young dog again upon the list—I have added another *crocodile* (codicil) to my will this very morning!"

INDUSTRIOUS IDLENESS.—We find the subjoined in the newspapers. The research displayed by this German worthy must have excited the envy and admiration of our native calculators—curious students of Cocker, who enlighten mankind with the abstruse calculations of

the "united ages" of ancient parish paupers, or who fills up nooks of newspapers with the "important fact" of the relative proportions of births and deaths:—

"According to the *German Pædagogic Magazine*, there lately died in Swabia a schoolmaster, who for fifty-one years had superintended an institution with old-fashioned severity. From an average inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers has calculated, that in the course of his exertion he had given 911,500 canings, 124,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,100 boxes of the ear, and 22,700 tasks to get by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 600 kneel on a sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,708 hold the rod."

We hope not to be accused of a lack of charity in surmising that the learned gentleman who made these "recorded observations," was not unfrequently associated with the illustrious 5,000 who figured in the above interesting list.

Here is another elaboration from the pen of one of those erudite worthies deep in the genealogy of learned pigs, mermaids, and kings of the Canary Islands, and profound on apple-trees in untimely blossom:—

"The *Whitehaven Herald* says:—There was left at our office yesterday, one of the most remarkable specimens of that useful root, the potatoe, which ever fell under our notice. This extraordinary tuber was grown on the estate of Mr. John Grindale, of Bootle Fell Side. It is of the kidney species, and its girth the long way is 44 inches, and round the middle 25 inches. Its weight, when first taken up, was three pounds, and to add to the wonder, it is one complete well-formed potatoe, and is not, like many other large specimens of the same plant, formed by a conglomeration of several contiguous roots united to each other."

The cranium of the chronicler and the pulpy phenomenon he records, we suspect to be one and the same kidney. They are both "large specimens of the same plant," and it is a pity to disturb the "conglomeration" of the "contiguous roots." Mr. John Grindale, of *Bootle Fell Side*, may well exult in the pride of possessing such a TUBER; but *Bootle Fell Side* has equal reason to rejoice in its historian.

BOASTED TORY INCONSISTENCY.—The late number of *Blackwood* contained a long article entitled, "The Austrian Government in Italy." We will not waste the time, or uselessly revolt the feelings of our readers, by the exposure of this disgusting tissue of falsehood and misrepresentation, founded entirely on a work of that miserable profligate, Dal Pozzo, whose whole work, even from the very title, "*The Happiness of Italy under the Austrian Government*," is the expression of sentiments the most directly at variance with his real ones—an eulogy on a government that he hates in his heart with the most perfect hatred, and would take any means to overturn. We content ourselves with simply referring the reader to the number of the same magazine for July, 1830; where the head of this same government is designated as "*the most double-minded and perfidious minister that ever existed*—one who will take a crooked path from his pure

love of fraud, *even when he could attain his object as easily by a straight one ;*" and his representative in England, Lord Aberdeen, is held up to public reprobation as a politician of the same school. Whether the writer of the two articles is the same, we cannot say ; it is enough that the management was precisely the same then as now ; and this much is certain, that it was the identical person who wrote that, (the "Silent Member") that afterwards, when the Reform Bill came on, endeavoured to frighten the king with the idea that the fate of Louis XVI. awaited him, if he granted it. And the writer himself of the late article has the effrontery, in the very same place, to designate the narrative of Pellico as "affecting and beautiful," giving it even a merit that does not belong to it, for it neither is nor affects to be *beautiful : affecting* indeed it is ; and for this sole reason—that it holds up to the *strongest possible* abhorrence that same system, and those same individuals, that this writer would hold up to our estimation—and that, too, after having formerly denounced the head of it as a "monster of duplicity and perfidy !" Such is the consistency of men whose sole end and aim is the advocacy of a party !

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH.—At an inquest held lately in Surrey on the body of a female pauper, some delay arose in consequence of the jury having to inspect a certain apartment referred in the evidence of the witnesses. One of the "twelve good men and true" availed himself of the interruption to wend his way homewards, being somewhat more interested in the fate of a couple of partridges preparing for his dinner than in that of his duty. An officer of the coroner was forthwith sent after the delinquent jurymen, whom he found despatching his prey. The gourmand threatened vengeance against any intruder, and denied him (as the functionary elegantly expressed it) even "a sniff" of the winged victim of the inquisitor's voracity. The delinquent having terminated, repaired to his incensed superior ; but instead of feeling that universally benevolent and philanthropic suavity which is said to pervade most men when certain umbilical symptoms are assuaged, defended the propriety of his action, and declared his repugnance to the doctrine that would inculcate attention to the defunct in preference to the living. The coroner, overcome, we imagine, with the novelty of the logic, yielded the contest. We suppose that the old system of starving a verdict out of a jury may henceforth be looked upon as exploded. We have long been inwardly persuaded the opinions of men are regulated by their appetite ; who can expect public virtue to resist a brace of roast partridges ? many men have fallen before a devilled kidney ; no man is perfect. Had the jurymen above been thwarted in his repast, we have no hesitation in saying that he would have pronounced "wilful murder" against the first well-fed witness who appeared.

NOTES ON CABINET AFFAIRS.

WITH the exception of the Guerillada, in the mountains of Navarre, such is the political quietism of our European continent, that were the Abbé St. Pierre to rise from the dead, he would imagine that his impracticable chimera, *la paix perpetuelle*, was at last realized. —Louis Philippe retiring from the scene of his *roueries telegraphiques*, and his *jacqueries politiques*, and surrounded by his recently organized guard of *dandi mouchards*,* has been entertaining a select few at Fontainebleau. The entertainments of the monarch were on a scale of economy that would have delighted even Joseph Hume himself; at the end of three days it was politely intimated to each visiter that his apartment is required. Frederick William of Prussia has been passing his time in a way that cannot fail to accelerate the march of civilization and philosophy in his states. Sometimes reviewing his guards, at others corresponding with the *Ecole de l'Etat Major* at St. Petersburg, on the subject of the new uniform recently introduced into the army of the autocrat. The critical acumen of the successor to the great Frederick still exhibits that consummate knowledge of the tailoring art, which so elicited the admiration of George the Fourth, and the contempt of Napoleon. Francis of Austria is fast verging on dotage, and leaves the sole direction of the affairs of his empire to the arch-chancellor, Metternich. In Old England political gastronomy has been so much the order of the day, and ministers of every hue, past, present, and future, have been gormandizing to such a degree, that poor Namick Pacha, the Turkish ambassador, could scarcely recognize some of his former friends in the well-fed and portly host of embroidered coated gentlemen at the last levee. Namick is quite a dandy Turk, sports a well-padded and richly embroidered coat, *à la Prussienne*, and fixed spurs of the most approved pattern. It was Namick's glowing description of oriental life that first raised in the mind of our accomplished Foreign Secretary certain cravings for the governor-generalship of our Indian empire. We understand that the chief object of this Ottoman plenipo's mission relates to the possession of the port of Anapa. "Baccallah! massallah!" exclaimed Namick, at his first conference in Downing-street, "since the Muscovite dogs have taken Anapa from us, the black-eyed houris of Georgia and Circassia no longer gladden the hearts of the faithful!"

Nothing, they say, has more completely opened the eyes of our Foreign Secretary to the gigantic strides with which the Russian autocrat is pushing forward the consummation of his ambitious designs, than the falling off in the supply of the harems of Constantinople. Whether it will lead to a more decided course of policy on the part of this government in the affairs of the East, time alone will show;

* The joke (we suppose it can only be considered as such) is at Paris, that the king employs many young men, dressed in the extreme of fashion, to frequent public places, and bring him private intelligence. The Parisians call them "Dandi Mouchards."

but certain it is, that in the regions of Downing-street alone does any ignorance prevail of what Russia is at present doing in that quarter of the globe. First then, she is at this moment establishing depôts and magazines in Bulgaria, along the line of march of her legions to Constantinople. She retains Silistria, by which she commands the line of the Danube. She has established a military route through the principalities, that will enable her rapidly to transport her barbarian hordes to the objective point of her theatre of operations on the Turkish frontier, and which, in her former wars with Turkey, used to cost her a campaign to perform. Her arsenals on the Black Sea are resounding with the din of warlike preparations; and the Crimea is crowded with troops, all panting for an "*en avant*" movement on the Turkish capital. The Dardanelles, fortified by her engineers, laugh to scorn the hostile demonstrations of the fleets of England and France.—The autocrat has only to give the signal, and the empire of Mahomet will cease to exist.

Hitherto the policy of the Russian cabinet has been studious to avoid giving umbrage to this country. Sure of arriving at her ends by the common course of events alone, Russia was far too wary to provoke the chances of a struggle in which she knew too well she must be worsted, and thus retard to an indefinite period the conquest of Turkey.

Here, then, we have the secret of her policy—the key of that magnanimous forbearance which so elicited the admiration of my Lord Durham. Let not the people of this country continue to hug the long-cherished fallacy of the disinterested forbearance of Russia; her resources are likewise increasing, and her energies are devoted to the consolidation of her means. At the late inauguration of the Alexandrine Statue at St. Petersburg, 100,000 picked troops defiled before the emperor: during the last summer the Russian Baltic squadron consisted of eighteen sail of the line, besides frigates; nine more were getting ready, and in a state of great forwardness. Preparations like these certainly do not betray any want of money. We, at the present moment, have no such fleet. In the present state of our dock-yards it would take us some time to fit out such a squadron. What is the event of a rupture? A fair wind would, in a very few days, bring down to the mouth of the Thames, or entertain the world with a spectacle not often seen in latter times, *the blockades of Portsmouth or Plymouth!* Circumstances, however, have arisen, which may force the Russian Cabinet to deviate from its Fabian policy. Count Matucewitz, who, while hunting at Melton, remarked with a searching eye the march of affairs in this country, lately wrote to his imperial master, that Ministers would be unable to maintain their ground without a large infusion of more radical elements into their body. This has greatly alarmed the autocrat; for such a ministerial composition, he feels, would be favourable to a *guerre de propagande*, the effects of which might ultimately reach Russia itself, where great discontent at present exists among all classes. Nicholas, therefore, is about to proceed to Berlin, to try once more his influence upon his father-in-law, Frederick-William—to urge him again to rush into a fierce crusade against the spirit of

the age, which once already nearly cost him his crown. The visit of the Russian autocrat has, however, been retarded by a circumstance which will convey to our readers a just idea of the immense *materiel* of war he had at his disposal. We allude to the burning of the manufactory of arms at Toulâ, in which was consumed one million stand of arms! Such a loss, and at a moment when the emperor is so convinced of the necessity of giving an *external direction* to the spirit of discontent which exists in his dominions, has greatly embarrassed the Russian Government. Upwards of 6,000 workmen were employed in this manufactory, which produced annually 17,000 firelocks, 6,000 to 7,000 pair of pistols, and 16,000 sabres and bayonets.

While the magnitude of this establishment conveys to us the most favourable ideas of Russian industry, its destruction is another evident proof of the iron despotism of her ruler. It was destroyed by the very workmen themselves in the hopes of emancipating themselves from the tyrannical system in which, from generation to generation, they have dragged on a miserable existence since the first days of its foundation. Although upwards of 6,000 men were employed, not one was competent to manufacture any entire arm of any description, it being, by this complete division of labour, the policy of the government to retain them in more complete subjection. If a vent for the smothering elements of discontent be not found beyond the frontier, Russia will soon be the scene of a tremendous *boulversement*.

We are not of that class of politicians that would wish to represent the Austrian government or any other in the most odious light possible, and therefore to exaggerate its evils, or diminish its merits. We wish to exhibit the simple truth, and are much less solicitous to give "the whole truth" than "nothing but the truth." We shall gladly record, can such ever be found, any instance of beneficence or generosity on the part of that government; and in the mean time, so far from wishing to exasperate the Italians against it, we would wish to impress upon them a sense of whatever immunities they do enjoy, and to be patient under the ills they endure. It is not political freedom that Italy chiefly wants at present; it is freedom of the mind, such freedom as was enjoyed by the early Christians under the Roman emperors—a situation exactly similar *externally* to that of the Italians. Until they have gained this, until "the truth has made them free," national independence would scarcely improve their condition, and they have no reason to regret the failure of the monstrous attempt to transfer the government from Austria to the Duke of Modena, the most wicked despot in all Europe, and happily also the least. But much as he is mortified at the extreme smallness of his territory, he would probably prefer even that to a much larger, which he could only keep by good government; and, therefore, it can scarcely be doubted that had this plot succeeded, the condition of the Italians would have been worse instead of better.

We shall always be found willing to acknowledge to its fullest extent all that is good in either the Austrian government, or indeed any other; and we have pleasure in stating that towards its own subjects

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Here, then, we have the secret of her policy—the key of that magnanimous forbearance which so elicited the admiration of my Lord Durham. Let not the people of this country continue to hug the long-cherished fallacy of the disinterested forbearance of Russia; her resources are likewise increasing, and her energies are devoted to the consolidation of her means. At the late inauguration of the Alexandrine Statue at St. Petersburg, 100,000 picked troops defiled before the emperor: during the last summer the Russian Baltic squadron consisted of eighteen sail of the line, besides frigates; nine more were getting ready, and in a state of great forwardness. Preparations like these certainly do not betray any want of money. We, at the present moment, have no such fleet. In the present state of our dock-yards it would take us some time to fit out such a squadron. What is the event of a rupture? A fair wind would, in a very few days, bring down to the mouth of the Thames, or entertain the world with a spectacle not often seen in latter times, *the blockades of Portsmouth or Plymouth!* Circumstances, however, have arisen, which may force the Russian Cabinet to deviate from its Fabian policy. Count Matucewitz, who, while hunting at Melton, remarked with a searching eye the march of affairs in this country, lately wrote to his imperial master, that Ministers would be unable to maintain their ground without a large infusion of more radical elements into their body. This has greatly alarmed the autocrat; for such a ministerial composition, he feels, would be favourable to a *guerre de propagande*, the effects of which might ultimately reach Russia itself, where great discontent at present exists among all classes. Nicholas, therefore, is about to proceed to Berlin, to try once more his influence upon his father-in-law, Frederick-William—to urge him again to rush into a fierce crusade against the spirit of

the age, which once already nearly cost him his crown. The visit of the Russian autocrat has, however, been retarded by a circumstance which will convey to our readers a just idea of the immense *materiel* of war he had at his disposal. We allude to the burning of the manufactory of arms at Toul, in which was consumed one million stand of arms! Such a loss, and at a moment when the emperor is so convinced of the necessity of giving an *external direction* to the spirit of discontent which exists in his dominions, has greatly embarrassed the Russian Government. Upwards of 6,000 workmen were employed in this manufactory, which produced annually 17,000 firelocks, 6,000 to 7,000 pair of pistols, and 16,000 sabres and bayonets.

While the magnitude of this establishment conveys to us the most favourable ideas of Russian industry, its destruction is another evident proof of the iron despotism of her ruler. It was destroyed by the very workmen themselves in the hopes of emancipating themselves from the tyrannical system in which, from generation to generation, they have dragged on a miserable existence since the first days of its foundation. Although upwards of 6,000 men were employed, not one was competent to manufacture any entire arm of any description, it being, by this complete division of labour, the policy of the government to retain them in more complete subjection. If a vent for the smothering elements of discontent be not found beyond the frontier, Russia will soon be the scene of a tremendous *bouleversement*.

We are not of that class of politicians that would wish to represent the Austrian government or any other in the most odious light possible, and therefore to exaggerate its evils, or diminish its merits. We wish to exhibit the simple truth, and are much less solicitous to give "the whole truth" than "nothing but the truth." We shall gladly record, can such ever be found, any instance of beneficence or generosity on the part of that government; and in the mean time, so far from wishing to exasperate the Italians against it, we would wish to impress upon them a sense of whatever immunities they do enjoy, and to be patient under the ills they endure. It is not political freedom that Italy chiefly wants at present; it is freedom of the mind, such freedom as was enjoyed by the early Christians under the Roman emperors—a situation exactly similar *externally* to that of the Italians. Until they have gained this, until "the truth has made them free," national independence would scarcely improve their condition, and they have no reason to regret the failure of the monstrous attempt to transfer the government from Austria to the Duke of Modena, the most wicked despot in all Europe, and happily also the least. But much as he is mortified at the extreme smallness of his territory, he would probably prefer even that to a much larger, which he could only keep by good government; and, therefore, it can scarcely be doubted that had this plot succeeded, the condition of the Italians would have been worse instead of better.

We shall always be found willing to acknowledge to its fullest extent all that is good in either the Austrian government, or indeed any other; and we have pleasure in stating that towards its own subjects

(those of Austria Proper), it is, if not a good, yet far from a positively bad government; and, were its influence confined to its proper dominions, we should have no fault to find. But in its foreign policy, in its attempts to influence other nations, it must be still regarded by all civilized Europe in the same light as in the time of Gustavus Adolphus. Whenever indeed it will renounce that policy, as England and France have renounced *their* former policy (that of monopolising, the one the whole of the sea, and the other the whole of the land), then it may take a friendly place unmolested among the nations of Europe. But there can be no hope for this during the life, that is the administration, of its present head; one whose invariable motto has been, "Evil, be thou my good!" will not be reclaimed at the end of his life—"he will die in his sins." But there is reason to hope that the better spirit which is now taking root in Prussia, Baden, and many of the German states, and which was once springing up in Austria itself under Joseph II, will, when the present profligate minister is called to his account, gradually penetrate into Austria itself; and, without probably altering the form of either its government or religion, alter the spirit of both, by making both a system of light instead of darkness—of extended justice and beneficence, instead of fraud, oppression, and malevolence.

THINGS THEATRICAL.

THE lovers of the legitimate drama cannot, of a certainty, complain. Commencing the season with the revival of *Coriolanus*, was a fair pledge of the intention of the lessees of the larger theatres to put it in the power of the public to prove their love for the national drama, about which so much has been said lately; and he has followed up *Coriolanus* with several of Shakspeare's best plays, namely, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Henry VIII*, and *King John*—in all of which Mr. Vandenhoff has sustained the hero. We spoke of the general excellence of this gentleman's acting a month or two since, when he was performing at the Haymarket, and are glad to offer a more decided opinion upon his merits, now that he is in a situation more worthy his genius. The representative of the Roman heroes expired with the retirement of John Kemble; and we hail with pleasure their resuscitation in the person of Mr. Vandenhoff. His *Coriolanus* is a splendid portrait of Roman dignity and patrician pride,

"Ere Roman virtue dwindled to a name."

His representation of this character, so magnificently portrayed by the great dramatist, identifies it with the *Coriolanus* of history. His *Hamlet* is likewise an elegant and classical personification, and, taken as a whole, the most perfect representation the stage can boast. The great merit of this gentleman's style is consistency—he forms a bold, just, (and frequently original), conception of the character he has to represent; he never sacrifices his judgment to a vitiated taste for applause, but adheres to his original design, following in this the

advice of the best critics, both ancient and modern. We do not hesitate to say that it will be in the creations of Shakspeare's mind, which demand in their representative every variation of thought, feeling, and passion, that Mr. Vandenhoff will soon be acknowledged the first actor of the day.

The greatest novelty during the month at the large theatres has been a trans-atlantic importation of a six-foot young lady, named Miss Clifton, who, in one respect at least, is something out of the ordinary way, being to all appearance half a head taller than the rest of her sisters of the sock and buskin. She has, however, another very great recommendation—that of perfect intrepidity, and a readiness to perform her part, whatever it may be, in a bold business-like manner. Miss Clifton is, perhaps, the fittest *prima donna* for such a sized stage as ours, having a faultless figure, and sufficiently good looks to shew well enough at such a distance without the aid of a telescope. She is plainly an actress of the mechanical class, and does not seem to wish to be thought any thing more. This, to any one who has an exclusive fondness for nature and simple passion, is a fatal objection; but probably will not be such to the public, who seem to shew very little taste for those qualities. The dull tragedy of Bertram has been revived. The play possesses scarce a single merit, but a very pompous and full-sounding versification. Some sort of pleasure or admiration, however, it did seem to give, since Mr. Denvil was most vociferously applauded through the whole of his performance, and as loudly called for at the end, which he had the sense to refuse. He gave indeed abundant proofs of the possession of very uncommon powers; but the whole representation was, perhaps necessarily, of that artificial character which we must own ourselves utterly incapable of appreciating.

The English Opera has proceeded triumphantly. John Barnet's music appears never to tire, and it is only withdrawn for a time to allow fair play to others. Mr. Serle has produced a little piece of considerable interest, called *The Widow Queen*, in which he played the principal character with great success. We are happy to say that Mr. Arnold's exertions in favour of British talent have been amply rewarded by full houses since the commencement of the season.

The Adelphi has opened without any very great *eclat*. Mr. Buckstone has availed himself of a comic paper which appeared in our magazine some few months since, called the "*Bloomsbury Christening*," to build a farce upon, which he likewise calls *The Christening*. Our pages seem to be pigeons which every dramatist thinks he is at liberty to pluck without leave or hindrance. The *Monthly* has furnished no fewer than seven dramas, performed at various parts of the town during the past year, without our having received from any one of the talented concocters a single note of acknowledgment. We are not aware that there is any law to prevent such appropriation, neither do we consider it necessary that there should be; but we do think that those who condescend to appropriate the ideas of others to their own gain ought in common courtesy to ask permission of the author.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL FOR 1835. LONDON: CHURTON, 1834.

OF all the Annuals, past, present, and to come, commend us to the one before us. Nothing can be more exquisite than what is technically termed the "getting up" of this volume; and the letter-press, from the pen of the Rev. Hobart Caunter, is at once instructive and agreeable.

It is, we perceive, the intention of the proprietors to continue this work in yearly volumes, every three forming a distinct series. The Annual of last year described Madras; the present is occupied by Calcutta; and the third will describe Bombay.

The real worth of anything consists in its intrinsic value. Subjected to this test, how few of the "gilded toys," called Annuals, would be permitted to retain their splendid binding, and their unmeaning and miscellaneous plates! We do not desire to see so much fugitive literature clapt into a rainbow-jacket, and impeded in its course to oblivion; but a book of popular pretensions, whether in the illustration of history, or the advancement of polite literature. We would be elevated, delighted, or instructed; and not merely amused;—in a word, to speak in commercial phrase, we would have "a good article."

Mr. Caunter has executed his portion of the book in a very satisfactory manner. We are glad to perceive that he has not been led away by the magnificence of his materials from that simplicity and straight-forwardness of style, which a more ambitious author might perhaps have deemed appropriate, if not indispensable. We must confess that we are too far north to relish these Oriental vagaries of language; and we are content to be led where

———"the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,"

without insisting that our conductor shall undergo the painful contortions of an Indian juggler.

The plates, which are twenty-two in number, are from drawings by Daniell. The subjects are varied and well-chosen, and they have been engraved in the very first style of the art. The name of Daniell is a sufficient guarantee of their fidelity and truth; and, at the same time, a satisfactory assurance of their excellence.

We are reluctantly compelled to postpone our notices of the annuals till next month, when we intend to devote some space to them. "Friendship's Offering" and "The Forget Me Not" are among the best, and Miss Sheridan's "Comic Offering" maintains its reputation among the side-shakers.

FRENCH CHIT CHAT. BY J. N. VHILAND. MATCHETT, NORWICH.

THIS is a very useful work, and will be found deserving of the most unqualified praise. A series of phraseological exercises in the French language will be most beneficial to the student in the midway of his progress, and will amply reward the pains of a serious attention; if more advanced, they will furnish entertaining and instructive themes to occupy his leisure hours. The French charades, the explanatory dictionary, and addenda of idioms, are likewise highly valuable. We earnestly hope, therefore, that this work will meet with encouragement in private families and schools, commensurate with its merits; and to them we confidently recommend it.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF THE LATE R. J. CARRINGTON.
EDITED BY HIS SON. 2 VOLS. LONDON, 1834.

THE admirers of Carrington—and they are many—will hail with satisfaction the appearance of these two neat volumes, in which the works of the deceased poet are now, for the first time, collected. They are preceded by an interesting and well-written biographical preface, from the pen of his son, which does equal honour to both.

It were entirely a work of supererogation to discuss the merits of Carrington's poetry. Within the few years that have elapsed since the appearance of "Dartmoor," ample justice has been done to his claims by contemporary journals. Indeed, were we asked to point out an exception to the exercise of gross partiality, vehement injustice, or deplorable ignorance, which our modern critics severally exhibit, we should point to these poems as a slight palliation of the enormities in other cases so frequently perpetrated.

Without possessing any very striking originality of thought, or much felicity of language, the poetry of Carrington is altogether free from those meretricious aids, and that false splendour of diction, which disfigure the works of some others of more genius than himself. Entirely without pretension or effort at display, it appeals to the worthier feelings and passions of our nature. If we do not discover a philosophical, we, at least, meet with the results of a benevolent and a cultivated mind.

We are sincerely rejoiced that the editor has at length felt himself compelled by the numerous inquiries for this publication, to lay it before the public.

At this time of the year, when so many book-presents are made, we are certain that no better choice could be formed in the selection of an appropriate and a valuable present to the youth of both sexes, than these volumes; which are, at once, calculated to improve and to elevate the mind.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND. BY P. L. GORDON, ESQ. 2 VOLS.
LONDON, 1834.

WE see "Belgium and Holland," on the title, and "Sketches of Belgium and Holland," on the first page of these volumes. The latter is the more appropriate name. In truth, these volumes, though in the main amusing, are better adapted as a guide to the traveller, or the family preparing to settle in the Netherlands, than valuable for their information to the resident at home. The style of Mr. Gordon is pleasing, and there is a minuteness of detail in minor matters, shewing that he has observed closely what he professes to describe.

But there is also a great portion of the book which merely contains what has been told many times before; and the sketch of the Revolution in 1830, would be subject to the imputation of being out of place, were it not too brief and meagre to justify us in picking a quarrel with it.

W. HOWITT'S ABRIDGMENT OF HIS *Popular History* OF PRIEST-CRAFT. LONDON: E. WILSON, 1834.

THE author of the volume, of which a *professedly* self-executed abridgment lies before us, begins very appropriately and consistently with a preface, abusing two persons who have together reduced the size and price of his original history. We take no part in the dispute; but of one thing Mr. Howitt has convinced us, that his cupidity is as decided as his malice. He would have full liberty indiscriminately to revile and insult a large and meritorious body of men, and to pander to the malevolence of others; but

he must also have to himself exclusively all that is *to be got* by so doing; reviling a class of men at this time, comparatively defenceless, may be very dastardly; but friend Howitt knoweth that it is very profitable, and he is sorely wrath against John Cleave for having intercepted a portion of his anticipated gains. The gall of bitterness is so very lucrative an article, that Quaker prudence will not allow him to suffer an invasion of his monopoly. It has been a moot point with many moralists, whether "*disinterested*" malevolence could exist; the great Butler argues that it cannot; it is his opinion—that pure, unmixed ill-will is impossible; our previous notion of his wisdom has been confirmed by the anatomisation of the venomous and venal vituperator who has scribbled the book yclept a "*History of Priestcraft*." Mr. Wormwood Howitt cannot deceive himself as to his own motives, he has too much self-knowledge for that; but he may foolishly imagine he can make a large portion of the world think him a man of injured merit; and that the many will impute the anger and contempt he provokes to a sense of the truth of his strictures and alarm for the effects apprehended from his writing. We will undeceive Mr. Howitt: the people are not so blind as he supposes, and wishes them to be, to his real character, the sordidness and spiteful recklessness of which are now rendered apparent. We can speak for others as well as for ourselves, both as to the original and the ultimate impression made concerning the author of this delectable history, and that, too, among men who are not at all disposed to be the servile flatterers of the priesthood—who, like ourselves, "would blame them when we must, and praise them when we can." It was thought at first to spring solely from hatred and envy; the desire of pelf is now fully believed to have been the greatest consideration in prompting the composition. The disgust which Mr. Howitt excites arises not from a besotted and undue partiality to the reverend gentlemen of the established church, but from a laudable distate for calumny. With a qualified approbation of the clergy, and a determination to oppose any encroachments of ecclesiastical ambition, we cannot applaud malignant vilification merely because directed against them by those who are instigated by the hope of gain, and the desire to annoy and harass; and so farewell, W. Howitt, L.S.D.

DISQUISITIONS ON THE ANTI-PAPAL SPIRIT WHICH PRODUCED THE REFORMATION; ITS SECRET INFLUENCE ON THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE IN GENERAL, AND OF ITALY IN PARTICULAR. BY GABRIELLE ROSETTI. TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY MISS CAROLINE WARD. LONDON, 1834.

IF extent of knowledge, depth of research, and ingenuity of thought could impress on a work the stamp of worth, little could be advanced in doubt of the value and importance of the book before us; but in this instance, the fertility of the author's imagination, and the excess of ingenuity displayed in his theory, are themselves sources whence spring doubts of the correctness of his views. One of the chief purposes of his general design is to show that the Reformation was the effect of causes remote in their origin and gradual in their operation; that the spirit of protestantism pervaded the breasts, and actuated the conduct of the wise, the great, and the good; for ages its trumpet was sounded, and its numerous adherents flocked to the standard which Luther unfurled. Another, perhaps the primary object, is to expose to view the hitherto undiscovered meaning of the allegory in which, according to the author's opinion, Dante, Petrarca, and others, enwrapped their sentiments.

The intolerance, persecution, cruelty—the avarice, ambition, and licentiousness of the popes and their court, had excited horror and disgust in the breasts of those in whom resided a love of virtue. So inconsistent was

their practice with their profession—so opposite were their principles to those of the religion of which they assumed to be the guardians by divine delegation—that there arose a belief that the reign of antichrist was come, that mankind had been given up to the dominion of Satan. This disapprobation of the principles of the pope's government, and disgust at the manners and habits of the papal court, are construed by Signor Rosetti into a declaration of hostility to the Roman church, and a denial of the authority of the pope. He asserts there to be identically two sentiments, which, though they may co-exist in the same breast, are essentially different, and by no means involve the existence of each other. He appears to confound a virtuous abhorrence of crime and depravity, with a dissent from the tenets of the church, in the conduct of whose rulers such crime and depravity had been exhibited. An endeavour is made to show that the reproaches cast upon the conduct of its members proceeded from that conviction of error in the constitution of the church itself, which was subsequently avowed under the title of Protestantism, which would be something like attributing to those who disapproved of the measures of our government respecting America, a secret desire for the establishment of a republic.

But the power and intolerance of the popes prevented the open declaration of opinion, or the free communication of sentiment. "Liberty of conscience was forbidden, and no feeling of the heart could be disclosed with impunity." Under this system of persecution men were obliged to disguise their sentiments under the mask of allegory—a plan which our author asserts to have been universal. He quotes the Abbé Plugurt, in proof of a general belief in the visible reign of Satan on earth. "This belief," he remarks, "being common to so many persons, it is very certain that they must have communicated with each other in some particular language, and that they did so will be proved by their own avowal, and by other and unquestionable evidence." This allegorical language collected its terms indiscriminately from mythology and scripture, "by means of which the world was described under two aspects, as what it was, and as what it ought to be." The author endeavours to shew, from the example of the priests of Egypt and Greece, of the druids in our own country, and of the ancient schools of philosophy, that the art of speaking and writing in a language which bears a double interpretation is of very great antiquity, and, from expressions in private letters of Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, &c. that these persons adopted this art. "When we read his (Dante's) vivid descriptions of the rivers of hell, of the various demons, as Charon, Minos, Cerberus, and the Minotaur, &c., and of the many condemned of antiquity, as Semiramis, Capaneus, Mahomet, Simon Magus, and Nimrod, the builder of the Tower of Babel, we can hardly divest ourselves of the persuasion that he must be speaking seriously and literally of the hell of another world, but that literal version encloses an allegory; and if we think attentively, we shall perceive that the rivers, and the demons, and the damned, all convey some allusion to the things and persons then living, in that Babylonish time when Lucifer's kingdom was on earth."—Vol. I. p. 130.

In these two volumes the author gives his reasons for divesting himself of the above-named persuasion. They are worth reading—they are interesting—but the professor admits, in the concluding letter to Charles Lyell, Esq. that "it is not a very easy matter to understand even the literal meaning of the divine comedy;" and conscience-stricken, as it were, at the hardihood of his attempt to give the meaning of its supposed allegory, anticipates, in the same letter, the disrespect with which his theory is likely to be treated, and deprecates the sentence he considers the world will probably pass upon his book. Of the translation we feel ourselves bound to speak in terms of high praise. Though not insusceptible

of improvement, it is on the whole extremely well done, and Miss Ward will receive thanks from those who do not read Italian, and congratulations from those who do. The former will be grateful that so curious a book is made accessible to them; the latter will be gratified by the general fidelity of rendering, and excellence of style in the translation.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLES; IN 2 VOLS. BY MARY MARTHA RODWELL. LONDON: LONGMAN & Co. 1834.

WE have long wanted such a practical work as this; written, too, in a manner calculated to attract the attention of juvenile readers, and fix on their memory the leading geographical points on our insular kingdom. The plan of skeleton maps, with figures of reference, adopted by Miss Rodwell, is excellent, because it compels the reader to search for information. Her work will doubtless become a standard publication for schools and young persons: we need only add, that while it offers to the juvenile portion of the community every necessary information—adults, more especially those whose education has been neglected, will find much to instruct them in Miss Rodwell's complete and truly valuable work.

TREATISE ON THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND ITS EFFECTS ON SOCIETY. EDINBURGH; ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK; NORTH BRIDGE. LONGMAN; LONDON, 1834.

WE learn from the preface that this production is the result of such hours as could be snatched from other and more immediate pursuits; and without flattery to its anonymous author, we must be allowed to say that of all the works which have come under our notice of late, this *Treatise on the Progress of Literature* is the most able and instructive—one on which the impress of an enlightened mind is most obviously, palpably, and unerringly stamped. Thoughtful, philosophical, and historically accurate, it contains the observations of a man of sound judgment, extensive reading, and refined taste; and whatever may be his private occupation, whatever his objects, we earnestly hope such extra time may be afforded him for the future, as to permit of his employing his leisure after a manner equally polite, beneficial, and elevated.

The earlier sections of the first chapter contain an account of the general character and progress of literature in ancient time, and affords to the merely English reader a popular and inviting abstract of its history and character, recommended by a learned ease and purity of style seldom observable in writers upon classic subjects; while to the scholar they equally furnish information and entertainment—entertainment without flippancy, and information without pedantry.

From the first section to the second the author takes a gigantic stride, and with one foot resting upon the classic times of Virgil and Horace, claps the other lightly upon the wonders of the fourteenth century, stepping from thence to the fifteenth with all the velocity of Time himself, and by that means, we think, imitates some of our youthful tourists, whose boast is generally founded upon the fact, or not the fact, of their having raced over some beautiful country with unprecedented rapidity, or during the night, leaving all opposition lame upon the road. With this movement we have alone to complain. Might not our author have tarried awhile, and with a poet's eye, from the high top of some cloud-touching hill, have watched the gradual waking of that glorious day that shone upon the world, chasing the ignorant shadows from the earth, and bringing on that intellectual sun, that afterward with such rare light

“Trick'd his fresh beams, and with new-spangled ore,
Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky;”

we mean the dawning of the Reformation ; might he not have cast "one longing lingering look behind" upon the days of Gower and Chaucer ? He might ; but it is of little use to regret the oversight ; and, therefore, let us be contented with what we have.

Speaking of the condition of women in the time of the Romans, after observing that "their influence in the later times arose entirely from their riches or their personal charms, otherwise considered more as an humble vassal than an equal partner," the author speaks very eloquently in p. 29.

And now we hope that the author of this work may stand upon his reputation, and boldly claim for himself the attention of our readers. With every qualification which learning and reading can bestow, the writer of this Treatise is eminently happy in the possession of a warm fancy, and a fervid love for all that is poetic and imaginative.

POEMS. BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON. CROFTS. LONDON, 1834.

It is a hard matter for a critic to speak his mind "when a lady's in the case." With Mrs. Richardson, however, there is little difficulty ; she appears to be a lady possessing more than average talent, and we should imagine one that could enjoy a pleasant joke, or a clash of merriment—not that her poems are altogether of the mirthful class ; some, indeed, are plaintive and pathetic, but the former are most to our taste. A pretty song, however, of the melancholy class, we very readily extract:—

THE FALLEN CHAPLET.

She sat apart—the circling throng
Were waiting for her thrilling song ;
Long did she prelude, long and low,
Before her sweet voice utterance found ;
And then the very soul of woe
Was in the sound.

Her lips were pale, but either cheek
Flush'd ever, with too bright a streak !
Fair was her brow, with roses crown'd ;
And as she trembled with the swell
Of that sad song, upon the ground
Her chaplet fell :

He caught it up, whose ear and eye
Seem'd worshipping her melody ;
He press'd it fondly to his breast ;
She saw the action—'twas too late,
One earlier word had made her blest—
It was her fate.

Too long deceived, too sorely tried,
Oh ! was it love, or grief, or pride ?
But the fall'n chaplet ne'er again
Shall wreath her brows ; for wildly gush'd
From heart and harp one farewell strain,
And both were hush'd !

ON DENTITION AND SOME COINCIDENT DISORDERS. BY JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D. LONGMAN, 1834.

EVERY body knows we make but little pretence to medical or surgical knowledge. We are not of the faculty—we never took a fee in our lives. We certainly have some cases of monomania come before us, of persons

who are strangely beguiled into the idea that they are enlightening the beclouded world with their lucubrations—fardlings, frantic novelists, and such like—these we treat after our peculiar fashion ; but otherwise, we are quite innocent of any attempts upon the health of our fellow-creatures to the best of our knowledge. We, however, will very gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to hand over the above cases, for few have cut their “wisdom teeth,” as peculiarly suitable to the care of Dr. Ashburner, and sincerely trust that “he will make the best of them.” The *Medical Gazette*, in which it seems this work for the most part has been already published, is a good authority for its excellence and the medical world speak highly of the author.

TRUTH'S TRIUMPH. A POEM ON THE REFORMATION. BY C. R. BOND. J. HATCHARD.

MR. BOND, we have little doubt, is a very excellent gentleman ; but we are candidly of opinion that *he* is not destined to supply the place of the departed Coleridge. We are not at present in the possession of any reason why he should lament it ; for the profession affords but indifferent bread and cheese, after all, for the mastication of poetic enthusiasts. Mr. Bond has our best wishes, and, therefore, we desire him a speedy extrication from the grasp of the Muses. We have long since considered the poverty-stricken old ladies fit subjects for the workhouse, but are doubtful as to their eligibility under the operation of the new poor laws.

We have received a valuable work called “A Collection of Geological Facts intended to elucidate the formation of the Ashley Coal-field. By Edward Mammatt, F.G.S.,” the notice of which we must postpone till next month, that a more careful attention may be given to it.

“The Tourist's Guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons,” is one of the best and cheapest works of art that we have lately seen. It contains four steel engravings illustrating Swiss scenery of first-rate merit for 2s.

“Leaves from the Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill” contain a series of exquisitely comic designs.

One of the most curious specimens of an almanack is published by Mr. Charles Tilt for one penny. He calls it “The Hat Almanack,” being of a circular shape to fit the crown of a hat—it is quite *unique*.

IN THE PRESS.

The Exile of Erin ; or, the Sorrows of a Bashful Irishman.

The Bride's Book. By the Editor of the “Young Gentlemen's Book.”

Lieut.-Col. Cadell's Narrative of the Services of the 28th Regiment.

The first volume of Mr. Murray's Variorum Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson, printed uniformly with the Life and Works of Byron and of Crabbe, on the first of January next.

A New Edition of the Works of Milton, in the popular monthly form, with an original Biography, and copious Notes. By Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., and Historical and Imaginative Illustrations, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A.